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Weymouth Gazette

AND TRANSCRIPT

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1913. VOL. XLVII. NO. 16. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ANNUAL LAWN PARTY.

Universalist Men's Club of North Weymouth Entertains Large Number.

The third annual lawn party of the Universalist Men's club was held on the grounds of Samuel Drew of North Weymouth, on Monday evening, June 30. The committee in charge was H. A. Bailey, E. R. Sampson, C. E. Stiles, S. T. Torrey and E. D. Williams. The grounds were very brilliantly lighted by colored electric lights, giving a very attractive appearance. The entertainment was furnished by the Stetson Shoe band of South Weymouth. The several tables were in charge of the following: mystery, I. W. Morgan; candy, H. A. Bailey, E. D. Williams; cake, C. E. Stiles; ice cream, H. B. Stiles; tonic, R. F. Vining and F. E. Benson. Over 300 people were in attendance and a goodly sum was added to the treasury of the club.

Seabury—Rockwood.

A very pretty home wedding was solemnized last Saturday evening at the home of Mrs. David N. Crawford of Tower avenue, South Weymouth, when her sister Miss Laura Frances Rockwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Rockwood of Reed avenue, South Weymouth, became the bride of Louis Bicknell Seabury of East Weymouth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Seabury of Grafton, former ressidents of North Weymouth.

The ceremony was performed at 8 o'clock by Rev. Henry C. Alvord, pastor of the Old South church South Weymouth. The maid of honor was Miss M. Leslie Seabury of Grafton, a sister of the groom. The best man was Harry E. Bearce of East Weymouth and the ushers were Herbert Rockwood of South Weymouth and LaForest Lincoln of Worcester.

The bride was beautifully gowned in white charmeuse with chiffon roses. She carried a shower bouquet of white sweet peas. The bridesmaid's dress was of Nile green crepe meteor and she carried a boquet of pink sweet peas.

Following the ceremony a reception was held until ten o'clock. The newly wedded couple were assisted in receiving by the maid of honor and the best man.

The rooms were most artistically decorated for the occasion in a color scheme of pink, white and green.

During the reception a wedding luncheon was served. Guests were present from Grafton, Worcester, New Haven, Conn., Braintree, Rockland, Quincy and the Weymouths.

Mr. and Mrs. Seabury left at a late hour on a wedding trip and upon their return will reside at 115 Middle street, East Weymouth, where they will be "at home" to their friends after October 1.

Suburban Life.

Appropriate reading for the hot days is the July issue of Suburban Life—The Countryside Magazine. Without featuring purely frivolous things the editors have provided some splendid light articles, most of them having to do with the out-of-door and its many attractions at this time. There are also the wonderful illustrative features for which this publication is noted. Besides being very timely, the cover is a triumph of color printing. It shows a mass of luscious red currants natural enough to eat.

Harold J. Howland has a bright little story, "The Conversion of Jim,"—a discussion for and against (but mostly for) suburban living." "A Serpent in Eden" is another of Gertrude Goldsmith's unusually clever sketches. "The Shetland Pony and Its Uses" is a plea for the finest kind of a playmate and companion for the little people. For the would-be farmer "Making the Farm Hobby Pay" tells of the real experiences of a city business man and his success as an up-to-date farmer. Other leading articles in this attractive number are "Some Modern Methods of Lighting," "The Duty of the Public Toward Its Highways," "The Story of a Homestead," "A House Built with a Camera," "Suburban Development in Stockholm," "The Opportunity of the Rural School," "An Ideal House for the Seashore," "Our American Queen" and another installment of "The Story of an American Farm."

Unintentional Humor.

At the last meeting of the Maine Laundrymen's association a motion was made and carried that a fine be imposed on any member making use of the word "mangle" because of the impression it was liable to make on the uninitiated.

Trouble Amidships.

Nanny Goat—"I thought father had a perfect digestion." Billy—"He has, ordinarily; but a while ago he ate a lot of adjectives off a circus poster."—Puck.

WALKOVER'S LOSE.

C. M. A. Easily Defeat George E. Keith Factory No. 8 Nine at Clapp Memorial Grounds Last Saturday.

With Sullivan the Brown University star in the box, the Clapp Memorial nine easily defeated the Walkovers of East Weymouth at the C. M. A last Saturday afternoon by the onesided score of 10 to 0. Dam, Gillis and Ward Humphrey excelled for the winners and Gorman for the losers. The score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
C. M. A.	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—10
Walkovers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0

Jeannette Wins.

Evidently cyclones do not scare Archie Jeannette, the premier Clapp Memorial wrestler, as he easily defeated Joe Willis of Chicago, known as "The Swedish Cyclone of the Mat," in their bout on the Clapp Memorial field, East Weymouth, last Saturday afternoon, previous to the base ball game.

It was Jeannett's first appearance in the professional class in wrestling and he made good with a vengeance. The first fall went to the East Weymouth boy in 20 minutes and 13 seconds, and the second in 6 minutes and 7 seconds. Jeannette was the aggressor from the start.

Dr. W. F. Provan refereed the bouts. J. E. Fabyan of the C. M. A., announced after the bout that he was negotiating with "Crackerjack" Butler of Brockton for a bout with Jeannette in the near future. Butler is considered one of the best men in the mat game and a bout between he and Jeannette should be a fine drawing card.

Barnard—Howe.

William Barnard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Barnard of Holbrook and Miss Margaret P. Howe, daughter of W. Abbott Howe, of South Weymouth were married last Saturday at 12 noon by Rev. L. W. Attwood, a former pastor of the Second Universalist church of South Weymouth, at his summer home at Bailey's Island, Casco Bay, Maine. The couple were unattended.

After a three weeks ,trip to Quebec, Montreal and other points of interest in Canada and the northern part of the United States, the newly married couple will reside in South Weymouth.

Mr. Barnard is connected with a large Boston paint concern as a traveling salesman. Mrs. Barnard is very well known in social ond musical circles in this vicinity, she is a graduate of the Weymouth High school and the New England Conservatory of Music. For several years she was soprano soloist at the Second Universalist church in South Weymouth and is a prominent member of the Old Colony Ladies club of this town.

Light's Curious Tricks.

"How few people realize that they are actually suffering from snow-blindness in miniature, every time they read or work over a white surface on which a brilliant light shines directly. Half-tone paper, for instance, which is the common medium for the majority of books we read, will throw a blinding glare into the eye of the reader if the light strikes it at the wrong angle, and it forms an excellent test for the selection of proper lighting fixtures; for lighting diffusion should be such as to allow comfortable reading from half-tone paper in any position.

"A dome, hanging above a dining-table on wich is white cloth, causes the light to reflect into the eyes of those around the table at an angle that produces muscular strain. This has a peculiar effect upon the senses, and drowsiness and mental inertia are apt to result. People are apt to complain of a feeling of duliness at table, or that they have indigestion, when it is, in reality, the effect of the light. A too brilliant light shining directly into the eye plays many curious phychological tricks. Deaf people, for instance, cannot hear so well if they are facing a brilliantly lighted room and, as for being able to see better by a bright light than by a dim one, exactly the reverse is the case, for details of objects become practically lost to the eye when too much light enters it."—Suburban Life Magazine for July.

Metcalf—Martell.

Miss Louise Martell, daughter of Mrs. Julia A. Martell of Front street and Mr. Elton C. Metcalf of Petersboro, N. H., were married at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Monday morning by the pastor, Rev. J. B. Holland. The bride's sister, Miss Eva Martell was bridesmaid and T. Smith, best man. Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf will reside in Petersboro, N. H.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Something Will Be Doing All Along the Line.

Barring some slight changes which may be necessary, the plans of the Fourth of July committee are now completed and much of interest may be looked for.

At 8 a. m. the gathering will take place at G. A. R. hall and members of Post 58 will distribute flags to the school children who may be present.

The next feature will be the formation of the line and a parade. As we stated last week, there will be the Emerson, the Stetson and Regal Bands and the several divisions of the column will be a representative of all parts of our town government, military and naval representatives, boy scouts and other features.

The line of march will be through the principal streets of East Weymouth with the Clapp Memorial building and grounds as the objective point.

At the grounds there will be music by the consolidated bands, singing of patriotic songs by the assembly, reading of the Declaration of Independence and address by Col. Wm. W. Castle.

The Clapp Memorial building will be reserved for the G. A. R. and invited guests and admission will be by tickets and admission to the grounds will be via the Broad street entrance only.

During these exercises the float divisions and other sections which are in wheeled vehicles will be lined up on Broad street and at the conclusion of Col. Castle's address, move, headed by a band in a float visit the Landing, North Weymouth, Lovells' Corner, South Weymouth, Nash's Corner and return to G. A. R. hall in time for lunch, which will be served by Reynolds Relief Corps, Daughters of Veterans and Ladies Auxilary.

There will however be something else doing at the Clapp Memorial grounds during the forenoon as the Deweys and Clapp Memorial will line up for a ball game immediately after the oration and a close contest may be looked for.

The batting order of the Dewey vs Clapp game will be as follows:

Clapp	Dewey
Gloster, 3b	Ryan, cf
Orr, 2b	McCarthy, 2b
Wall, c	Stevens, rf
Dam, 1b	Curtis, lf
A. Humphrey, lf	Bates, 3b
	Linberg, 3b
Gillis, ss	Fraher, ss
Emery, cf	Hall, 1b
W Humphrey, rf	Craig, c
Drinkwater, rf	Michael, p
Sullivan, p	Britt, p

AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Band concert at 2 o'clock at Weymouth Heights, Pond Plain and Lovell's Corner; at 4 o'clock, Thomas' Corner and the yard of the Hunt school in Ward 3; at 8 o'clock Jackson square, Washington square, Columbian square and Thomas Corner.

Stetson Shoe Company 9; Somerville—Medford 4.

At the Weymouth Fair grounds, South Weymouth, last Saturday, the Stetson Shoe Co. defeated the Somerville-Medford nine 9 to 4.

The features of the game was the fielding of Gleason and Cross for Stetson and the all around work of Banks for the vistors.

STETSON SHOE CO.

	r	po	a	e
Hendrickson, c	2	6	2	1
Doble, lf	1	1	0	0
Poole, lf	0	2	0	0
Gleason, 2b	5	4	0	0
Carlisle, 1b	0	8	1	0
Blackburn, cf	1	1	0	0
Hazelton, p	0	0	2	0
Bates, ss	1	2	2	0
Cross, 3b	1	1	2	0
McMahon, rf	2	2	0	0
Totals	9	27	10	1

SOMERVILLE—MEDFORD

	r	po	a	e
Lawless, 2b	0	2	2	1
Woods, 3b	0	1	0	0
Dean, rf	0	1	0	0
Dodge, 1b	0	8	1	0
Banks, c	1	10	1	1
Spalding, ss	2	1	1	2
Raymond, rf, 3b	0	0	1	1
Connelly, cf	0	0	0	0
Bohlin, lf	1	1	1	0
Whalen, p	0	0	4	0
Totals	4	24	11	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Stetson Shoe Co.	0	0	2	2	2	0	0	3		—9
Somerville-Medford	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	1	—4

Two base hits—Banks Stolen bases—Doble, Gleason, Carlisle, Bates, Cross, McMahon, Lawless, Connelly, Bohlin. Left on bases—Stetsons 3, Somerville-Medford 4. Base on balls—Hazelton 3, Whalen 6. Struck out by—Hazelton 5, Whalen 8 Sacrifice hits—McMahon, Lawless. Double plays—Lawless to Dodge to Banks. Cross to Carlisle to Hendrickson. Hit by pitched ball—Raymond. Wild pitches—Whalen. Umpire Barry. Time—2 hours. Attendance—200.

GARDEN PARTY.

Large Gathering at Annual Event of St. Francis Xavier Church in South Weymouth.

With ideal weather, an extra large crowd and a fine list of attractions, the annual garden party of the St. Francis Xavier church parish of South Weymouth held last Saturday afternoon and evening, proved a most decided success from start to finish.

The affair was held on the grounds of the parochial residence which was tastily decorated with flags, bunting and flowers and in the evening with strings of various colored lights.

About the grounds were sales tables and booths, well stocked with seasonable goods.

In the afternoon a character parade, in which over fifty children, all under 12 years of age, took part, was held under the direction of Mrs. John F. Sullivan, Miss Ellen Roche and Miss Annie McGrorf. The children were attired in costumes of varied characters. Miss Alina Roache, aged 2, received the first prize for the most pleasing costume. Miss Kathleen Nolan, James Martin and Daniel Madden were also prize winners. The judges were Mrs. Charles Sumner, Miss Hannah Whelan and Miss Annie Conroy.

A feature of the afternoon's program was a ball game between the St. Francis Xavier church altar boys of South Weymouth and the altar boys of St. Bridget's church of Abington. The South Weymouth nine won 6 to 3. The batteries were Campbell and Lewecker for the winners and Harper and Callahan for the losers.

In the athletic games, John Cummings won the high jump with James Madden second; John Cummings also won the 100-yd. dash with John Callahan a close second. The potato race was won by James Kane. John Horgan finished second in this event.

In the evening dancing was enjoyed on a large dance board until eleven o'clock.

Funeral William M. Jordan.

The funeral of Mr. William M. Jordan took place from his late residence on Allen street Saturday afternoon and was attended by many of the friends of the deceased. Rev. Robert H. Cochrane of the Union Congregational church conducted the services. There were many handsome floral tributes including peices from the organizations of which the deceased was for years a member. Interment was in the family lot in the Village Cemetery.

Seventy Seven Years.

About a year ago Oliver Burrell of East Weymouth lay in a Boston Hospital just out of a serious operation with "1 chance in 1000," to come home alive. A vigorous constitution backed by a strong will seized that one chance and Mr. Burrell now a picture of health celebrated the 77th anniversary of his birth at his home in East Weymouth last night. Many friends from far and near gathered to greet and congratulate Mr. Burrill. The home always a center of music, was full of mellody of song and instrument, always of open hospitality, spread a bountiful lunch and it was a season of enjoyment to all, especially so when Mr. Burrell called the assembly to order and announced the engagement of his grand daughter Miss Eveline Sherman to Walter G. Philbrick of Braintree.

Missionary Rally.

There will be a Children's Missionary rally and mite box opening at the Faith Mission hall, 28 School street, East Weymouth on Thursday evening, July 10. The closing exercises of the Missionary year will be held at the same time. The hall will be decorated and a band of children will march in. A full programme will be rendered consisting of songs, recitations, instrumental music and an exercise on "China" by twenty children. Everybody is welcome and cordially invited. No charge for admission. Exercises will begin at 7 o'clock.

Deweys Win 7 to 1.

After nine innings of fast baseball the Deweys of Weymouth landed on Mack, the Braintree pitcher for six runs in the tenth inning last Saturday on French's Common in Braintree and defeated the White Sox of that town 7 to 1. The features of the contest were contributed by Fraher and McCarthy for the Deweys and by Denbroeder and Morallis for the Braintree.

And Plenty of It.

Hauteur is what the barber bestows on a man who won't have anything but a shave.

Weymouth Men at Gettysburg.

Fifty years ago the Fourth of July week, or at least the early part of it, was the darkest peroid in the great Cival War.

Grant intrenched in front of Vicksberg and making slow progress at reducing that strong hold. The Army of the Potomac driven out of Virginia into Pennsylvania with Lee in pursuit determined to fight the great decisive battle on Northern soil.

Gen. Reynolds a heroic son of Pennsylvania did not however give Lee a chance to choose his battle ground but took the initiative and begun the contest on July 1st and held important positions against fearful odds for two days and then sacrificed himself on the skirmish line. He had however demonstrated the wisdom of his choice of position and held the enemy in check for the reinforcment which rolled back the flower of the Southern Army with it celebrated leader but not until a fearful price had been paid and Weymouth contribution was heavy.

After fifty years many of the participants in the great strif have gathered at Gettysberg this week to view once more the place of the great battle and greet the survivors of the contest. There are about 50 Weymouth men living who were in the Gettysburg fight and the following of them are there this week.

Geo. F. Loud, who was left a long time on the field for dead, Samuel Clapp, Wm. W Bouldry, James Davis, Wm. Litchfield, Wm. G. Litchfield Geo. L. Newton, Elliot G. Pierce, Wm. Murphy, John M. Whalen and Geo. E. Teele. Among other Weymouth soldiers who are at Gettysburg but were not in that engagement are James G. Nolan, Samuel C. Denton, Geo. W. Howard, Horace L. Smith and Samuel J. Ross.

Around the Bases.

Three out of four of the Weymouth nines won last Saturday, the Walkovers of East Weymouth being the only aggregation to lose.

The Stetson Shoe Co. put a crimp in the list of victories of the Somerville-Medford nine last Saturday. Capt. "Sid" Hazelton's squad are playing a fast game now that warm weather is with us.

Ward Humphrey slammed out three fine hits at the C. M. A. game last Saturday.

Leo Fraher, the high school star played an extra fine game at short stop for the Deweys against the Braintree White Sox last Saturday at Braintree. Toby came through with a fine two bagger with the bases full in the tenth inning.

Sullivan, who pitched for the C. M. A. last Saturday seemed to have the goods allright. We would like to see this lad in action when the score was close. He had an easy time last Saturday.

In attempting to catch a wild throw from Gillis last Saturday, "Arbie" Dam split one of his fingers on his throwing hand. Albert Humphrey finished the game at the first sack, Dam retiring to left field.

Beal—Smith.

One of the prettiest weddings of the year took place last evening in Rockland when Miss Margaret Smith of East Weymouth became the bride of Garland H. Beal of Rockland.

The maid of honor was Miss Florence Beal, a sister the groom and the best man was Henry Wolfe of Rockland.

The bride was attirred in blue chiffon over blue messaline and she wore a picture hat to match. The bridesmaid's gown was of pink chiffon over pink messaline with hat to match.

After a reception the newly married couple left on a wedding trip to western Massachusetts, New York and other eastern points of interests and on their return will reside on West Water street Rockland.

W. R. C. Notes.

At the last regular meeting arrangements were made to take part in the 4th of July parade in the morning, the officers will go in an auto and also in the line will have a float for the several orders.

Mrs. Agnes Baldwin attended the school of instruction, Monday, June 30th.

Corps 102, Sons of Veterans Auxiliary No. 31 and the Daughters of Veterans will serve lunch in G. A. R. to those taking part in the parade, July 4th.

Planted Trees to Honor Chiefs.

During the presidential campaign of Andrew Jackson, who was called "Old Hickory," his admirers planted scores of hickory trees throughout the land in his honor and at the same time to magnify a party slogan. When John Quincy Adams was a presidential candidate, his followers planted oaks in his honor.

RECEPTION TO REV. ROBERT H. COCHRANE.

A Long Pastorate Closes With Pleasant Features.

A reception was tendered Rev. Robert H. Cochrane for twelve years pastor of the Union Congregational church of Weymouth and East Braintree at the church parlors last Friday evening and was attended not only by the people of that church but by many citizens of the town regardless of their religious belief, also the pastors of the Protestant churches of Weymouth and Braintree and the Rev. Archibald McCord of Randolph, who when a boy was an attendant at that church.

The church parlors were handsomely decorated with ferns, flowers and plants by the young ladies of the flower circle connected with the church. Rev. Mr. Cochrane was assisted in receiving by his sister, Mrs. Agnes of Holbrook, Judge and Mrs. Albert E. Avery and Deacon and Mrs. Charles T Crane. The receiving party stood under a bower of roses. The ushers were Mrs. A. D. Tirrell and Theodore South. During the evening there were vocal solos by Eugene L. Murphy and piano duetts by Miss Anna Cady and Mrs. Frank E. Loud. Rev. Mr. Cochrane was presented by Judge Avery on behalf of the people of the church with a purse of gold. The committee in charge was Mrs. A. D. Tirrell and Mrs. C. E. Mayo.

Rev. Mr. Cochrane preached Sunday for the last time at that church. His pastorate was the second longest in the church's history. He is to rest for the summer and will spend the most of the time with his sister in Holbrook. He has already received flattering offers to accept the pastorate of churches in two cities, but does not intend to accept a pastorate until fall.

Ross—Buker.

Miss Clara Buker, a popular young lady of East Braintree and Mr. Herbert Ross of South Weymouth were married Monday evening at the rectory of Trinity church by Rev. William Hyde. The bride's sister, Miss Florence Buker was bridesmaid and William H. Buker Jr. was best man. The bride was attired in a costume of white satin with tulle veil and carried a shower bouquet of bride roses. The bridesmaid's dress was of pink messaline and she carried a bouquet of sweet peas. A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F Buker, Liberty street, East Braintree and was attended by friends from New York, Boston, Quincy, South Weymouth and other places. There were many beautiful gifts of gold, silver and bric-a-brac. On their return from the wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Ross will reside in East Braintree.

Upton—Egan.

The marriage of Miss Mary E. Egan of North Weymouth and John T. Upton of East Weymouth took place on Wednesday, June 25. The ceremony was performed at the parochial residence in East Weymouth at 5 p. m., Rev. James W. Allison officiating.

The bridemaid was Miss Katherine Egan, a sister of the bride and the best man was James Scully of North Weymouth.

The bride was gowned in white satin charmeuse and wore a large white picture hat. She carried a bouquet of bride roses.

The bridesmaid's dress was of chiffon over white silk with Dresden and crystal trimmings. She wore a white garden hat.

A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride. The couple were assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. James Egan, parents of the bride and Mr. and Mrs. John Upton, the groom's parents. The ushers were Robert Upton of Brockton and Michael Egan, a brother of the bride. The newly married couple left at ten o'clock for a wedding trip to New York and Washington, D. C.

Violin Recital.

A violin recital by the Quincy and Weymouth pupils of Miss Katheryn Goeres, assisted by the Goeres trio, attracted a large audience to Fogg's opera house, South Weymouth, last Thursday evening.

The following pupils took part:—Norman A. Walker, Lenora Schmidt, Leonora Burke, Beatrice Griffin, Mary Hattie, Mildred Burgess, Marion White, Jeannette Shaw, Frederick Granger, Ruth Henderson, Doris Prout, Beth Ryder, Marjorie Blanchard and Emma Savorie.

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32—River St. and Middle St.
34—Elm St. and Washington St
35—West St. and Washington St.
36—Ash St. and Hollis Ave.
38—Washington St. opp, Monatiquot school.
41—Union St. and Middle St.
42—Union St. and Washington St.
43—Pearl St. and Washington St.
45—Pearl St, opposite Shoe Factory.
46—Hancock St., private, Hollingsworth
47—Pond St., opp. A. O. Clark's house
48—Franklin St. and Central Ave.
51—Corner Hancock and Highland Ave.
52—Corner Washington St and South St.
123—Corner Quincy Ave. and Allen St.
125—Liberty St., opp. Elmer Vinton's.
131—Corner Cedar St. and Pleasant St.
135—West St. and Mt. Vernon Ave,
142—Corner Franklin St. and Central St
143—South Braintree Engine House.
145—Fountain St. and Pearl St.
146—Corner Plain St. and Grove St
147—Town St and Pond St
221—Corner Howard St. and Hayward St.
225—Corner Liberty St. and Stetson St
244—Corner Tremont St. and Hobart St.

A MOCK ELOPEMENT

By MARTHA BILLINGS

Jim Dunlap was a hardworking farmer boy. His father died when Jim was very young, and the boy was obliged to scratch early for a living. He worked hard and studied nights, for there was ambition in Jim, though no one would have suspected it. Nevertheless he seemed content with hard work and not inclined to take a stand above mediocrity.

May Stanley was the belle of the village. The moment Jim Dunlap saw her he fell in love with her.

Now, while Jim Dunlap was a plodder, with nothing brilliant whatever about him, May was a little witch. She was witty, droll and much inclined to mischief. Her face was a mirror for her thoughts. Nevertheless if she had a preference for any of the young men of the village—there were no newcomers—none of her friends could discover it. But a girl, be she ever so communicative on other subjects, may keep that one secret deep hidden in her breast. As has been said, there was one young man with whom she was never associated in the minds of her friends. That was Jim Dunlap. Indeed, she had been heard to very unfeelingly apply to him the name of 'sorrel top."

While Jim was plowing by day and a student by night, a gangling, awkward man of twenty, Walter Swift, the son of a neighboring well to do farmer, was getting ready to leave college with a degree. He came home with a good deal of eclat, with a fraternity badge on his chest and a reputation for scholarship. The girls looked for him to take an interest in May Stanley as the only one of their number capable of attracting one who had a university cut about him and more citified manners than any of the rest. But some of them declared that he wouldn't look at May even. These latter he disappointed by not only looking at her, but looking at her with longing eyes. There was that in her that attracted both sexes—a reckless, helter skelter, devil-may-care way she had, which is always fascinating in young persons, especially to young persons.

Swift's appearance fresh from college tended to put Jim Dunlap by comparison only further in the background. His joints seemed larger, his hair redder, while his freckles seemed like brown autumn leaves that some one had tramped all over his face. Not that he appeared to feel any inferiority, for he plodded on in the same awkward way as before. It was rather a feeling in those who saw the two young men in contrast.

That winter after Swift's coming home was a gay one among the younger set of the village. It isn't every small town that can number a full fledged college graduate among its social attractions, and Swift, who had played his share of pranks while at the university, originated a good many methods of amusement. When the winter was drawing to a close and Lent was coming on the boys and girls were wondering what they would do by way of a carnival. One of their number suggested that they have a fancy dress ball, but they had had one the year before and wanted something newer. Swift came to the rescue by proposing an elopement.

"An elopement!" all exclaimed at once. "What do you mean by that?"

"In colonial times," he said, "when a couple were married it was the custom for the bride and groom to race with the guests for a tavern, the party reaching the goal last to pay for a supper. I propose that we select a couple to elope (for fun, of course) and run for the Beaver inn, the rest to follow, the supper to be paid for as in colonial times."

The idea was accepted with enthusiasm. May Stanley was just the girl to play the part of the bride, and the proposer of the scheme was the man for the groom. May was chosen, but Swift was not. While he was the admiration of the girls, the boys were inclined to be jealous of him. But the boys couldn't settle upon one of their own number—each desiring to be the eloper—till some one in jest nominated Dunlap. All laughingly assented, and it was considered that there would be more fun with him for groom than any of the others. He would make the affair more ridiculous.

Tuesday night before the opening of Lent Jim saddled two horses, one with a woman's saddle, and at 10 o'clock pulled up under May Stanley's window. She jumped down into his arms, he put her on one of the horses, and away they galloped.

At the same hour and minute the rest of the party started from an equidistant point, both making for the Beaver inn. Jim and May stopped for twelve minutes by the way; but, having been given the advantage of the best road and Jim making a cut across fields, the elopers arrived first.

"My friends," said Jim, "I'll pay for the supper, for this is the happiest night of my life. May and I stopped by the way at a parson's just long enough to be married."

No one considered his words in earnest, and all set up a shout, but May produced a certificate that was passed around among the girls, and at last it began to be understood that the pair were married.

"For heaven's sake, where and when did they do their courting?" was the universal question.

Jim Dunlap is now a judge on the bench.

PRONOUNCING CHINESE.

Variations in the Tone Mean Entirely Different Words.

At the University of London recently a lecture was given by Dr. Jones on the pronunciation of Chinese, and in the course of his remarks the speaker explained that the difficulties of learning the pronunciation of Chinese, though real enough, have been rather exaggerated by those who have written on that subject. When treated phonetically the language becomes not much more difficult to learn than German or French.

The chief thing to remember is that the study of Chinese is a matter of singing rather than talking, Dr. Jones said. In English the variations in tone as we talk mean variations in expression. In Chinese variations in tone mean totally different words.

A little of the Chinese method is present, even in our own language, and the lecturer pointed out that the simple word "yes" may be so varied in tone as to mean "It is the case," "Of course it is the case," "It is really so" and "It may be so, but I'm not quite sure."

The student who wishes to learn good Chinese must familiarize himself perfectly with at least six tones. There is a seventh, but that may be more or less left out of account. According to the tone in which they are pronounced there are words in Cantonese which have six separate and distinct meanings. The Chinese word "fan," for instance, may be so pronounced, or rather sung, as to mean six different words and such widely different ones as sleep, powder and courageous. Springfield Republican.

London's Mighty Race.

James Russell Lowell was never so happy as during his tenure of the American legation. "I do like London," he writes to Charles Eliot Norton soon after his appointment. "It gives a fillip to my blood, now growing more sluggish than it used to be. I love to stand in the middle of Hyde park and forget myself in that dull roar of ever circulating life which bears a burden to the song of the thrush I am listening to. It is far more impressive than Niagara, which has nothing else to do and can't help itself. In this vast torrent all the drops are men."—London Chronicle.

What He Wanted It For.

"I wish I had money enough to get married," he remarked.

She looked down and blushed. "And—what would—you—do?" she asked, looking very hard at a little design on the carpet.

"I would spend it traveling," he replied. And the thermometer fell 10 degrees.—Lippincott's.

Sarcastic.

"I don't like to invite Mrs. Parvenu to my bridge party, and yet she's a sure loser and good pay."

"I don't think you are going to get her money without her company," said her sarcastic husband. "What do you expect her to do—frame your invitation and mail you a check?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Napoleon Lost Something Too.

Host—That is the sword of my great uncle. He lost his arm at Waterloo.

Guest—Yes, it's a terrible place for losing things. I lost a leg there only last week!—London Opinion.

Genuine Regret.

Wife (proudly)—I'm so sorry, dear, that your staying home and taking care of baby cut you out of seeing me march at the head of the suffrage parade.—Life.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the conntry han all the other diseases put together and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses of from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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Miss Phoebe's Fourth

A Search For Quiet and How It Ended.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

On the morning of the 3d of July Miss Dalrymple sat down to breakfast with an expectant glance at her elderly housekeeper.

"Did those boys arrive last night, Hannah?"

Hannah Brown slammed a plate of toast on the table with unaccustomed vigor. "Arrive?" she snorted indignantly. "Wait a minute and I guess you'll find out!"

Miss Dalrymple did not have to wait sixty seconds. Hannah's words were followed by a deafening explosion, accompanied by a series of shrill cries and triumphant shouts.

"It has been so quiet I hoped they would not come this Fourth, although I was sure the stage stopped there from the late train last night." The pretty little lady behind the coffee urn



PHOEBE DREW BACK AS LEANDER SCOTT LOOKED UP AT THE WINDOW.

shuddered involuntarily as a cannon cracker exploded almost beneath her window.

"I seen 'em around bright and early teasing their uncle for the fireworks—a poor, weakminded man he is, too, to let them two boys run over him. He give each one of 'em a bomb and a cannon cracker and said they shouldn't have any more till tomorrow morning." Hannah jumped back from the window as another bomb exploded in the next yard. "Drat 'em! Look, Miss Phoebe, that pane of glass is cracked! I'll give Mr. Scott a piece of my mind!"

Hannah Brown disappeared from the room, and presently Phoebe heard her expostulating voice out in the yard. A man's quiet, authoritative tones brought order out of the chaos of shrill juvenile cries, and a grateful silence followed.

She sipped her coffee and nibbled a bit of toast with little appetite. For weeks she had dreaded the coming of the Fourth of July. The last glorious holiday had been a hideous nightmare of racket and noise, for Leander Scott, the quiet bachelor, who had bought the place next to her own, had entertained a couple of small nephews for several weeks, beginning on the Fourth of July.

Phoebe did not object to Leander Scott in the least. In the beginning she had liked him very well for a neighbor, but the first Fourth of July had been followed by a coldness on Miss Dalrymple's part that Mr. Scott was quick to notice.

Phoebe pushed back her chair and went to look at the cracked windowpane. It was shattered into a very strange shape, rather round or—well, Hannah was standing under the window now, and her voice arose in amiable converse with the objectionable neighbor.

"I declare, Mr. Scott! It's cracked right into the shape of a heart!"

Phoebe drew back indignantly as Leander Scott looked up at the window.

"It does take that shape, Mrs. Brown; very interesting," he said in his slow, drawling voice. "Please tell Miss Dalrymple that I am very sorry it has happened and that I will send a glazier over from the village to replace it. As for the noise, I will take care that the boys do not disturb her."

He crossed the lawn and vaulted the fence into his own garden, and Phoebe turned to face Hannah coming into the room.

To the accompaniment of Hannah's grumbling Phoebe made preparations to run away from the noisy holiday.

"I shall stuff cotton wool in my ears and set in the north room with all the doors shut so long as you won't be here, and I shall pray they don't burn the house down over my head," complained Hannah as she tucked the dust covers about her mistress when she was about to drive away.

"Very well, Hannah. Make yourself as comfortable as you can. I wish I could take you along, too, but I don't want to leave the house alone, you know," apologized Phoebe.

Phoebe fluttered a goodby as they turned the corner by the church and then settled comfortably back in her seat for the long drive into the heart of the hills. Riddle was a taciturn individual and consequently an ideal charioteer, for Miss Dalrymple's usually placid disposition was broken by many emotions.

First, she was highly indignant that she should practically be driven from her home in order to enjoy a quiet day. Second, she thought she had detected a slight smile at the corner of Mr. Scott's pleasant mouth when he looked at the heart shaped crack in the windowpane.

Fifteen miles straightaway from the village, among circling hills that lifted their blue green heights to the bending skies, lay Uncle Morgan Taylor's farm. Uncle Morgan owned the valley and most of the hills that sloped down to the fertile pastures. The large farm had once covered acres of cultivated land, but now Uncle Morgan, too old to work himself, had discharged his farmers, sold his stock and lived on the generous income that was more than ample to supply the simple wants of himself and his wife, Aunt Sally.

When great-niece Phoebe Dalrymple drove up to the door in the hot sunshine of the afternoon they came to meet her with outstretched hands and exclamations of delight.

The old people went to bed early, and presently Phoebe followed suit, resting quietly in the best chamber under a blue and white patchwork quilt.

The next morning was different from any other Fourth of July she had ever spent. The dead stillness of the valley seemed to close in and shut her away from a noisy world outside. And yet, such is the perversity of human nature, Phoebe missed something. After breakfast she took a book and wandered away to a green meadow where there was a huge rock overshadowed by a drooping elm. Here Phoebe perched and read industriously, feebly triumphant in that she had outwitted the nerve harassing glorious Fourth of July.

The sun rose higher, and the birds singing in the thickets hushed their notes in the sleepy noon. There was the drowsy hum of bees and the long chirp of countless insects in the grasses. A brook rippled musically across the meadow, and over all was a delicious repose. It is not surprising that Phoebe, too, slumbered.

A crashing explosion broke the stillness and was echoed back from the hills in countless reverberations.

Phoebe Dalrymple awoke to the bewildered realization that something dreadful had happened—an earthquake or an event equally terrible. She was quite stunned by the noise and sat leaning against the tree very quietly. Then a familiar smell assailed her nostrils, and she thought she heard the sound of voices—boys' voices raised in gleeful chorus.

Somebody—some boys were celebrating the Fourth of July in Taylor's valley. She was too much surprised even to turn around and discover the intruders. She sat very stiffly, with her back to the sun flooded meadow, trying to stem her rising indignation at the unhappy fate that seemed to pursue her desire for quietude.

"Here's a good place, Billy—right on this rock! Now touch her off, Uncle Lee. Hurray!" shrilled the familiar voice of little Jack Scott.

With a thrill of terror Phoebe arose to her feet and appeared around the corner of the big tree trunk. On the rock at her feet sputtered a big cannon cracker, and backing away from its dangerous proximity was Leander Scott himself.

He took in the situation at a glance—Phoebe's book, her white face and the brown linen dress, so like the trunk of the elm tree that her presence had been quite unsuspected.

Instantly he leaped back to the rock and grasped the sputtering explosive in his hand. Under the impetus of his strong arm it went hissing through the air, and before it reached the brook toward which he aimed it it burst with a detonation that again shook the hills and drove the sleepy birds from covert to thicker shelter.

Phoebe Dalrymple sat down on the rock and cried from sheer relief. Leander Scott looked at her with growing discomfort in his mind. It seemed to be his lot to pursue this gentle little lady with an avalanche of noise. Who would have suspected that she had sought retreat here of all places! He had chosen it out of a dozen isolated spots because the Taylors were deaf and he had Uncle Morgan's warmest consent to make all the noise he wanted to.

The sight of the little boys fussing over the box of fireworks decided him. With a pitying glance at Miss Phoebe's drooping form he dashed toward the boys. It was the work of a moment to gather the bombs and cannon crackers, the box of powder and the toy cannon into a heap and the labor of another instant to drop them all into the soaking water of the deep little brook and thus destroy their noise-making properties forever.

The horrified yells of the small nephews aroused Miss Dalrymple from her apathy. They cried noisily above the box now containing little else save firecrackers and torpedoes; they reproached their uncle for heartless perfidy and would not give heed to his promises of gorgeous fireworks for an evening display that should be appropriately patriotic, but quite noiseless.

At last poor Leander Scott left them and approached Miss Phoebe with humble apologies on his lips. When he reached her side Phoebe had dried her tears and smoothed her crinkled brown hair into a semblance of order.

"I don't know what to say to you, Miss Dalrymple," said Leander Scott helplessly. "You see, I realized that the boys made the day hideous for you last year, and when their mother sent them down without warning yesterday, accompanied by a huge box of fireworks, I was in a quandary. I thought of a dozen places where I might take them so they might be as noisy as they wished and this morning picked out Mr. Taylor's farm. I knew the old people were both deaf and it was too far from neighbors to annoy anybody.

"We arrived a half hour ago and easily obtained Mr. Taylor's consent to come to the south meadow and make all the noise we wanted. He mentioned that his niece was around somewhere, but said she would not mind the racket, so here we are. I am sorry to have frightened you, and we will take ourselves away as fast as possible. I hope you feel no effects from your fright."

Phoebe listened to the long speech with downcast eyes. The low howls of the disappointed boys fell upon her ears with accusing clamor. At last she looked up, and a smile trembled about her lips.

"I am afraid I must apologize for being such a bogyman. The little boys must think me a dreadful spoilsport, but those bombs are horrible. I am sorry you drowned the fireworks, because I could have gone away again. I suppose it is too late now to buy any more?" she asked, with an anxiety that would have astounded Hannah Brown had that good woman been a listener.

"No more in Little River, I hope, Miss Dalrymple. I've got a big box of display fireworks for tonight that they can enjoy. In the meantime they can celebrate with firecrackers."

Mr. Scott hoisted himself on to the rock beside Phoebe, and thereupon ensued a conversation regarding the book she had been reading and many other books both of them had read and wanted to read some day.

The small boys stopped their weeping and fired their crackers with rattling volleys and snapped harmless torpedoes on the stones with contemptuous prodigality. When the box was empty they approached the rock on which sat their uncle and the sweet faced lady who was the author of their woes.

"Hungry, are you?" repeated Mr. Scott genially. "Well, Uncle Morgan said he'd blow the horn when dinner was ready. When you hear the horn scoot!"

Just then the hills echoed a blare from the farmhouse, and the little boys darted away across the meadow. Mr. Scott turned to Phoebe. "I hope our presence at the table won't spoil your enjoyment. You see, we didn't know it was you when we accepted Mr. Taylor's invitation."

"Please don't say any more," begged Phoebe as he helped her down from the rock. "It has been the most exciting Fourth I ever spent, and I shall be very glad indeed if you are going to stay to dinner."

Leander Scott seemed to be very much pleased over that remark, and when they reached the house they



LEANDER LEAPED FOR THE SPLUTTERING EXPLOSIVE.

found the small boys shining with soap and dancing ecstatically about a huge strawberry shortcake. It was a delightful dinner, and the small boys quite forgave Phoebe for her share in their disappointment.

About 4 o'clock Miss Phoebe climbed into the runabout with Leander Scott, while Jack and Billy sat in the back with their feet dangling—the most enjoyable way of taking a drive if you only knew it.

Hannah Brown saw them driving in the gate, and her mouth opened and did not close until Phoebe came and told her all that had happened.

Late that evening, after the splendid display of fireworks had been burned and a grateful silence had fallen on the two houses, Mr. Scott took leave of Phoebe on the front steps. A bright light in the dining room threw the cracked windowpane into strong view.

"Have you noticed the shape of that crack, Miss Phoebe?" asked Leander boldly as he held that lady's plump little hand in his own.

"Yes," blushed Miss Phoebe in the darkness.

"Do you believe in omens?" he asked again, reluctantly dropping her hand.

"Sometimes!" breathed Phoebe softly as she entered the house and gently closed the door.

But she did not turn out the lamp in the dining room until he had crossed the bright patch of light on the grass and his own door had closed.

CHURCH SERVICES

Under this heading the pastors of ALL the churches are cordially invited to make such announcements of services, etc., as they may wish. We only stipulate that such notices to be inserted shall reach us at the least on Thursday morning of each week—the day before publication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Baraca Young Men's Class, 12.00 Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15. Evening service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30.

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth) Rev William Hyde, rector. Service with sermon at 10.30 a m and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 12.00 m.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. Albert V. House, Pastor. Morning service at10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E meeting at 6 p. m

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Weymouth.) Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday school at 1.15 p m.; preaching at 2.30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Braintree.) Rev Nelson Allen Price, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45 Junior League, 4.30 p.m. Epworth League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching service 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Wey) Lord's Day services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Bible School 12 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 5.45 P. M. on Sunday.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Weymouth and Braintree.) Rev. Robert H Cochrane, pastor. Morning service at 10.30 Sunday School at 12. Y. P. S. C. E at 6.00. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. George A. Grant, pastor. Morning worship and preaching at 10.30 Sunday School at noon. Epworth League meeting at 6.30 p m. Evening service at 7.00. Tuesday evenings, 7.30 p. m. prayer meetings. Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth Heights.) Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor. Morning service at 1030. Evening service at 7.00. Sunday-school at 11.45 a. m. Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Charles Clark, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A cordial welcome is extended to all of these services. Preaching at both morning and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. Walter H. Commons, pastor. Morning worship at 10.30. Sunday school at 11.45. Evening service at 7.00 Tuesday evening service at 7.30.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Weymouth.) Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. C. U. at 5.30 p. m

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Minister; William Wallace Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m.

PORTER M E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner) Rev. J. W. Reynolds pastor. Preaching service at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 11.45. a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South Weymouth) Rev. D. J. Crimmins, rector Sundays- Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Rosary and Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days: Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Weymouth) Rev. J. B. Holland, rector; Sunday — Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at 4 p m. Week days —Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (East Weymouth) Rev. James W. Allison, rector. Rev. Maurice Lynch, assistant. Masses Sunday at 8 and 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Vespers at 7.45 p. m Masses week days at 7 and 7.30.

ST. JEROME'S CHURCH (North Weymouth). Pastor, Rev. James W. Allison, Assistant, Rev. Maurice Lynch. Mass, Sunday at 9. Sunday School at 3.

ZION'S HILL CHAPEL (East Weymouth) Social service at 2 and 6.30 p m. Rev. E. W. Smith, Preacher.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree). Preaching at 10.30A.M Kindergarden class in charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at 10.30. Second session of this class at 11.45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45 All are welcome..

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST (of Quincy, Alpha Hall cor. Hancock st and Cottage Ave.) Morning service and Sunday School at 10 45. Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., an experience and testimony meeting. Reading room open every week day from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject, Sunday morning June 6, "God."

Chas. H. Chubbuck, Jr.

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Weymouth Gazette
AND TRANSCRIPT

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE

Gazette and Transcript Publishing Co.

WEYMOUTH, - MASS.

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FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1913.

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All communications must be accompanied with the name of the writer, and unpublished communications cannot be returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed

Notices of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 10 cents per line in the reading matter, or regular tes in the advertising columns.

"Mr. Hawes what has become of your "On the Farm" I miss it very much."

In reply to the above and several other communication along the same line we would say that we also miss it as it, is one of our special effects to develop the agricultural interest of Weymouth. As we have often said every man women and child in Weymouth can be fed from its own soil but for the past two weeks we have not had the time to devote to it. Next week we will try and resume and will also give our readers a fine article written for this paper by an expert, on "Concrete and its uses on the farm."

Where Women Run Cars.

The suggestion that women may be employed as street car conductors in Philadelphia has brought out the fact that the women of Latin America, usually thought of as sheltered, retiring and unprogressive, have been doing this kind of work for years. During the war between Chili and Peru, when all the men of Chili were needed at the front, women took their places on the street cars, and Santiago, Valparaiso and several other cities have had women conductors ever since.

Last Witch Burning.

There are countries in which the execution of women as witches is only a thing of yesterday. The last instance of witch burning occurred as recently as 1888 in Peru, and in other parts of South America cases continued to occur until well into the second half of the nineteenth century. England's own last conviction for witchcraft took place at Hertford in 1712, and Scotland condemned a witch ten years later, while Spain and Germany retained a judicial belief in witches and the justice of killing them until 1782 and 1796.

Duty as a Reformer.

There is no such reformer as an exacting duty. Note the asceticism of athletes and scouts. The ravages of drink are abated as machinery, with its demand for a clear brain and steady nerves, is multiplied on every hand. Each new stress of business and professional rivalry puts a fresh premium on sobriety and wise restraint.

LOVELL'S CORNER

—Mrs. C. H Holmes spent a few days this week with relatives in Jamacia Plain.

—Mr. and Mrs. John French have returned to Lovells' Corner to live after a two years' absence.

—The Ladies' Aid held their monthly business meeting in the vestry Wednesday evening.

—Miss Emma Clark of Roxbury has been spending the past two weeks with relatives in this place.

—Harold Hawes has accepted a position as chauffeur with a party at Hingham.

—Rev. Joseph Reynolds is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—The Camp Fire Girls held their first meeting at the home of their guardian, Miss Maria Hawes on Saturday of last week.

—Charles Holmes, a veteran of the Civil war, has gone to Gettysburg with the Grand Army.

—A recital was given by the pupils of Miss Bessie Cook at Pratt's hall, Tuesday evening.

—Miss Bertha Beals has been spending the past two weeks with relatives in Brockton.

—Frank Rea is enjoying a week's vacation from his duties with C. H. Alden of Abington.

PERFECT CONFIDENCE.

Weymouth People Have Good Reason for Complete Reliance.

Do you know how—
To find relief from backache;
To correct distressing urinary ills;
To assist weak kidneys?
Your neighbors know the way—
Have used Doan's Kidney Pills;
Have proved their worth in many tests.
Here's Weymouth testimony.

Mrs. O. Binney, 17 Norfolk street, Weymouth, Mass., says:—"I was troubled by weak kidneys and the kidney secretions were unnatural. My back ached and I was nervous. I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills and procuring a supply at the Weymouth pharmacy, I began taking them. They made me well. I am glad to confirm all I ever said praising Doan's Kidney Pills."

"When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name." Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask *distinctly* for *Doan's Kidney Pills*, the same that Mrs. Binney had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50 cents, all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Knots and Hours.

Nine persons out of ten will say that such and such a steamship is capable of steaming at "twenty-five knots per hour." A nautical man would simply say "twenty-five knots." Now, which is correct? The latter, of course. The mistake arises from the fact that the landsman thinks that a "knot" is just the nautical term for a "sea mile," which is, roughly, 6,080 feet, or about one and one-eighth land or statute miles. Now, a knot is not a distance at all; it is a speed. The word "speed" combines distance and time. For instance, if we wish to speak of the speed of a train we refer to it as so many miles per hour. There is no single word in the language to express speed limits, so we must use two words—miles and hour.

The sailor has a language peculiar to himself, and he has invented a single word for a unit of speed. Thus a speed of one nautical mile per hour is called one "knot." Hence it is redundant to tack on another "per hour" after the word knot when the word already includes one "per hour."—London Tit-Bits.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

—Frank Manuel of Sea street has returned from Panama, having spent thirteen months there in the employ of the government.

—Wallace Drake is at home from Dartmouth College, for the summer.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Seabury and daughter, Leslie have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Seabury of North street.

—James H. Pratt of Milwaukee, Wis. arrived in town on Sunday to join his family who are the guests of his mother, Mrs. Josiah H. Pratt of Sea street.

—Mrs. B. F. Thomas returned Thursday from a visit with friends in Grafton.

—Mrs. E. J. Jordan of Green street entertained a party of friends at dinner on Tuesday.

—F. E. Whittemore and family of South Hadley Falls, arrived Monday of this week at the Easterbrook cottage, Bayview for the summer.

—Miss Olive Blake, Miss Ruth Blake and Winchester Blake leave tomorrow for a two weeks' camp at Harvard.

—The annual excursion of the Universalist Sunday school will be on Wednesday, July 9, to Nantasket Beach. Headquarters will be at the Hotel Nantasket.

—Sidney Beane of Philadelphia has been spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Beane of North street.

—The Wessagusett Yacht club is to hold a dancing party at the club house this Thursday evening.

—P. J. Derrig is entertaining Mr. Heise of Elizabeth, N J.

—Miss Christina Dunn has been spending several weeks with her aunt, Mrs James Barry of Charlestown.

—Miss Olive Blake entertained her Sunday school class at Great Hill beach on Friday of last week.

—Mrs. John Bastey of Worcester is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. G. Trussell.

—Mrs. Clara Tanguy has taken a position at Woolworth's Store in Quincy.

—Mrs. A. L. Stowell has closed her house for the summer and will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. J. Shaw.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Clark and Manuel Page and family are at their cottages at Great Hill beach for the summer.

—Daniel H. Clancy, Undertaker, Vine street, Weymouth. Tel. 336 W.—Advertisement.

—The Fort Point A. A. will this season furnish improved facilities for yachting, fishing and other water sports at Fort Point.

—For the 22d consecutive season, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Gorham and Miss Nellie Gorham of Brockton are at their cottage, at Fort Point.

—Miss Doris Torrey is the guest of Miss Velma Henderson at Green Harbor.

—Rev. and Mrs. R. H. Dix will spend July 4th with relatives in Ashland.

—Mrs. A. J. Sidelinger entertained about forty friends including the Ladies Circle of the Methodist church at Winthrop at her home last Wednesday. A clam chowder dinner was served on the lawn and the afternoon was spent with games.

—Miss Belle Newton of Melrose Highlands was the guest of Mrs. Georgie M. Newton on Tuesday of this week.

—Miss Velma Collyer celebrated her twentieth birthday on Saturday, June 28, by entertaining a party of friends at her home on Sea street. A luncheon was served by the hostess and the time was spent with music and games.

—The funeral of Jonathon Record was held from his late home on Bridge street Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The services were conducted by Rev. Charles Clark, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational church. Interment was at the North Weymouth cemetery. Mr. Record was one of the oldest citizens of North Weymouth. He had been in poor health for some time but death came unexpectedly last Friday.

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS

—Miss Sarah Bennett is making a two weeks' visit with her sister in Manchester, N. H.

—Miss Florence Day of Boston was a week end guest of Mrs. Harry Nash.

—The Young Womans Mission Circle met with Miss Edna Sladen on Tuesday evening.

—Miss Florence B. Nash is enjoying a week's vacation from her duties as stenographer with Alden, Walker & Wilde.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Macker and Mrs. Swift are spending the week with friends in Falmouth.

—Elmer Lunt has completed a new motor boat and christened it as "Marion A."

—Mrs. Parker Pearson and daughter, Eleanor, are guests of relatives in Rockland, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Atherton are entertaining his mother, Mrs. Atherton of New York City.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sampson of Marshfield spent Sunday with Mrs. Annie Bradford.

—Norman Hunt of Stoneham is stopping with his grandmother, Mrs. Mercy Hunt for a few days.

—The Old North church Sunday school will hold their annual picnic at Island Grove Park, Abington, July 12.

—George Bicknell is having a ten days vacation from his dutes with the Geo. E. Keith Co, Boston.

—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Stahl of Boston are spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nash.

First Church Notes, (Old North)

Communion will be observed at the morning service, Sunday, July 6.

At the evening service, the "Wide Awakes" will sing. Mr. Yaeger will tell them about a "Queen's Daughter and her Gifts." The service is for the community. Everyone is welcome. Come and help the children in their christian ways. So do we best serve ouselves. Your presence will help. In the chapel at 7 o'clock.

The Old North Sunday school gave a splendid Children's day concert in the church last Sunday at 5 o'clock. A processional by the primary department opened the program which was followed by a song by the school. Recitations and exercises were given by the following:—Robert Bates, Hazel Atherton, Whitney Millett, Della Atherton, Ruth Nash, Helen Ries, Gertrude Clapp, Bernice Patton, Ruth Sladen, Miriam Blanchard, and Ruth Freeman. Miss Evelyn Sherman rendered a vocal solo assisted by Mr. Philbrook of East Braintree, cornetist. The church was most beautifully decorated with smoke tree and red rambler roses.

Refuses to Build a Chaos.

When we try to imagine a chaos we fail. Let it be as formless as we please, our creation will stand on its base; its left will balance its right; it will float like a ship, drift as a cloud, or swirl as desert sands. In its very fiber the mind is an order and refuses to build a chaos.

NOTICE OF HEARING.

Upon the application of M. R. Loud & Co., for a license to maintain a gasoline tank on their premises near their store, Columbian square, South Weymouth, a hearing will be held by the Board of Selectmen, at its office, on MONDAY, July 21, 1913, at two o'clock P. M., for the consideration of said petition

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Weymouth. BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.

16-17

KINCAIDE THEATRE
HANCOCK STREET — QUINCY CENTRE
HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE — REFINED MOVING PICTURES

Daily Matinee 2.30 P. M. Prices 5c, 10c, 15c. Evenings at 7.45, 10c, 15c, 25c.

SEE THIS BIG HOLIDAY SHOW
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY
The Eleven Kincaide Players present a fast and furious funfest
"1913 MINSTRELS"

"CHARLIE" HARRIS Pantomine Comedian — Is he a man or is she a woman?
DICK PHOSEON & CO. Comedy Irish Playlet

ALL NEW PHOTO-PLAYS AND MUSIC

Saturday night prices reduced—Hundreds of good seats at 10 and 15 cents. Electric Fans Cool the House

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TO READ THIS

Any sick person without means residing within our delivery district who is in need of ice will be supplied without charge upon the simple request of any physician. We give the same service in these cases as we do to our regular trade, and only ask that the service be stopped as soon as the actual need is gone.

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Examines our goods, prices and service before purchasing.

Everything in Bay State Paints and Sundries. Lawn Mowers, Guaranteed Garden Hose, Screen Doors, Screens and Screen Wire, Poultry Wire, all grades of Roofing Paper.

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Large stock from which to select
MEN'S and BOY'S
SUITS AND FURNISHINGS
750 Broad St. - East Weymouth
"The White Store"

ATTENTION.

To the Children of East Braintree and Weymouth:

IF YOU want to attend the Fourth of July Parade, also get an Automobile Ride, report at our office, 7.30 A. M. on the morning of the Fourth.

OLD COLONY GAS CO.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

Now located in its new school building, 334 Boylston Street, a most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of well known and experienced teachers.

COURSES—General commercial course, Stenographic course, Secretarial course, Civil service course, Commercial teachers course.

Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings.

This school does not employ agents, solicitors, canvasers or runners.

Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail. Will reopen September 8th.

H. E. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 Boylston Street, Boston.

MONEY MAKING SALE

'Till July 4th we have the following BARGAINS to offer:

White Ratine, Special Value	25c.
Genuine Linaire, 25c. Value	15c.
Assorted Ginghams, 32-inch wide, 25c. Value .	17½c.
Collar and Cuff Sets, 25 and 50c. Value . .	15c.
Ripplette Pettycoats, 75c. and $1.00 Value . .	69c.
Kant Krack Kollars for men	25c.

A Genuine Money Saving Sale. You Can't Afford to Miss It.

Vaughan's Daylight Store.

BATES BLOCK, - WASHINGTON SQUARE.

GENERAL SURVEYS TOPOGRAPHICAL SURVEYS

RUSSELL H. WHITING
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR
56 Sea Street
NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.
SURVEYS MADE AND PLANS PREPARED FOR THE LAND COURT

BASE BALL

SATURDAY, JULY 5, at 3.30 P.M.
Clapp Memorial Grounds, East Weymouth
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., of Boston vs. C. M. A.

Battery for C. M. A.
RIPLEY, of Yale, and WALL

Ripley is the crack Yale Freshman pitcher and was the mainstay of the Andover preparatory school nine for two years

White Flannel Trousers---$5

You can have them all white or with black or blue hair-line stripes. All wool and an extra fine quality.

Other outing trousers, with and without cuffs, in the latest styles and best weaves, $2.50 to $5.

The Best Balbriggan Underwear In All This Wide World--50c Garment

Men who want separate undergarments will like this Balbriggan Underwear. It's a snug fitter, yet it conforms to every line of the figure and conforms to every change of position or play of the muscles.

GEORGE W. JONES
1 Granite St. "Just around the Corner" Quincy

Advertise in the Gazette

A Theory

By GRACE OGLESBY

This is an age of reform or at least new formations, and such an age is always attended by a certain amount of hysteria. When people leave a beaten track to strike out into new paths they are liable to bewilderment, and so when they find or believe they have found that they have been influenced by false ideas in seizing new ones they are prone to jump from the frying pan into the fire. More than this, they are liable to jump from terra firma into water altogether too deep for them.

One of the new departures of the present day is a dissatisfaction with marriage as we in America have known it. Kent Blakeman's father and mother had lived together comfortably, bringing up half a dozen children. Kent at twenty-five discovered that they had taken a great risk in binding themselves so closely together that there was no easy way for them to break the chain. In their case fortunately they had not wished to break it. But, as for him, he did not intend thus to tie himself up. He believed in experimental marriage. If he married he would reserve the right to leave his wife as soon as he ceased to love her, and she should have the same privilege with regard to him.

Miss Estelle Woodruff, being about the same age as Blakeman, also grew up in the same atmosphere of hysterical reform. She heard persons talking about the frequency of divorce, marriage being a failure and kindred subjects, and her mind was very susceptible to absorb new theories. Blakeman found few women to sympathize with him in his notions about marriage—most reforms begin with a paucity of numbers—and when he met Miss Woodruff and made an easy convert of her he was much pleased with her—that is, he was much pleased with himself for having struck into a new path—and considered the girl above the ordinary in that she had appreciated his ideas.

There is an infinite variety of mental structure among human beings. Blakeman, who married Miss Woodruff, was of a different brain. He kept on developing in his anti-marriage theories, while she, with the coming of children, ceased to take an interest in them and at last turned against them.

Perhaps it was the discovery that he had been mistaken in his wife's mental caliber that started him in his idea that they were not fitted for each other. Their union had lost its romance and was becoming humdrum. It seemed to him that the connubial kiss morning and night had lost its zest. He had asserted when a bachelor that the honeymoon should last always and that when it had completely waned it was time for the couple to separate and each find a new mate.

Time came when Blakeman concluded to "be true to himself," as he put it, and claim the privilege he had reserved for himself when he married. He made several attempts to get his courage up to a point where he could tell his wife that she was not his affinity and that he proposed to free himself from her and make another trial to find a real and lasting mate. At last he succeeded.

Between a passing influence in youth and a woman who had been made over, so to speak, by the possession of two little children—a boy and a girl—there was an enormous difference. She was not only surprised by her husband's announcement; she was thunderstruck. But if she had not developed she had insensibly come into a lot of horse sense. To attempt to argue her husband out of his nonsense she knew would be futile. To oppose him would be equally so. Moreover, she remembered that at the time of her marriage she had coincided with his views. It was he who had been consistent, she who had changed. It had been mutually agreed that when either wished for freedom it should be granted.

She held to her agreement, though she recognized the outcome as a great misfortune. But she was a plucky as well as a proud woman and gave no sign of what a blow she suffered. The prenuptial agreement gave the children—if any came—to the mother, and this was, of course, a godsend to her. She wondered as she looked back when the provision was made that she had very nearly assented to a conditional proposition to divide the children between husband and wife.

When all preliminary arrangements had been made Mrs. Blakeman and her children—the little ones being ignorant of the separation of their parents—took a train for the mother's birthplace, where they expected to live. Blakeman saw them off and as the train was starting kissed them all and left the car.

He stood on the platform, looking after them as they rolled out of the station, and all of a sudden a great light broke in upon his brain, and he said to himself:

"What an addle pated ninny I have made of myself!"

Going to the ticket office, he bought a ticket for the next train to follow them, and the same night, when the mother was ruefully hearing the children say their prayers, the father swooped down on them like a cyclone and took them all in one embrace.

Has Blakeman given up theory? Never! His theory now is that the family is all there is in the world worth living for, and hereafter he proposes to live for his family only. Since his theory is sound all are happy.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—Bates Opera House Sat. July 5th. A company of 20 will parade your street before the show 10-20-30cts. Advertisment.

—Mrs. Mary E. Holbrook of this place, past department president of the W. R. C., addressed the Junior Camp, S. of V. at South Framingham last Tuesday evening.

—James Donderro is in town after a business trip to Baltimore. Mr. Donderro has taken a position as travelling salesman for a Boston cracker concern.

—Miss Florence K Howe has been visiting friends in Maine.

—Miss Helen Baker, the 13 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Baker of Curtis avenue is suffering from a fracture in his left arm, the result of a fall from a tree last week.

—George Philbrick and family of North Abington have taken up their residence in town.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Madden of New York are in town visiting relatives. Mr. Madden has charge of the finishing department of a large shoe factory in New York.

—Miss Elsie Blanchard, a teacher in the schools of Gloucester, is home for the summer vacation.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of the Old South church held a strawberry festival and entertainment in the church vestry last Friday evening.

—Miss Bertha Brennan of the Stetson Shoe Co. office force is enjoying her annual vacation.

—George Crawford and George Marshall are on a camping trip in Maine.

—Thomas Welch is on a three weeks' business trip in Southern Massachusetts in the interests of the Barrett Manufacturing Co. of Boston.

—Alfred Thomas of the Stetson Shoe Co. is enjoying his annual two weeks' vacation at Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

—The M. R. Loud Co. of Columbian Square have taken the initiative in town and installed at their own expense, a public drinking fountain on the corner of their store. The town water department has agreed to furnish water for the new fountain. The thoughtfulness of the M. R. Loud Co. is greatly appreciated by the townspeople.

—Miss Marion Wentworth who has been teaching in Arizona and Washington is home for the summer.

—Allen Holbrook and family of Columbus, O., are visiting in town.

—Kenneth Brennan of this place was an usher at the wedding of Dr. and Mrs. John M. Young at North Abington last Monday night.

—Theodore Torrey has taken a position at the Fore River Ship yard for the summer.

—Miss Etta Cushing is having a week's vacation from her duties at N. E. Williams periodical store.

—Francis Carroll has taken a position with the K. J. Quinn Co. of Boston.

—The Sunday schools of the Old South, Universalist and Union churches enjoyed a picnic to Island grove, Abington, last Tuesday. Three special cars conveyed the merrymakers to the grove where various sports were indulged in and basket lunches enjoyed.

—Samuel Hutchinson is on a three weeks' vacation from his duties with Lee, Higginson Co. in Boston.

—John Lowell is home for the summer from Mercersburg academy.

—It is reported that twenty members of the Massachusetts Militia Engineering Corps are to camp on Reed's field on Union street for the next three days.

—Robert Alvord leaves Saturday for Torrington, Conn., where he has a position for the summer.

Universalist Church.

Morning worship at 10.30. Sunday school and Kindergarten at the changed hour 11.45. This church will be open during July and closed during August.

The pastor is planning a series of brief sermons upon the general topic of "The Kingdom of Heaven," We welcome strangers and visitors to our services Sermon for Sunday, "The World's Greatest Epigram."

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

The Bryant & Stratton School, Boston.

In its new building, the school is removed from all surrounding influences which might distract the minds of pupils from their studies. The extension of Arlington Street during the past year has bounded the building by three streets, Boylston, Arlington and Providence, and made every foot of floor space desirable for school purposes. As one inspects the various rooms he is impressed with the abundance of light and purity of the air—two qualities so essential to the health and best progress of the student.

The school's record is its reference, and the very best possible guarantee of its ability to prepare earnest young men and women for responsible positions in the business world.

Its patronage comes to it unsolicited, because the merit of its work makes it unnecessary to adopt the practice common with many schools of sending solicitors from house to house seeking patronage.

Plans for the practice of business in which the individual teaching system is employed originated with this school. Each pupil has a special course of study planned out for him and carefully adjusted to his personal requirements. This splendid system of combining study with practice enables pupils to advance in accordance with their ability and application, and graduate at any time when they have passed the established requirements. The demand from business houses for graduates of the school the past year has been the greatest in the school's history.

Another feature which makes this school unique is the adherence to the calendar governing the regular academic institutions. The sessions are from 9 to 2 daily with no attendance on Saturdays or evenings, or during the summer season.

MAKING A CHAIN.

The Big Ones and the Heavy Cables Are of Wrought Iron.

SOFT STEEL FOR SMALL ONES.

The Larger Sizes Are All Hand Forged, and In This Work the Metal Must Be of Precisely the Right Heat and the Blows Quick and Sure.

The great bulk of chains, including all cable and mooring chains, are sold by the pound. The price ranges from 3½ to 12 cents a pound, according to the size, material and quality.

All cables and other very heavy chains are made of wrought iron, and there are made wrought iron chains of all sizes down to and including chains of material a quarter of an inch in diameter, but nowadays most of the chain used in comparatively smaller sizes is made of soft steel, such chain being made in sizes ranging by sixteenths from three-sixteenths of an inch to an inch and a quarter.

When the size of a chain is referred to by those familiar with chains, it always means not the link, but the material used in it. Thus a one inch chain would be made of one inch steel or iron. The completed link would be about five or six times as long and about three and a half times as wide across as the thickness of the material of which it was made.

In other days all chains was handmade, but the modern chain is of soft steel and machine made. There is taken a long bar of steel, which is bent cold around a mandril that is oval in shape. The bar is thus bent into what looks like a spiral spring with its coils not round, but oblong. This spiral is cut up cold in a cutting machine, which cuts it into as many parts as there are coils, each of these being the material for a link, and at the same time the machine spreads each of these sections apart a little at the opening and cuts on each of the two free ends a long scarf or bevel and bends the ends over within the opening.

This bent piece of steel is now in shape, roughly speaking, like a letter U with rather long arms and with its two ends bent over inward. It needs only to have those scarved ends welded together to make it a link of chain. The chainmaker sits at a foot operated power hammer, with a forge beside him, in which he heats the open links.

He takes from the fire a link suitably heated and hooks it into the chain as far as completed and then pinches the open ends of the new link together under the hammer, and with three or four quick blows he welds the link together. When he takes a hot link from the fire he puts a cold one in, and so he continues to work. It is altogether a quick and more economical process of manufacture than hand forging, but it has not yet been adapted to chains of the larger sizes.

There are wrought iron chains of some sizes that are machine made, but all wrought chains of material above an inch and a quarter in diameter are hand forged.

Of whatever size the big chain is to be the workmen cut up the iron bars into straight lengths, each suitable to be made into a link. This length of iron is heated, one end at a time, and one after the other the ends are hammered down by hand on an anvil to shape the scarves or bevels. Then this straight piece of heavy wrought iron with scarved ends is swaged into link form, and if it is to be a stud or bar chain there is placed within the link before it is welded together the stud or bar. This is a stout little bar of cast iron, with its ends rounded in, concaved to fit the rounding surface of the link iron, the stud being placed across the link inside of it and mid way of its length.

Once in place and the link pinched together on its ends the stud could not be got out except by breaking it out with a sledge. Its purpose is to prevent the links from drawing together at their sides and wedging under heavy strains. In a stud chain there is a stud in every link.

With this stud in place and the link beat to shape with the scarves overlapping, the link is again put in the fire to be finally heated for the welding, which is done by hand. It takes a blacksmith to handle it and on big chains two or three helpers striking with sledges to do the welding. The iron must be of precisely the right heat, and the blows must be quick and sure to complete the work perfectly before the iron cools.

Stud chain is sometimes made of iron as small as five-eighths of an inch in diameter. From that the iron used runs through various diameters up to three inches and more. A three inch chain makes a tremendous cable, suitable for a five ton anchor.—Harper's Weekly.

Unlawful.

What the man spent for flowers and candy before his wedding was quite some.

But not a red afterward.

Accordingly the florists and confectioners filed a bill in the federal court.

"This merger," they protested, "is in restraint of trade."—Life.

A Corn Cure.

Soak feet in warm water to which a little borax and soda have been added. Repeat several days and corn will come out.—National Magazine.

Have something to do, something to love and something to hope for.—Thomas Chalmers

For Sale

New Bungalow, 6 rooms and bath, all modern throughout, 10,000 ft. of land, 2 minutes from electric cars, and 10 minutes from steam cars, good location, price $2,850, can be seen any time.

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Real Estate and Insurance Agent.
Auctioneer, Notary, Justice of the Peace
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Formerly with H. M. Ford Estate

Funeral Director and Undertaker

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Furniture Dressing.

WHEN YOUR FURNITURE LOOKS DULL *and* NEEDS BRIGHTENING *and* CLEANING UP use the

GOLDEN WEST FURNITURE DRESSING
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J. H. MURRAY, dealer in Paints, Oils and Hardware, East Weymouth, Agent.

Prepared by OLIVER BURRELL, East Weymouth, Mass. Price 25 Cents. 14-tf

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INSURANCE

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Central Square East Weymouth



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every invitation you send, goes out as your personal messenger. And only when you use a paper of the very highest quality can you be certain that your messenger is a worthy representative of your personality.

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is the very finest writing paper made, perfect in finish and in every one of the little details which mean everything in social correspondence. It is thoroughly correct, and above all dainty. We have it here, in a range of sizes, styles and tints which will fascinate you.

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WEYMOUTH FIRE ALARM BOXES.

12—Pole, River and Parnell Sts
13—Bradley Fertilizer Works.
14—Pole, Wessagusset Road.
114—Pole, Wessagussett & Hobomac St.
15—Pole, Bicknell square
115—Pole, Pearl and Norton Streets.
16—Pole, Bay View Street.
116—Pole, Bridge and Saunders Sts.
17—Pole, Sea and North Sts.
18—Pole, Lovell and Bridge Sts
19—Pole, Church and North Sts
21—Pole, Grant and High Sts.
221—Pole, Wharf St.
23—Pole, Jackson Square.
223—Pole, Commercial and Putnam Sts
24—Pole, Electric Station, private
224—Pole, Charles St.
25—Pole, Central square.
225—Pole, Middle St., near Lake.
26—Pole, Broad St., near Essex.
226—Pole, Cedar and Hawthorne Sts.
27—Pole, Broad St. and Bates Ave.
28—Pole, Shawmut St.
29—Pole, Strong's Factory, priv.
31—Pole, Summer and Federal Sts.
32—Pole, Congress and Washington Sts
34—Engine House No. 3.
35—Pole, Prospect and Granite Sts
36—Pole, Garfield Square
38—Pole, Washington Square.
39—Pole, Commercial Street, opposite Wharf.
41—Pole, Lovells Corner
42—Pole, Elm and Pleasant Sts.
43—Pole, Nash's Corner.
45—Pole, cor. Park Ave. and Main Sts.
46—Pole, Middle and Washington Sts.
47—Pole, Pleasant and Canterbury.
48—Lake View Park.
49—Pole, opp. Pratt School, Pleasant St.
51—Pole, Pleasant, opp. Otis Torrey's.
52—Engine House No. 5.
53—Pole, Independence Square.
54—Pole, near Depot.
55—Pole, Pond St., near Robinson's
56—Pole, Thicket and Pond Sts
57—Pole, May's Corner, Union St.
58—Henry Chandler's, Union Street,
61—Corner Randolph and Forest Sts.
62—Pole, E. C. Staples, Main St.

NO SCHOOL SIGNALS.

2—2—2. Repeat once.

At 7.30 o'clock a.m., no school in any grade during a.m. The same signal at 8 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during a. m. The same signal at 11.45 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during p. m. The same signal at 12.45 o'clock p m., no school in any grade during p. m

THE PURCHASE PRICE;

OR,

THE CAUSE OF COMPROMISE

By EMERSON HOUGH

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CHAPTER XVI.

Failure.

THE gentleman from New York had risen, and unconsciously the young woman also had risen—balancing, measuring, watching, warding in this contest, all too unequal. Suddenly, with a swift and most charming smile she approached him a half step.

"Did you ever hear of Mr. John Parish, sir?" she demanded.

The suave countenance before her was at first blank, then curious, then intent. His mind was striving to summon up from its many images this one which was required. It was a brain which rarely forgot, even though years had passed, and had it been able to forget, so much had been the better for the plans of the gentleman from Kentucky and for the success of his proposed European mission.

At last slowly a faint flush passed over the face she was regarding so intently. "Yes, I remember him very well," he replied. "He has not for very many years been in this country. He died abroad some years since. I presume you mean Mr. Parish of New York. He is the only one I recall of that name at least. Yes; I knew such a man."

"That was very long ago?"

"It was when I was much younger, my dear countess."

"And you'll tell me, then—tell me, was it true that once, as a wild rumor had it, a rumor that I have heard—that once you two played at cards"—

"Was that a crime?" he smiled.

"But with him, at cards with him, Mr. John Parish, a certain game of cards with him—one day—a certain winter day years ago, when you both were younger—when the train was snowbound in the north? And you played then for what? What were the stakes then in that particular game with Mr. John Parish? Do you chance to recall?"

"Madam, you credit me with frankness. I will not claim even so much. But since you have heard a rumor that lied out long years ago, which was denied, which even now I might better deny; since, in fact, you know the truth why should I deny the truth?"

"Then you two played a game at cards for a woman? And Mr. Parish won? Was it not true?"

A new and different expression passed over the face of the gentleman before her. "Why do you ask me this?" he demanded at last. "What has that to do with us? That was long ago."

"I will tell you why. That happened once in my own experience. 'I also had the distinguished honor to be the stake in some such game and that because—indirectly because—I had won the enmity, the suspicions at least—well, we will say of persons high in authority in this land."

"What can you mean? Surely you do not mean actually to say that you yourself ever have figured in such an incident?"

She made no answer to him save to look straight into his eyes, chin held in hand, her long white arm lying out motionless, her posture free of nervous strain or unrest. Slowly her lips parted, showing her fine white teeth in a half smile. Her eyes smiled also with wisdom in their look.

The venerable statesman opposed to her all at once felt his resources going. He knew that his quest was over, that this young woman was after all able to fend for herself.

"What would you do?" she demanded of him. "If you were a woman and knew you were merely coveted in general, as a woman, and that you had been just cheaply played for in a game of cards in a public place—what would you do, if you could, to the man who lost—or the man who won? Would you be delivered over? That woman, was she—but she could not help herself; she had no place to turn, poor girl! And she paid all her life, then, for some act earlier, which left her fair game? Was that it?"

"But you, my dear girl! It is impossible!"

"I was more fortunate, that is all. Would you blame me if I dreaded the memory of such an incident; if I felt a certain shrinking from one who ever figured in such an incident? If I could trust—but then, but then— Are you very sure that Mr. Parish loved that woman?"

"I am sure of it," answered the old man soberly.

"Did he use her well?"

"All her life. He gave her everything"—

"Oh, that is nothing! Did he give her—after he had learned, maybe, that she was not what he had thought—did he give her then, love, belief, trust? Did he—are you very sure that any man in such case, after such an incident, could have loved, really loved, the woman whom he held in that way"—

"I not only believe that he might, my dear girl, but I know that in this one case, the only one of my experience"—

[illegible] such was the truth. There was some untold reason why they two did not, or could not, marry."

"Was he did he have anybody else in the world who"—

"Oh, only a wife, I believe, that was all."

"Did she die soon? Was there ever"—

"How you question! What do you plan for yourself? My word, you are putting me through a strange initiation on our first acquaintance, my dear



"To the victor do not always belong the spoils."

countess. Let us not pursue such matters further or I shall begin to think your own interest in these questions is that of the original Eve."

"To the victor do not always belong the spoils," she said slowly. "Not till he has won—earned them—in war, in conquest. Perhaps conquest of himself. It is an odd world. But," drawing back, "I do not think I will go back to Europe. It would delight me to meet again my friend, the patriot Kossuth. But here I have many ideas which I must work out."

"My dear countess, you oppress me with a sense of failure. I had so much hoped that you would lend your aid in this mission of my own abroad. You would be valuable. You are so much prized in the opinions of the administration I am sure that"—

"What do you mean? Does the administration know of me? Why should it know? What have I done?"

But the old statesman before her was no such fool as to waste time in a lost cause. This one was lost, he knew, and it booted little for him to become involved where, even at the best issue, there was risk enough for him. He rose smiling, inscrutable once more, astute and suave politician again, and passing about the table he bowed over her hand to kiss it.

If it is easy to discover why there was no special embassy sent by this government to Turkey for the purpose of inviting the distinguished patriot Kossuth to visit America (that matter being concluded in rather less formal fashion after the return home of the Hungarian committee of inquiry—a ship of our navy being dispatched to carry him to our shores) it with equal ease may be understood why the Countess St. Auban after this remained unmolested.

As to the unfortunate work in which this warm hearted enthusiast impulsively engaged, small comment need be made, since its failure so soon was to become apparent to the popular mind. The Countess St. Auban was not the first to look to colonization and deportation as the solution of the negro problem in America. But as the colonization society for more than a decade had failed to accomplish results, so did she in her turn fail. In a work which continued through all that spring and summer, she drew again and again upon her own private fortune. Carlisle and Kammerer had charge of the details, but she herself was the driving force of the enterprise While they were abroad lecturing and asking contributions to their cause—taking with them the slave girl Lily as an example of what slavery had done—she remained at Washington. They actually did arrange for the deportation of a shipload of blacks to Haiti and another to Liberia. A colony of blacks whose freedom had been purchased was established in Tennessee, others were planned for yet other localities It was part of her intent to establish nuclei of freed blacks in different portions of the southern section.

In all this work Lily, late servant of Josephine St. Auban, assumed a certain prominence, this being given to her not wholly with wisdom. She was even, in times of great hurry, furnished funds to go upon trips of investigation for herself, as one best fitted to judge of the conditions of her people. As to these details Josephine St. Auban knew little. There was enough to occupy her mind at the center of these affairs, where labor grew rapidly and quite beyond her original plan. As is always the case in such hopeless enterprises, the expenses multiplied beyond belief. True, contributions came meagerly from the north, here and there some abolitionist appearing who would do something besides write and preach In all, more than a half million dollars was spent before the end of the year 1851. Then, swiftly and without warning, there came the end

One morning, almost a year after her return to Washington, Josephine St. Auban sat in her apartments, looking at a long document inscribed in a fine foreign hand. It was the report of the agent of her estates in France and Hungary It demanded an effort fairly to face and meet the meaning. In fact, it was this: The revolution of Louis Napoleon of 1851 had resulted in the confiscation of many estates in France, all her own included. As though by concert among the monarchies of Europe, the heavy hand of confiscation fell in this nation and in that. Her Hungarian lands had followed those which she had owned in France. The rents of her estates no longer could be collected. Her revenues were absolutely gone. Moreover, she herself was an exile.

Thus, then, had her high blown hopes come to an end It was proof of the splendid courage of the woman that she shed not a tear. Not a lash trembled as presently she turned to dispatch a message for her lieutenant, Carlisle, to come to her. The latter was absent at some western point, but within two days he appeared in Washington.

He himself began eagerly, the fanatic fire still in his eye, on details of the work so near to his soul. "My dear countess," he exclaimed, even as he grasped her hands, "we're doing splendidly. We'll have the whole Mississippi valley in an uproar before long. All the lower Ohio is unsettled. Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, are muttering as loudly as New England. I hear that Lily has led away a whole neighborhood over in Missouri."

"But we cannot keep on, my dear sir," she said to him slowly. "That is why I have sent for you."

"How do you mean? What's wrong? Cannot keep on—end our work? You're jesting."

"No. It is the truth. Kossuth is in Turkey. Shall I join him there? Where shall I go? I'm an exile from France. I dare not return to Hungary. I am ruined financially. My funds are at an end. My estates are gone. My agent tells me he can send me no more money."

"I'll not believe it. You—why, you've been used to riches, luxuries, all your life. And I—why, I've helped impoverish you. I've been spending your money. A shipload of blacks against you? I'd have cut my hand off rather."

She showed him the correspondence, proof of all that she had said, and he read with a face haggard in unhappiness.

"There, there!" she said. "You've not heard me make any outcry yet, have you? Why should you, then? I have seen men lay down their lives for a principle—a belief. You will see that again. Should not a woman lay down her money? I might make a rich alliance, don't you think?"

He suddenly stiffened and straightened and looked her full in the eye, a slow flush coming across his face.

"I couldn't have said it any time before this," said he. "It has been in my heart all along, but I didn't dare—not then. Yes, a rich alliance if you liked, I do not doubt. There's a poor one waiting for you any time you like. You know that. You must have seen it a thousand times"—

She advanced to him easily and held out both her hands. "Now, now!" she said. "Don't begin that. You'll only hurt us both. My lieutenant, visionary as myself. Ah, we've failed."

"But everybody will blame you. You will have no place to go. It will be horrible. You don't begin to know what it means. Of course we have made mistakes."

"Then let's not make the worst mistake of all," she said.

"But we could do so much"—

She turned upon him suddenly, pale, excited. "Do not!" she cried. "Do not use those words! It seems to me that that is what all men think and say. 'How much we could do—together!' Do not say that to me.

"Captain," she said easily, "my lieutenant, my friend, let me say—I will not be specific—I will not mention names or dates; but do you think, if



"You ought to have won!"

you were a woman, you could ever marry a man who once behind your back, with not even eagerness to incite him, but coolly, deliberately, had played a game of cards for—you?"

He stiffened as though shot. "I know But you misunderstand I did not play for you. I played to relieve a situation—because I thought you wished—because it seemed the solution of a situation hard for both of us. I thought"—

"Solution!" She blazed up now, tigerlike, and her words came through set lips. "I'd never have told you I knew if you hadn't said what you have. But a solution, a plan, a compromise! You ought to have played for me! You ought to have played for me, and you ought to have won—have won!"

He stood before a woman new to him, one so different from the grateful and gracious enthusiast he had met all these months that he could not comprehend the change—could not at once adjust his confused senses. So miserable was he that suddenly, with one of her swift changes, she smiled at him, even through her sudden tears. "No, no!" she exclaimed. "See! Look here!"

She handed him a little sheet of crumpled note paper, inscribed in a cramped hand, showed him the inscription—"Jeanne Fournier."

"See, Jeanne is writing to me again. Don't you see, there's a baby, and it is named for me—who has none. Goodby, that money!"—she kissed her hand to the air—"goodby, that idea, that dream of mine! That's of no consequence. In fact, nothing is of consequence. See, this is the baby of Jeanne! She has asked me to come Why, then, should I deny? Why, I have not failed at all! Have I not cared for and brought up this Jeanne, and is there not a baby of Jeanne, a baby whom she has named for me?"

Carlisle, mute and unnoticed, indeed, as he felt almost forgotten, was relieved when there came a knock at the door. A messenger bearing a card entered. She turned toward him gravely, and he could only read dismissal now. Mute and unhappy, he hurried from the room He did not, however, pass from the stage of activity he had chosen. He later fought for his convictions and saw accomplished, before, with so many other brave men, he fell upon the field of battle—accomplished at vast cost of blood and tears—that work which he had been inspired to undertake in a more futile form.

"You may say to this gentleman that I shall join him presently in the parlor at the right of the stair," said Josephine St. Auban, after a moment to the messenger.

(To Be Continued.)

LADIES

We have opened a Special Department for you on MONDAYS, from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Shampoo, Facial Massage, Etc.

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Deposits placed on interest on the **First Monday** of January, April, July and October.

MEETINGS OF THE Selectmen & Overseers of the Poor

SELECTMEN

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Williard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

Meetings Savings Bank Building, East Weymouth, Every Monday.

during the municipal year, from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Williard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

Meet at the Town Home every first Tuesday of the month and at the Town Office, East Weymouth, every third Tuesday from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m.

Weymouth, March 14, 1913.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscribers have been duly appointed executors of the will of FRANCESCO LUCIANO, late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased testate, and have taken upon themselves that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called to make payment to

ALLESSANDRO LUCIANO,
MARGHERITA LUCIANO.
Carmine Garafalo. Executors.
18 Tremont Street, Boston
June 19, 1913. 14-16

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TEAMING. Heavy or Light Teaming. Piano and Furniture Moving.

J. F. & W. H. CUSHING,
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LOST SAVINGS BANK BOOK.

Savings Bank Book as listed below is lost, and application has been made for payment of the account in accordance with Sect 40 Chap. 500, of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto. Payment has been stopped.

LOST—Deposit Book No. 10165 of the Weymouth Savings Bank is reported lost. 15-17

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of H. MAY HARLOW, late of Weymouth in the County of Norfolk, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

CLIFTON D. HARLOW, Administrator.
April 2, 1913. 4 6
Weymouth, Mass., June 11th, 1913.

NOTICE OF HEARING.

Upon the application of Russell B. Worster for a license to maintain a gasoline tank near his garage, in the rear of No 44 Commercial street, Weymouth, a hearing will be held by the Board of Selectmen, at its office, on MONDAY, July 14, 1913, at two o'clock P. M., for the consideration of said petition

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Weymouth. BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.
15-16

NOTICE OF HEARING.

Upon the petition of Frank W. Stewart for a license to keep and sell gasoline in his store premises, Nos 31 and 33 Washington street, Weymouth, a hearing will be held by the Board of Selectmen at its office on MONDAY, July 14th, 1913, at two o'clock P. M., for consideration of said petition.

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Weymouth. BRADFORD HAWES, ecretary.
15-16

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

Commissioners' Notice to Creditors of Insolvent Estate.

Estate of Welthy B. Osborne, late of Weymouth in the County of Norfolk, deceased, represented insolvent.

The subscribers, having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, commissioners to receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Welthy B. Osborne, hereby give notice that six months from the twenty-fifth day of June, A. D., 1913, are allowed to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that they will meet to examine the claims of creditors at the East Weymouth Savings Bank on the fourteenth day of July next, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

JOHN A. RAYMOND,
BELA P. FRENCH,
June 25, 1913. 15-17 Commissioners.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, SS. PROBATE COURT.

TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of

JOSEPH HENRY MARTELL

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased, intestate:

Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Julia A. Martell of Weymouth without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Quincy, in said County of Norfolk, on the ninth day of July, A. D. 1913, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation, once in each week, for three successive weeks in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of June A. D. 1913.
13-16 JOHN D. COBB, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, SS. PROBATE COURT.

TO the heirs-atlaw, next-of-kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of

MARY C. TOBIN

late of Weymouth, in said County deceased, intestate.

Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Thomas S. Tobin, of Plymouth, in the County of Plymouth, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Dedham, in said County of Norfolk, on the sixteenth day of July, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness James H Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of June A D. 1913.
15 17 JOHN D. CO BB, Register

Mortgagee's Sale OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Rose F. O'Brien to the South Weymouth Savings Bank, a corporation duly established by law, dated April 20, 1912, and recorded with Norfolk Deeds, Book 1212, page 57, will be sold at public auction upon the premises, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, on Saturday, the twelfth day of July, 1913, at four o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southeast side of Reed avenue, in that part of Weymouth, in the said County of Norfolk, called South Weymouth, containing by estimation 9,187 square feet, and thus bounded and described: Northeasterly by said Reed avenue extending about seventy-five (75) feet; southwesterly by land now or formerly of Ann Brady extending about one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; southeasterly by land now or formerly of Edmund Welch and of Stephen Donahue extending about seventy-five (75) feet; and northeasterly by land now or formerly of A. Elliot Vining extending one hundred and twenty (120) feet to said Reed avenue.

Two hundred dollars will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

Subject to any taxes or liens in the nature of taxes, if any be due thereon.

SOUTHWEYMOUTH SAVINGS BANK,
By Fred T. Barnes, its Treasurer.
George L. Wentworth, Attorney,
53 State Street, Boston. 14-16

Remember the Hot Days Last Summer

Buy Your Electric Iron NOW!

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When the brakes were all of the "Armstrong" pattern?

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How you could tell as the train started the number of cars by counting the jolts?

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We can show you what you want in

House, Camp, Lawn or Piazza Furniture

Are you looking for Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Curtains and Fixtures, or Paper Hanging? If so, see our stock. Carpets Laid, Curtains Hung, Upholstering and Repairing by experts. Do you need a Summer Cooking Stove? We have the best. How about taking the baby out! We have the carriages.

FORD FURNITURE CO.

Broad St. — Tel. Con. — East Weymouth

Advertise in the Gazette.

Some Shots at "Haste."

Hurry usually leads to error. The motto of Baron Plunket was "Hasten slowly." Churchill said, "The more haste ever the worst speed;" Boileau, "Hasten slowly and without losing heart put your work twenty times upon the anvil." "Haste maketh waste," said Heywood. "I am always in haste, but never in a hurry," is from John Wesley. Richard III. mumbled, "Sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste." He would have made a successful farmer. This is Seneca: "Haste trips up its own heels, fetters and stops itself;" Tennyson, "Raw haste, half sister to delay."

Life for delays and doubts no time does give.
None ever yet made haste enough to live.

That bright couplet was written by Cowley. Listen to Bulwer-Lytton:

Business dispatched is business well done,
But business hurried is business ill done.

Women Soldiers.

In several cases Prussian women were most capable as soldiers, able to command and ready to obey, as well as being able to withstand the hardships of campaigning. To cite some instances, Maria Warder, a woman of Silesia, was allowed to serve as a hussar in the same regiment as her husband, who was a wealthy landowner. She was wounded in several engagements and saw her husband shot dead by her side at Leipzig.

Eleonora Prochaska is one of the better known of these heroines. She engaged under the name of Carl Renz in the Light horse when only eighteen, and several poets have written of her courage and of her death just before the battle of Leipzig. A monument stands to her memory in the cemetery at Potsdam.—London Standard.

Seal Stair Builders.

How seals cut steps in the perpendicular sides of ice cakes in order to rise from the water for the purpose of breathing has been recorded by members of Captain Scott's antarctic expedition. It was discovered that the seals, which formerly were supposed to leave the water by leaping, actually cut steps in the slippery surface with the great canine or eye teeth. As soon as the teeth are placed in position the head is moved rapidly from side to side until the ice has been cut away sufficiently to afford a footing for the front flippers of the animal. Each step has to be laboriously cut after this fashion until the body is far enough out of the water to be thrust up the rest of the way by a kick of the hind flippers.—New York Press.

First Brides to Cross the Rockies.

Marcus Whitman, M. D., who saved Oregon to the United States, was born Sept. 2, 1802, at Rushville, N. Y. He married Miss Narcissa Prentis of Angelica, N. Y., in February, 1836, and their wedding trip was to cross the continent that year in company with the Rev. H. H. Spaulding and his young wife. The brides were the first women to cross the Rocky mountains. They made the journey of 3,500 miles in seven months.

Time He Quit.

"See here, young man," said the angry father, "how many times have I told you that I don't want you to call on my daughter?"

"Oh," replied the suitor coolly, "about twenty."

"Well," said the exasperated parent, "don't you think that's about enough?"

"Yes, I do," was the reply. "When are you going to quit?"—Magazine of Fun.

Remedies That Don't Remedy.

"What's the matter, old top?"

"Lumbago."

"I have a remedy I wish you'd try."

"I'll put your remedy on my waiting list. At my present rate of progress I'll get to it in about two years."—Kansas City Journal.

An Expert.

Tommy—Pop, what is an expert? Tommy's Pop—An expert, my son, is a person who is able to impress us with how little we really know.—Philadelphia Record.

Against His Principle.

"My grocer won't sue me if I don't pay him."

"How's that?"

"He never adopts legal measures."—Judge.

A Logical Cure.

The venom of bees is now employed as a cure for ophthalmia. Nothing really opens a fellow's eyes like being well stung.—Washington Post.

Appreciate Your Blessings.

Don't kick because you have to button your wife's waist. Be glad your wife has a waist, and doubly glad you have a wife to button a waist for. Some men's wives' waists have not buttons on to button. Some men's wives' waists who have buttons on to button don't care a continental whether they are buttoned or not. Some men don't have any wives with waists with buttons on to button.—Teague (Tex.) Chronicle.

The Paisley Shawl

Story of Return to Rightful Owner

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It smelled of camphor and attar of roses when Camilla Atwood lifted it from the chest where it had lain for many years. The Paisley shawl had a little history of its own, and Camilla, sitting in the sunny western window of her sky room, spread it in her lap and tried to recall what her mother had said about it.

Years before, when Camilla was quite a little girl, the Atwoods had been driving along a country road when they discovered the beautiful shawl lying in the dust, where it had no doubt fallen from some passing carriage.

When Camilla was twenty-two her father failed in business and lived but a short time, and as her mother had died some years before Camilla was left alone to make her own way in the world. That was why she was occupying this sunny top floor room in a city boarding house. She taught French and music in a private school, and the slender salary she received was sometimes eked out by engagements to play at musicales at the homes of her pupils.

She expected to play tonight at the Channings', and she had spent all her spare time since 3 o'clock in furbishing up her one evening gown, cleaning her white gloves and carefully darning a small tear in her small black slipper. Camilla had sadly lacked a cloak to wear on these occasions, and she was ashamed to appear again in her faded raincoat. That was why she was sitting on the floor before the old camphor wood chest looking speculatively at the Paisley shawl.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet and shook out the folds of the shawl. It billowed away in lustrous tints of red and brown and gold and green. Camilla caught it up, dropped one fringed corner over her black mist of hair and gathered the rest of it over her arms and about her slender figure. As she surveyed herself in the mirror a swift blush of pleasure at her own loveliness heightened her beauty. Her dark eyes shone like stars, and a charming smile played about her tender lips.

She was going over her evening's repertoire when the whistling tube warned her that Mrs. Channing's carriage was at the door. With a last glance at the reflection of her tall, graceful form clothed in filmy black, with a string of tiny pearls at her throat, Camilla draped the Paisley shawl about her shoulders and went downstairs.

The evening was much like other musical evenings, and when it was over Camilla declined to partake of refreshment and was glad to re-enter the carriage which waited to take her home.

Just as the carriage was turning into the uptown cross street where Camilla lived there was the sound of an automobile horn, hoarse shouting and then a sickening crash as the horses swerved aside and swung the vehicle against a lamppost.

Camilla was flung from side to side of the softly padded carriage, but suffered no injury beyond a severe shaking up and a violent fright. At last the babel of confusion outside ceased, while some one forced open the door. A man's hatless head and a pair of broad shoulders were thrust within.

"I hope you are not hurt?" he queried anxiously.

"No, not in the least. What has happened?" asked Camilla in her turn.

"A motorcar frightened your horses, and they shied and threw the carriage against a post. May I assist you to alight and call another carriage for you?"

Camilla placed her hand in his and descended to the pavement, where a crowd had gathered. The motorcar was puffing impatiently on the other side of the street, and the coachman was striving to quiet the restive horses. At a little distance an ambulance was backed up to the curb, and a couple of white clad hospital doctors were bent above a form on the pavement.

"Some one has been injured," cried Camilla as she moved toward the ambulance. The tall man with the broad shoulders kept beside her as if to protect her from the inquisitve crowd.

"Yes. An elderly woman was crossing the street at the time, and, while it is not believed that that carriage struck her, we think she has been so thoroughly frightened that it has resulted in a shock of some sort."

"Oh, are they going to take her to a hospital?" asked Camilla as they drew near.

"They were, but as my office is close by I have persuaded them to turn the case over to me. I am a physician, you know, and the woman begged so hard not to be taken to a public institution that I could not resist her appeal."

Camilla turned and, looking up at him, found his glance resting on her with unmistakable admiration. He hastily turned his eyes away and bent over the woman on the pavement.

"I think I can carry her in now," he suggested, and as one of the attendants started to throw a sheet around the shrinking old form he added, "I'll send into the house for a rug."

"Oh, take this," said Camilla, and in an instant she had tossed off the Paisley shawl and was wrapping it about the injured woman.

Shivering in the night air and blushing at the publicity which her impulsive act had occasioned, Camilla meekly followed the doctor's tall form as he strode along to where a red lantern gleamed above a stone doorway.

"Here we are!" he announced cheerfully, and at his direction Camilla pressed a button which opened the front door like magic, and they were bathed in the grateful warmth of a long, red lighted, crimson carpeted hall.

The physician turned aside into a reception room and laid the woman on a leather couch. She was a small, meek looking little body, with snow white hair, from which a shabby little bonnet hung disconsolately. Her old fashioned mantle was thin and worn, and a shabby piece of mink fur was tied about her throat. Her eyes were bright and shining, and her thin hands caressed the folds of the Paisley shawl which the physician was carefully withdrawing from her form.

"How beautiful it is!" she sighed regretfully. "It seems so like old times to have the 'feel' of it between my fingers." She closed her faded eyes, and two tears trickled down her wrinkled cheeks.

"I wish you would keep it for a few days," said Camilla with another impulse to pity, "only—I don't see how I am to get home."

"Oh, if I might just have it to look at! It is so much like one I owned many years ago! You will scarcely believe me, my dears, but once I lost a Paisley shawl from my own carriage—it was a gift from my husband—and I never recovered it." The old woman pressed the shawl with loving fingers, which threaded the silken fringe with little stroking movements of delight in its very touch.

"What shall I do, doctor?" asked Camilla in perplexity. "I would dearly love to gratify her desire."

"She will be here at the most for a couple of days," returned the physician gravely. "Your beautiful shawl seems to have acted as a restorative in her case, and if you care to leave it here until she departs I will assure you that it will be treasured. It is very beautiful. I can remember that my grandmother wore one like that."

He smiled boyishly, and the smile seemed to invade every feature of his good looking face. Without more ado he stepped to a wardrobe and brought forth a long army cape of dark blue. "If you will wear this home"— he suggested.

"That is just the thing," said Camilla as he laid it over her shoulders and she fastened it about her white throat. She went over to the woman lying on the couch and took one of the thin hands in her own.

"I hope you will feel very much better at once," she said sweetly. "I am going to leave my shawl with you while you are under the doctor's care. You will enjoy that?"

"Indeed I will," smiled the woman gratefully. "It looks like the one I lost so many years ago."

"Where did you lose it?" asked Camilla quickly.

"In a little New England village called Blakeford," said the woman slowly, as if refreshing a latent memory. "My husband and I were enjoying a driving tour through some of the country towns, and I always carried my shawl with me. It was so soft and warm and so rich in color that I loved to look at it. While we were passing through Blakeford our progress was interrupted by a cable message from abroad calling us to the bedside of our only son. I suppose the shawl was dropped from the carriage during our mad rush to catch the only train that would connect us with a departing steamer. I did not miss it until we arrived in New York, and I knew it would be too late to recover it. Your shawl is a perfect copy of my own. I suppose it is an heirloom."

"Tell me what year you lost your shawl," requested Camilla with agitation.

"It was in 1883. I well remember the date, for our son died, and then my husband followed, and since then my life has been one of loneliness and hard work."

Camilla pressed the shawl around the shrunken form, and she bent gracefully and kissed the withered cheeks. "It is your very own shawl come back to you across the years," she whispered, "and perhaps it is to herald better times for you!"

She sat down and related to the enraptured old woman the story of how her own parents had found the shawl in the village of Blakeford in the year 1883, and Dr. Lindley stood near, an interested listener. His eyes more often rested on the animated face of the beautiful girl, and he appeared to be ridiculously pleased when the old woman insisted on introducing herself as Mrs. Benton, the widow of a once prominent financier, and then introducing Camilla and the doctor in the most formal manner.

It was early in the morning when the doctor called a carriage and Camilla entered it to return to her boarding house. She was without the gorgeous Paisley shawl, but wrapped in the long military cape that smelled of tobacco she did not seem to miss the richer garment. The room on the top floor seemed bathed in a rosy glow, and a little song rippled in her heart. Camilla did not know why she was so happy.

It came out beautifully in the end. The doctor fell in love with Camilla Atwood, and old Mrs. Benton came and kept house for them. The doctor said that he and Camilla would have met somewhere, somehow, in the world anyway, but his wife maintained that if it had not been for the Paisley shawl they never would have met each other.

Town Officers of Weymouth and their Post Office Address.

TOWN CLERK.

John A. Raymond, East Weymouth.

TOWN TREASURER.

John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

SELECTMEN.

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

ASSESSORS.

John F. Dwyer, Chairman, Weymouth.
Frank H. Torrey, Clerk, North Weymouth.
Waldo Turner, East Weymouth
Warren T. Simpson, South Weymouth.
Edward I. Loud, South Weymouth.

Regular meeting of Board first Wednesday evening of each month at Town Office Savings Bank building, East Weymouth.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
A. Lillian McGregor, Secretary, E. Weymouth.
E. E. Leonard, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth.
Theron L. Tirrell, South Weymouth.
Prince H. Tirrell, South Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Parker T. Pearson, East Weymouth At close of school on Monday will be at the Athens building; Tuesday at Jefferson; Wednesday at Howe Thursday at Hunt.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.

Frank H. Torrey, Chairman North Weymouth
George E. Bicknell, Clerk, Weymouth.
Robert S. Hoffman, East Weymouth.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth
Edward W. Hunt, Weymouth.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

George E. Emerson, Chairman, So. Weymouth.
Nelson B. Gladwin, Clerk, North Weymouth.
John S. Williams, Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF WATER WORKS.

Ivers M. Low, East Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.

John L. Maynard, East Weymouth.

TAX COLLECTOR.

Winslow M. Tirrell, East Weymouth

FIRE ENGINEERS.

M. O'Dowd, chief, South Weymouth
W. W. Pratt, clerk, East Weymouth.
J. Q. Hunt, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.
Philip W. Wolf, North Weymouth.

TREE WARDEN

Charles L. Merritt, South Weymouth.

POLICE OFFICERS.

P. Butler, chief, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
A. H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
Geo. W. Nash, North Weymouth.

CONSTABLES.

Isaac H. Walker, North Weymouth.
George W. Nash, North Weymouth
Patrick Butler, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
George B. Bayley, South Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
George W Conant, South Weymouth.
Willard F. Hall, East Weymouth.

AUDITORS.

William H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John P. Hunt, Weymouth.
Frank N. Blanchard, East Weymouth.

PARK COMMISSIONER.

William H. Clapp, Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth.

SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Frank D. Sherman, Weymouth.

REPRESENTATIVE TO GENERAL COURT.

(From Seventh Norfolk District.)
John F. Dwyer, Weymouth, Mass.

SENATOR.

(First Norfolk District.
John J. McDevitt, Quincy.

County Officers.

OFFICES AT DEDHAM.

Judge of Probate and Insolvency, James H Flint of Weymouth.
Register of Probate and Insolvency, John D Cobb.
Assistant Register, J. Raphael McCoole.
Clerk of Courts, Louis A. Cook of South Weymouth.
Assistant Clerk, Robert B. Worthington.
Second Assistant, Louis A. Cook, Jr., of South Weymouth.
Register of Deeds, John H. Burdakin.
Assistant Register of Deeds, Edward L. Burdakin.
County Treasurer, Henry D. Humphrey.
Sheriff, Samuel H. Capen.
Special Sheriff, Edward E. Wentworth, Cohasset
County Commissioners, John F. Merrell of Quincy, chairman. Evan F. Richardson, of Millis Everett M. Bowker, Brookline. Session every Tuesday at 10 a. m.
Special Commissioners, Fred L. Fisher, of Norwood; Henry A. Whitney, of Bellingham.
District Attorney, (Southeast District, Norfolk and Plymouth), Albert F. Barker, of Brockton Assistant, D. A., Fred L. Katzman, of Hyde Park
Clerk of Dist. Court, (East. Norfolk), Lawrence W. Lyons, of Quincy.

Calendar of County Courts.

Supreme Judicial Court Jury Sitting, third Tuesday of February.

Superior Court, Civil Sessions—For work with Juries—First Monday of January, first Monday of May, and first Monday of October. For Court work—First Monday of February, first Monday of April, first Monday of September, and first Monday of December.

Superior Court, Criminal Sittings—First Monday of April; first Monday of September; first Monday of December.

Probate Court—At Dedham, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, except August. At Quincy, on the second Wednesday of every month, except August. At Brookline, on the fourth Wednesday of every month, except August.

County Commissioners' Meetings—Third Tuesday of April; fourth Tuesday of June; fourth Tuesday of September; last Wednesday of December. By adjournment: On Tuesdays, except during August.

District Court of East Norfolk. Jurisdiction Randolph, Braintree Cohasset, Weymouth, Quincy, Holbrook and Milton. Court held at Quincy for criminal business every week day except legal holidays, and for civil business Tuesdays at 9 a. m. Justice, Albert E. Avery, Braintree. Special Justices, E. Granville Pratt, Quincy; Louis A. Cook, Weymouth. Clerk, Lawrence W. Lyons, Asst. James McDonald. Probation Officer, Francis A. Spear, 25 Thayer Street, Quincy. Court Officer and Bail Commissioner, William Marden, 24 Coddington Street, Quincy.

One at a Time.

"The head of the Krupp steel works has 65,000 employes." "Nothing to brag of," opined the housewife. "I've had that many in my kitchen, but not all at once."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Proof of Value

of the time-tested, world-tried, home remedy—proof of its power to relieve quickly, safely, surely, the headaches, the sour taste, the poor spirits and the fatigue of biliousness—will be found in every dose of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head, 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 8 words to a line

No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

ASHES FOR SALE—Delivered in carload lots by the Bay State St. Ry. Co. Apply to Thomas Gammon, Supt., 954 Hancock street, Quincy. Telephone, Quincy 6. 9 tf

AUTO To Let for parties, weddings, christenings, for long or short trips, 5-pass Buick. Tel. Wey. 245-W. Pine Point Auto and Motor Co., Bridge street, North Weymouth. 29 tf

CLOTHING—Men's and young men's. Handsome patterns, Two hundred suits, $4 to $12. Bargains not to be found elsewhere. Geo. A. Hunt, 78 Front St., Weymouth, 11tf

CAN place a few mortgages, with private parties, and on reasonable terms if property is right. Address Box 553, E. Weymouth. 17tf

FOUND—Strayed on my premises Sunday morning, June 15, a black and white Holstein Cow, about 3 years old. Owner apply to Andrew Coleman, 144 Allen street, East Braintree, prove property and pay charges. 14-16

TO LET—A tenement of six rooms with bath. Apply Geo. E. Bicknell, 24 Tremont St. 16tf

TO LET—Tenement off Keith street, rent $7.50. Apply M. R. Wright, agent, 57 Commercial street, Weymouth. 9-tf

TO LET—A house of 7 rooms on East street near Keith's factory. Apply to W. H. Pratt, Broad street, East Weymouth. 11tf

WANTED—A boy for office work. Apply at factory of Alden, Walker & Wilde, East Weymouth. 16tf

WANTED. People to know that it costs only 25 cents to make known their wants in this column.

Real Estate

Do you want to BUILD or BUY?

I have property for sale in Weymouth and vicinity, of all kinds.

Call and see me and make known your wants Reasonable terms.

GAREY'S
REAL ESTATE AGENCY
733 Broad Street
East Weymouth.
Telephone

For The Fourth

FLAGS, 5x8, 75c., $1.50, $3 25.

FLAG POLES 75c.. $1.50, $1.60,

$1.90. GARDEN HOSE, 8, 10 and 12c. per foot.

Mark Down on all Garden Seeds 25%. .·. .·. .·. .·.

Florence or Perfection Oil Cook Stoves, with Ovens for the same. .·. .·. .·.

F. W. STEWART'S
Hardware.
Washington Sq. Weymouth
15 tf

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.

TO the heirs-at-law, next-of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of

CORA A. SANBORN

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased:

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Albert B. Sanborn and Frank S. Hobart of said Weymouth, and Charles A. Hobart of Lynn in the County of Essex who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bonds;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Brookline in said County of Norfolk, on the twenty-third day of July, A.D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should no be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

16 18 JOHN D. COBB, Register.

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—Bates Opera House Sat. July 5th. A company of 20 will parade your street before the show 10-20-30 cts. Advertisment.

—Clarence Kennedy has taken a position as motorman on the local street railway.

—Albert R Humphrey of Hawthorne street has resumed his duties in Boston after a two weeks vacation.

—Mrs. S. C. Denton and daughter, Miss Alida have gone to their summer home in Bridgewater, New Hamphsire.

—Leighton Thompson of Hawthorne street has gone to Hyannis for the summer where he will play shortstop for a fast semi-pro team.

—Mr. and Mrs. Owen Mitchell of Center street are the happy parents of a boy born last Friday.

—Edward Conroy, who is studying for the priesthood at St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary in Brighton, is home for the summer vacation.

—Miss Ethel Bartlett of Grant street is enjoying a week's vacation which she is spending with relatives in Portland, Me.

—Isaac Dennison of Boston was the guest Sunday of his brother, A. Dennison of Middle street.

—Henry Pratt is enjoying a two weeks' vacation from his duties as mail-carrier. Thomas Reid is substituting during the absence of Mr. Pratt.

—George Farrar of Laurel street has purchased a new Overland automobile.

—The Christian Endeavor society of the Congregational church in East Weymouth held its annual business meeting in the church parlors last Monday evening with Miss Mildred Newcomb presiding. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Emerson R. Dizer, president; John A. McFawn, Miss Adella Rix, Miss Susie Humphrey and Bryon Leonard, vice presidents; Miss Mary Garey, secretary; Vincent Robinson, treasurer, and Miss Mildred Newcomb, pianist.

—Alton Easterbrook has returned from a visit with friends in Middleboro.

—Arrangements are being made for a joint picnic on July 19 at the South Weymouth Fair grounds of the Sunday school of the M. E. church and of the Congregational church of East Weymouth. A long list of sports is being arranged.

—William Smith of St. Louis, Mo., is visiting his parents of Center street.

—It is reported that Weymouth Council K. of C. cleared nearly $600 on the Farmers' Ball held the night before Decoration day for the benefit of Council sick fund.

—The grand weather of last Sunday made the traffic quite large through Jackson Square to the South Shore. Patrolman Larry Schofield was on duty in the square to keep speeding automobilists down to Statute limit.

—Miss Lillian O'Brien of Center street is spending the week in Onset.

—Miss Bertha Cunningham of Middle street entertained a number of friends at her home last Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Mary Giere of Mt. Vernon, New York, a classmate of Miss Cunningham's at Mt. Holyoke college. Games and a delious luncheon made the evening a most enjoyable one for all.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Conaty and daughters are in New York for few days' visit.

—Henry Moran arrived home from Illinois last night.

—Mrs. Simeon Bearce is reported on the sick list.

—Miss Nellie Looney of Broad street is enjoying a three weeks' vacation from her duties with the Wrigley Gum Co. of Boston.

—The East Weymouth Savings Bank at 5 o'clock this, Thursday, afternoon will close its doors for business until Monday morning, the 7th until 9 o'clock.

Congregational Church Notes.

After forty-three weeks of continual service the choir will take a July and August vacation but will suppy the music and for next Sunday have secured Herbert A. Curtis, baritone soloist and Cyrus Russo, violinist, Miss Ethel F. Raymond, director.



"Brown Tail" Itch Stopped At Once

Toiletine will positively stop the terrific itching and burning at once and heal the inflamed skin.

Money Back If It Doesn't.

TOILETINE
Reg U.S. Pat. Off.
Soothes and Heals

25 Cents of your druggist or by mail (give druggist's name) Just as good for many other things too: sunburn, chafing, eczema, rash, insect bites and stings.

THE TOILETINE COMPANY
170 Hope St., Greenfield, Mass.

WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

—Bates Opera House Sat. July 5th. A company of 20 will parade your street before the show 10-20-30 cts. Advertisment

—Captain Ira Montgomery who has been here with a barge of coal from Philadelphia, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Trask. Captain Montgomery was years ago a motorman on the Braintree and Weymouth street railway.

—George Glover of Quincy avenue leaves next Monday for New York where he will spend the month with relatives.

—Mrs. Joseph Cameron and son, Alfonzo, who have been visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary Gagnon, have returned to their home in Winslow, Canada.

—Mr. and Mrs. Parker of Elm Knoll road, have gone to Maine on a visit.

—Miss Katherine McComick leaves today for New York where she will attend the summer school at Columbia college for the next six weeks.

—Mrs. Edward E. Richards is home from an extended visit with her daughter in Philadelphia, Pa.

—Miss Barbara Senior entertained a party of her young friends from East Boston and Framingham at her home on Front street Monday.

—Mrs. Paul Garvin has been on a visit in Maine.

—Miss Agnes Kelley has taken the position of bookkeeper with the Donnelly Machine Company at Brockton.

—Miss Florence Green and Mr. Chester Sawyer, two well known young people of East Braintree, were married at Marshfield recently by the Rev. Mr. Goodwin.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. Herbert Baker sailed Tuesday from New York for Europe. They will remain abroad until September 1.

—Joseph Vinal, engineer at the Old Colony Gas plant, is having his annual vacation this week.

—Frank McAroy leaves this week for the White Mountains where he has a position in a hotel for the summer.

—Mrs. Thomas Hyland and Miss Eva Hyland are to move to Attleboro.

—Mr. and Mrs. Preston McDonald and children, former residents of this place, are in town from Portland, Me., visiting friends.

—The barge, Skippack from Philadelphia with 1,000 tons of coal has been unloading at the wharf of J. F. Sheppard & Sons.

—William Wright, Justin Wright, Norman Studley, Henry Mullen and John Wilder left Saturday in the Wright Bros. motor boat, J. I. C., for a weeks' cruise along the Maine coast.

—Mrs. Susie A. Sanborn of Chelsea is spending the week in town.

—Mrs. Arthur S. Gibson of Brookside road is able to be about again after her recent severe illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. George P. Niles and Thornton Niles are spending the Fourth at Milford.

—Leslie Remick is confined to his home on Walnut avenue with an attack of typhoid fever.

—George F. Hussey and W. Bradford Denton will spend next week at Nantasket and on Tuesday will attend the convention of the Bristol County G. A. R. association.

—Herb Smith won the weekly prize at Burrell's alleys last week with a string of 135 pins.

—Mrs. S. Everett Whitmarsh of Quincy avenue was 66 years old on June 22 and it was also the 44th anniversary of her marriage, and on the same day went up the 126 steps on the ladder to the top of the big gas tank at the Old Colony plant.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Bates went to Woods Hole Sunday in their auto. Miss Grace Wilde who has been visiting at her home returned with them.

—Hugh Cavanaugh, a former resident of this town, was in town from Cincinnati, Ohio, last week on a visit to P. E. Corridan and other friends. Mr. Cavanagh sailed Saturday for Europe, where he goes in the interest of the "Cincinnati Inquirer," of which he is one of the editors.

—Burglars entered the waiting room of Fred B. Dwyer at Lincoln square at an early hour Tuesday morning and robbed the cash register of about $14. The police say it is the work of local cracksmen and expect to arrest them. The theives gained entrance by smashing a panel in a door in the rear of the building.

—Edward Quinn of North Abington a former resident of our town is spending the week with his sister Mrs. George Hunt of Broad street.

—The automobile of Dr. W. F. Hathaway was badly damaged Saturday evening while the doctor was driving through Hingham. A man from Quincy in an auto came up behind and ran into him. The Doctors machine was damaged to the extent of $200.

—William H. Goodwin left yesterday for Peake's Island, Maine, where he will remain until the first of next week.

—Charles E Bicknell will spend the Fourth at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, where he will have charge of setting up the firework display at that resort.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Price and children have gone to New Hampshire for a two weeks rest.

—Miss Amelia L. Bumpus aged 75 for 30 years librarian of the Thomas Crane Public library in Quincy died at her home in that city Saturday. She was a sister of Judge Everett C. Bumpus and of Mrs. James Johnson of Allen street, East Braintree. Deceased resigned her position as librarian four years ago. She was for many years a deaconess of Bethany Congregational church, Quincy.

—Paul Blackwood of Bath, Maine a former resident of this place is here on a visit to Mr. ahd Mrs. Robert Nash of Broad street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Alexander and children are at their cottage at Nantasket for the summer.

—The members of the Ladies Auxiliary of the A. O. H. tendered a reception Tuesday evening to Mrs. James Condrick at the residence of Miss Mary Condrick 60 Granite street and presented her a pocket book and purse of gold. Mrs. Condrick sails next Tuesday for Europe where she will spend the next eight weeks.

—The Weymouth Savings Bank will be in line with all factories and places of business which can conveniently do so and will not open for business after today until its regular business hours, 9 o'clock Monday morning, July 7.

—A recital of the pupils of Miss Margaret Z. Ahern, was held at Pythian hall, Monday evening, assisted by Miss Flora M. Haviland, reader, and Helen Corridan and Caroline Corridan who gave the comedy, "Zerubbabel's Second Wife." Misses Margaret Barry, Alice Curley, Nellie Donovan, Mildred Leary, Ethel Preston and Marguerite Donovan took part.

—The pastor having returned from his vacation, regular services will be resumed at the Baptist church next Sunday.

—A large audience assembled at the Universalist church last Friday evening for the recital of pupils of Miss Emma T. Clapp. The pupils gave a varied and interesting program in which they were assisted by Mrs. Franklin P. Whitten, soprano, and Ashton Wilbur and Clifton D. Harlow, violinists.

SPECIAL SALE

JULY 3 TO 12 INCLUSIVE

BOSTON CASH MARKET CO.

LINCOLN SQUARE Tel. Weymouth 248

Butter	30c and 32c lb.	Catsup	10c size, 4 for 25c
Best Creamery Butter received daily		50c Tea	sale price 30c lb.
Eggs	sale price 25c doz.	Shredded Wheat	12c
Coffee	35c, sale price 25c	Lenox Soap	7 for 25c
Evaporated Milk all kinds	3 for 25c	Welcome Soap	6 for 25c
Corn	7c each, 4 for 25c	American Scouring Soap	11 for 25c
Sardines	10c value, 3 for 25c		

SUGAR, with other goods 4½c. No stamps

FLOUR

MUSKETEER 75c, sale price 72c — CAPITOL 80c, sale price 77c

PILLSBURY'S 85c, sale price 82c — GOLD MEDAL 85c, sale price 82c

SPECIAL PASTRY FLOUR 72c

Kellogg's Corn Flakes 9c Pure Cocoa 22c, sale price 15c

Class Mustard 8c, 3 for 25c

Legal Stamps on Teas and Coffees Only

During July and August
We Close Wednesday at 1 P. M.

Through these two torrid temperature months we close our store at noon Wednesdays so that our clerks may enjoy an afternoon's rest out-of-doors. Please co-operate by shopping early Wednesday or Thursday. We want your trade.

Hot Weather Necessities

Porch Rockers and Chairs from 49c up

Ice Chests and Refrigerators from $5 up

Gas, Gasoline and Oil Cook Stoves, low priced

Window Screens and Screen Doors, all sizes

Ice Cream Freezers, Hammocks, Croquet Sets

Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases, very low priced

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TO SAVE TIME, TROUBLE AND MONEY

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Hardware, Cutlery, Paints and Oils

Family Groceries, Table Delicacies, Crockery, Patent Medicines Cigars and Tobacco.

Jackson Square East Weymouth, Mass.

Try, Try Again

"If you don't at first succeed
Try, try again."
Trying hard is best indeed,
Try, try again.
Have you tried our Sweet KrustBread?
Something new, but way ahead,
Whitcomb's make, enough is said,
Try, try again.

Do you want something that's nice?
Try, try again.
Something fine, but low in price,
Try, try again.
Have you tried our Mocha Roll
Something new which we control,
Buy one when out for a stroll,
Try, try again.

Have you found a thing you like?
Try, try again.
Pass the word along the pike,
Try, try again.
In the dinner pail is found
Jelly Doughnuts nice and round,
Every one is sweet and sound.
Try, try again.

WHITCOMB'S

For The Highest Grade Porto Rico and New Orleans
MOLASSES

—GO TO—

GORDON WILLIS, THE COLUMBIAN SQUARE GROCER. South Weymouth

Tufts Library

Weymouth Gazette

AND TRANSCRIPT

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1913. VOL. XLVII. NO. 17. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

LETTER CARRIERS' PICNIC.

Over 6,000 Persons at Annual Outing of Letter Carriers of Boston Postal District at New Downer's Landing, North Weymouth on Independence Day.

Fully 6,500 persons attended the annual picnic of the letter carriers of the Boston Postal Distict, held at New Downer's Landing in North Weymouth on the Fourth of July.

All day and in the evening the dance hall was crowded and during the day the the athletic field was the scene of sports of various kinds in charge of U. S. Davis of the South End Post Office in Boston.

Special guests of the occasion were Postmaster Mansfield; Edward C. Graves, Surveyor of the Port of Boston; Yee Wah, Mayor of Chinatown; Mayor Willard of Chelsea; Pres. H. F. French of Hyde Park; James Arkinson of Fall River; George F. Donovan, National State vice president of the Letter Carriers' Association; Councilor T. E. Smith; Councilor T. J. Lenney, George W. Harrubb of Campello and Joseph Maguire of Woburn.

The Letter Carriers' Band gave several pleasing concerts during the day and evening and in the evening an orchestra was formed from members present and a program of orchestral music given.

In the athletic games Herbert W. Rockwood of the East Weymonth office, sustained Weymouth's reputation by capturing first in the 440 yard dash, but all the other prize winners were from out of town.

A feature of the day was the able policing of the grove. Previous to the outing, 12 stalwart carriers from Boston were sworn in as special police officers and under the direction of Michael Dunleavey of the Boulevard Postal Station in Boston, the large crowd was kept in perfect order all day.

At the ball game, the Copeland Club of Quincy defeated the Stetson Shoe Co. nine, 10 to 4. The game was marked by free hitting of both teams; this was due to a short and poor outfield, batted balls that would ordinarily have been caught were good for two and three bases. The feature of the game was the batting of Hazelton and Daley.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Copeland Club	0	0	2	2	0	1	1	1	3	—10
Stetson Shoe	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	3	— 4

Copeland club—Paterson and Daley. Setetson Shoe Co.—Hazelton and Hendrickson.

Samec Club 6, Stetson Shoe Co. 3.

At the Weymouth Fair Grounds Saturday, the Samec Club of Dorchester defeated the Stetson Shoe Co. nine, 6 to 3.

SAMEC CLUB.

	r	po	a	e
Wolfe, 2b	2	2	0	1
Whorf, lf	5	3	1	0
Dempsey, 1b	0	10	1	0
R. Perry, 3b	0	0	3	1
Peterson,, c	0	6	1	1
E. Perry, ss, rf	1	1	2	0
Phinney, P.	0	2	3	0
Powers, cf	1	3	1	0
Sullivan, ss	1	0	2	3
Crafts, rf	0	0	0	0
Totals	6	27	14	6

STETSON SHOE

	r	po	a	e
Hendrickson, c	0	7	0	0
Doble, rf	0	0	0	0
Dean, rf	0	1	0	0
Gleason, 2b	0	2	3	0
Carlisle, 1b	0	11	1	0
Blackburn, cf	0	3	1	0
Bates, ss	1	2	2	0
Poole, lf	1	1	2	0
Torrey, 3b	1	0	4	2
Reiser, P.	0	0	4	0
Hazelton, †	0	0	0	0
Totals	3	27	17	2

†Batted for Poole in the ninth.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Samec Club	0	0	0	0	4	0	1	1	0	—6
Stetson Shoe Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	—3

Two base hits — E. Perry, Whorf. Stolen bases—Wolf, Blackburn 2, Torrey, Reiser, Hendrickson, Peterson, Powers, Crafts 2. Left on bases—Samec club 9, Stetson Shoe 7. Base on balls off—Reiser 3, Phinney 5. Struck out by—Reiser 5, Phinney 5. Sacrifice hits — Dempsey. Double plays — Blacburn to Carlisle. Peterson to Dempsey. R. Perry to Dempsey to Sullivan. Hit by pitched ball—Dempsey. Umpire — Barry. Time —2 hours.

W. R. C. Notes.

Corps No. 102 was awarded the first prize for floats in the Fourth of July parade, Mrs. Lucy Bagley, Lady Washington; Carl Garey, Washington; Mrs. Agnes Baldwin, Barbara Frietchie; Mrs. Mary Mahoney, Betsey Ross; Mrs. Estella Richards, Columbia; Mrs. Annie Jordan, Massachusetts; Mrs. M. R Cain, Goddess of Liberty. All the other officers taking parts of the different states.

Corps No. 102 has accepted the invitation for an outing from the Plymouth County association, July 16 at Ridge Hill, Norwell. Public meeting at 1.30 p. m.

THREE DAY'S TOUR OF DUTY.

Mounted and Dismounted Scouts Camp in South Weymouth.

The Mounted Scout Detachment of the 8th Regiment, M. V. M., 15 men, together with a volunteer detail from several companies, of an equal number of men, dismounted, held a successful three days' tour of duty on Reed's field, Main street, South Weymouth last Friday, Saturday and Sunday, under the direction of Capt. Frederick G. Bauer and Capt. Chamberlain.

During the three days' tour, practical problems were worked out by the "Red" and "Blue" armies of mounted and dismounted scouts and in the afternoons and evenings, Capt. Bauer and Capt. Chamberlain conducted a school of instruction. The territory covered in the problems took in the field and woods of Weymouth Landing, South Weymouth and Rockland.

The camp was inspected on Saturday by Col. F. A. Graves, and in the evening in the rooms of the Norfolk club in Columbian Square, Capt. F. J. Burnham gave a talk on "Field Messages."

Each evening at "retreat" the flag on the staff in Columbian Square, was lowered with the usual military honors. On Sunday night, the guard, which was left behind to take the baggage to Boston, held a school of instruction under the direction of Capt. Chamberlain.

Few Accidents on the Fourth.

Accidents this year on the Fourth of July were decidely few and far between, but two mishaps of any sort being reported.

Henry Peaslee, aged 18, of East Weymouth was badly burned about his head by the premature explosion of powder, and after care at his home, was taken to a Boston hospital for treatment.

Miss Lucia Smith of Broad street, aged 7, was knocked down in Central Square, East Weymouth, by a horse driven by John McCann. She was badly bruised and received injuries to her knee. She was taken into the house by Augustus Conathan and later carried home.

After the accident McCann whipped up his horse and attempted to drive away, but was prevented from so doing by the crowd that had gathered in the square to witness the Independence Day parade. The police took the man into custody and he was fined $15 in the Quincy Court for his carelessness.

Albert C. Hawkes. Dead.

The funeral of Mr. Albert C. Hawkes was held from his late home on Bartlett street, North Weymouth, Tuesday afternoon, July 8th at 2 o'clock, Rev. Charles Clark, officiating. Many beautiful flowers testified to the love and esteem in which the deceased was held. Interment was in the North Weymouth cemetery. The bearers were his three brothers, George, Frank and Henry Hawkes and Irving Prentiss.

Mr. Hawkes had been ill many months. Besides his widow, son and daughter he leaves an aged mother and three brothers to mourn their loss. By a strange coincidence his oldest brother James Hawkes, at one time a resident of North Weymouth, died a few hours after Mr. Hawkes Funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon from the home of his son in Rockland.

TUFTS LIBRARY.

Art Exhibition.

The subjects of the photographs now in the reading room is "Forestry." "This set of photographs was purchased from the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture, and is a duplicate of those used in their travelling exhibits." The pictures will remain until July 21.

Sixty-Five Years Married.

Tomorrow, Saturday, the 12th inst., Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Tilden, Front street, Weymouth, will round out sixty five years of married life and, barring a crippled condition of Mr. Tilden on account of a severe accident by a fall, are in a fair condition to extend the number of years a few more. As far as we know, this longerity of married life has no rival.

Robins Given Room in Church.

In the pulpit at Colinton parish church (Midlothian) a robin's nest was found the other day. The nest was removed to the church room near by, where the birds will be permitted to remain and rear their family.

Wanted to Help.

One day little Laura came into the kitchen and found her grandmother shelling peas. After watching her a moment, Laura said: "Oh, grandma, please let me help you unbutton the beans."

MRS. GEORGE A. LINCOLN DEAD.

Past President of Daughters of Veterans Passed Away Suddenly Last Sunday Night.

Mrs. Fannie E. Lincoln, wife of George A. Lincoln of Lafayette avenue, East Weymouth, passed away quite suddenly at her home last Sunday night at 7 o'clock. Death was said to be due to hemorrhage on the brain.

Mrs. Lincoln was out in the hot sun, both on Independence day and last Sunday, and it is thought the excessive heat was partly responsible for her death.

The deceased was a daughter of Edward (deceased) and Carrie Fahey of East Weymouth, and at the time of her death, she was thirty-four years of age.

She was a member of the East Weymouth M. E. church and always took a most active interest in all the church affairs. She was also a past president of the Dorothea L. Dix tent, Daughters of Veterans of this town.

She is survived by her husband, George A. and two sons, Harold and Edward of East Weymouth.

Funeral services were held from the home of her mother, Mrs. Carrie Fahey, Lafayette avenue, on Wednesday afternoon. Rev. Dr. George A. Grant of the East Weymouth M. E. church, officiated. A quartet consisting of Chester Madan, Myron Ford, Mrs. W. A. Hodges and Mrs. Lester Blackwell, sang. The bearers were Norman Cann, Robert Mills, Charles Chubbuck Jr. and George L. Bates. Interment was in the Old North cemetery in North Weymouth.

Troop No. 2 Boy Scouts of Amercia

A meeting of the troop was held at the Congregational church last Monday evening. Camping was the principal subject for discussion and it was finally voted not to go to the camp at Blue Hills this year, but to establish an independent camp along the shore near the salt water.

A committee, consisting of Scoutmaster Commons, Ass't. Scoutmaster MacFawn, Scouts John Dizer, William Rix and Will Rand, was chosen and the same instructed to select a suitable site. If possible the troop will camp out the week commencing July 21.

The sympathy of the troop is extended to the secretary, Scout Fahey who has met with the sudden loss of a sister, Mrs. George Lincoln.

A letter has been received from the secretary of the Weymouth King's Daughters Union, expressing the appreciation of the Union for the services rendered by the scouts at the recent garden fete.

The troop has been the recipient of many congratulations on their appearance in line in the Fourth of July parade. Troops 2 and 3 were awarded first prize in the patriotic division.

Capt. Studley has returned from his vacation wearing a happy smile and a coat of tan and ready for baseball once more.

The baseball team will play the Winthrop team at Winthrop Saturday afternoon, July 12th and it is hoped that all thunder showers will hold off until after the game.

Found Dead in Field.

John Healy, aged 54 and unmarried was found dead in a field on Bates avenue last Saturday morning by J. Leonard Bicknell who resides on Bates avenue near Central street, South Weymouth.

Medical Examiner J. C. Frasier of East Weymouth was called and the examination showed that death was due to natural causes.

Healy made his home with his brother, D. F. Healey and his sister, Miss Nellie Healy of White street. He was a shoe maker by trade.

Funeral services were held Sunday. Interment was in St. Francis Xavier cemetery.

Boys of '76 Lose.

Capt. P. Sullivan's Mt. Pleasant nine of youngsters proved too much for the Tildens, a nine made up of old timers, at Garfield park, Weymouth, last Friday morning, the boys of '76 losing out to the tune of 9 to 6. A large crowd witnessed the game. The score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Mt. P. A. A.	0	0	0	3	2	1	1	2	0	—9
Tildens	0	0	3	2	1	0	0	0	0	—6

Batteries—Connell and Quinn, Bates and Martin.

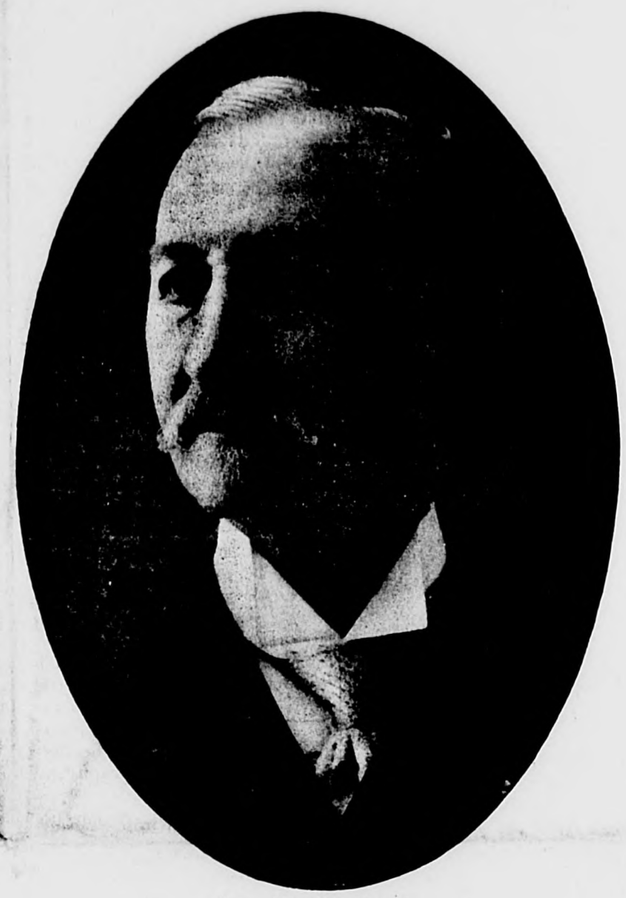
Fourth of July Aftermath.

The Fourth of July committee met last night to compare notes and review the situation and can see a balance of cash for any contingent expenses.

The flags which did not arrive in time for distribution are now on hand and will be distributed at the schools on the fall opening.

Weymouth's Fourth of July.

More Than 10,000 People View a Mile of Grandeur. An Oration to Which Every American Citizen Should Take off His Hat.



Col. W. W. Castle

While there have always been patriotic men and women in Weymouth who celebrated the anniversary of American independence with a greater or less degree of enthusiasm, not since 1825 has there been an effort at a real town celebration. Rev. Dr. Bent of the Old North church, was the orator of the day in 1825 and a copy of his stirring address is now among our treasured relics of the past—but to get down to the present.

The celebration of 1913 had its birth in the Board of Trade at its regular meeting in May and the following executive committee was appointed:—Wm. Shipp, Jr., Walter B. Binnian, Winslow M. Tirrell, Thomas J. White, Arthur W. Davis, Winfield S. Wells, Frank N. Blanchard, Charles H. Kelley, Earl W. Bates and Frank N. Proctor.

With but two months before them, the committee, with Mr. Shipp for chairman, took up the arduous task and most of them were untiring in the efforts to give Weymouth a celebration worthy of so ancient and historical a town.

We will not review the trials and, at times, discouraging features which the committee met, but the result was more than a compensation for the labor.

On the morning of the Fourth, all roads led to East Weymouth, and Grand Army hall, with its adjacent streets, was the pivotal point for the parade which was made up as follows:

Chief Marshal, Bradford Hawes.
Platoon of police, Chief Patrick Butler in command.
Platoon of mounted aids, William P. Denbroeder, Burton B. Wright, Herbert K. Cushing, Wallace H. Bicknell and Carl Lovell.
Rockland Band, 24 pieces, Eugene Harlow, leader.
Dismounted scouts, 8th Regiment, M. V. M., Capt. Frederic Bauer in command.
Mounted scouts, 8th Regiment, M. V. M., Capt. Julien D. Chamberlain in command.
Battalion of Sons of Veterans from camps in Weymouth, Hingham, Cohasset, Quincy, Dorchester, Boston, Braintree and Milton.
Veterans of Reynolds Post 58, G. A. R., of Weymouth, riding in eight large automobiles loaned and driven by the owners.
"Spirit of '76," impersonated by Christor Custanzo, Master Channing Libbey and Master Leslie Crocker.
Troop 2, Boy Scouts, Rev. Walter H. Commons, scoutmaster; John A. McFaun, assistant.
Troop 3, Boy Scouts, Frank C. Hall, scout master.
Regal Band, 25 pieces, H. C. Cushman, leader.
Selectmen, town clerk, Col. William W. Castle, orator of the day, in a brake.
Committee of arrangements in a carriage.
Weymouth Board of Trade in a brake trimmed with flags, bunting and flowers.
Ward 3 combination auto fire truck with crew decorated.
Chemical Engine 5 of Ward 5 with crew, decorated.
Steamer 2 of Ward 2 with crew, decorated.
Hose Truck 2 of Ward 2 with crew, decorated.
Hook and Ladder Truck of Ward 2 with crew, decorated.
Weymouth town moth destroying apparatus, with full crew in action all along the route; decorated.
Highway and Road Department, four big wagons loaded with workmen and road building materials.
Old Colony Gas Co., large float, decorated and drawn by gray horses.
Stetson's Shoe Band, 25 pieces, George A. White, leader.
Reynolds W. R. C., large float, 20 women representing Goddess of Liberty, Columbia, George Washington, Martha Washington, Betsey Ross, Barbara Freitche and the 13 Original States.
Loyal Order of Moose, automobile decorated with ensignia of the order and flags.
Steadfast Rebekah Lodge, I. O. O. F., 22 women in a brake trimmed in pink and white, showing emblems of the order.
Dorothea L. Dix Tent, D. of V., float, 20 women with costumes and patriotic decorations.
American Beauties, 20 young women in white costumes, flag decorations, in float.
Pratt school, seniors and juniors, two floats, 35 scholars, dressed in white; red, white and blue decorations.
Weymouth Council, K. of C., members in barouche, decorated.
Miss Mary Garey, automobile, floral decorations, with four young women in patriotic costumes.
"First Settlers of Weymouth," comedy in costume, eight men, led by P. T. Johnson.

Prizes were awarded as follows:—Secret societies—W. R. C., first; Rebekah Lodge, second; D. of V., third. Automobiles—Old Colony Gas Co., first; Miss Mary Garey, second. Military—Mounted scouts, first; S. of V., second; Boy Scouts, third. Civic—Moth Department, first; fire auto, second: Road Department, third. Business firms—Warren Nadell, first; F. A. Manuel, second. The Pratt school got a prize and also the "Comedy Show." The judges were Edward W. Hunt, William J. Dunbar and Henry F. Hanley of the Board of Selectmen.

The line of March was Commercial street to Pleasant street, Pleasant to Water, Water to Commerdial, Commercial to Grant, Grant to High, High to Broad and Broad to Clapp Memorial grounds and building and all along the line houses, stores and lawns were a panorama of beauty made so with flags, banners and red, white and blue streamers.

On arriving at the grounds troops, organizations, floats, automobiles and other carriages were lined up for the exercises which were to follow. Horace R. Drinkwater, president of the Clapp Memorial association, received the committee of arrangements, Grand Army men and other invited guests on the balcony of the building and Chairman Shipp opened the exercises with a brief statement of the work accomplished and all in the name of, and for, a celebration which should be an honor to the town and a means of education to the rising generation.

The Declaration of Independence was ably read by John T. Dizer, graduate of the Weymouth High; several selections by the bands; Star Spangled banner and other selections by the multitude and then the oration of the day by Col. Wm. W. Castle. From the first sentence until the final word the speaker was followed with intense interest and often interrupted with well merited applause by his two thousand listeners. We would say more of this but it speaks for itself elsewhere in these columns.

A closely fought battle between the Deweys and Clapp Memorial on the ball field was the closing feature of the morning with the following result:

DEWEY.

	bh	po	a	e
Linberg, ss	1	4	6	0
McCarthy, 2b	2	1	1	1
E. Hoyt, rf	0	0	0	0
F. Hoyt, 1b	1	14	1	0
Stevens, lf	2	2	0	0
Fraher, cf,	1	0	0	0
Cunningham, c	0	4	1	0
Bates, 3b	3	2	2	0
Michael, p	0	0	5	0
Artis, cf	0	0	0	0
Totals	10	27	16	1

CLAPP MEMORIAL

	bh	po	a	e
Gloster, 3b	1	1	4	0
Orr, 2b	0	1	1	0
Wall, c	2	9	1	0
Dam, lf,	1	1	0	0
A. Humphrey, 1b,	1	9	0	1
Gillis, ss	0	1	2	3
Emery, cf	0	3	0	0
Drinkwater, rf	0	2	0	0
Sullivan, p	1	0	2	0
*W. Humphrey,	0	0	0	0
Totals	6	27	10	4

*Batted for Emery in ninth.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Dewey	2	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	—6
Clapp M. A.	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

ADDRESS OF COL. W. W. CASTLE

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens:—

This is a day of education.

Its lessons are those of American patriotism.

It teaches love of country and obedience to law. It awakens patriotic memories, it unites the past with the present and connects both with the future. To every loyal heart it is a study and a stimulation.

The founders of this magnificent nation were a race of men who hated oppression and loved liberty; they recognized no dictator except conscience, no master but Almighty God.

One hundred and thirty-seven years ago today the Liberty Bell, hanging in the belfry of the old State House in Philadelphia, rang out in conjunction with human voices, the joyful tidings that the Declaration of Independence had been voiced by the thirteen colonies. Having announced to the world their determination, they fought and suffered and sacrificed for what they deliberately and prayerfully declared were their inalienable rights, and after seven years of conflict with the then strongest nation in existence gave to the world the star of liberty: they enthroned conscience, they erected a free altar, they made men free, they cast off allegiance to the old sovereign and made every citizen a king. They established self government of the people, by the people and for the people.

These were the mighty achievements of our ancestors, these the mighty results they secured to their posterity and to all mankind. They changed the face of America and set hope and heart in every man's life and turned human aspirations and human destiny into a pathway of light and progress and civilization.

When an active sailor lad climbed a flag staff at New York on the morning of the 25th of November, 1783, and tore down the British ensign that had been nailed upon it and let loose to the breeze the banner of the United States, the privations and sufferings of our forefathers were finished. As the white sails of Britain's warships slowly sank below the horizon in the Eastern Atlantic, bearing away from our shores the last armed enemy to freedom in America, the idea of absolute independence took possession of the mind and heart of every true American.

With the monarchical governments of the old world but comparatively little attention had been paid to the forcible separation of the infant colonies from the mother country. They pointed out the instability of a Republican form of government and cited the fall of that of Rome; instanced the rise and fall of the Dutch republic, and seemingly made a forcible argument to show the correctness of their views.

Continued on Page 2.

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Last Known Survivor of Tribe.

Andrew Harrison of New Britain, Conn., is the last known survivor of the Mohican tribe of Indians.

News to Him.

"Why is it that they never place the pictures of living men on bank notes?" asked the fellow who had become rich by writing the words of "popular" songs. "Don't they?" the poet replied.

Weymouth's Fourth of July

Continued from Page 1

Benjamin Franklin, when congratulated upon the success of the War of Independence, said in his laconic way, "Say rather the War of the *Revolution*; the war of independence is yet to be fought."

We now know that another generation was to battle for Independence. Chagrined at the loss of her American colonies and looking with alarm upon the energetic patriotic growth of the new formed Nation, Great Britain inaugurated a systematic annoyance of the former subjects by flagrant insults to the American flag, and endeavoring to block their onward progress, until finally a British sloop of war dared to open its guns upon an American frigate in pure insolence as a proof that they were not to be compelled to recognize the American flag in their so called "Right of Search." At last President Madison was compelled to declare war on June 18, 1812. Thus in thirtysix years America was to unsheath the sword to maintain its Independence. In three short years the infant republic swept from off the seas the blood red cross of St. George and humbled the victorious veterans of Waterloo at New Orleans.

One hundred years ago, come September, Commodore Perry drove them from the inland seas at Lake Erie, hoisting his fighting signal, which has ever since become the motto of the American Navy, "Don't give up the ship." Although the Nation had successfully fought the War of Revolution and unmistakably shown to the world its Independence, there was yet to come a clash of arms to further answer the argument of monarchies, that internal jealousies and differences would wreck a republic formed and governed as was ours, be it ever so strong as to external enemies. A half century after Independence was assured by the War of 1812, the most far-reaching momentous war of modern times was declared. Brother took up arms against Brother. Rebellion against the law and government of the fathers was proclaimed. A people as virile, unwasted and courageous as the sun ever shone on, after a struggle the most gigantic the world has ever seen, with frightful expenditure of blood and treasure and four long weary years of waste and destruction, answered that last argument of kings in so settled and certain a manner that it may never again be questioned.

This Nation is today celebrating the 137th birthday, its 100th and its 50th. Now what is the meaning of the day and its celebration? Simply this; that what was achieved must be perpetuated in its strength and purity, not giving up one jot or tittle of the victories won. *More*, we do not ask; *less*, we will not have. These three great epochs in our country's history were but the maintenance of the truths laid down as "self evident" in the first clause of that matchless Declaration of Independence. We are free and equal and owe allegiance only to that written Constitution, which Mr. Gladstone, the greatest statesman of the British Empire, has declared to be "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

The culmination of all these achievements was yet to be reached in 1898. During all the years America was struggling to free itself and maintain its principles, it had made known to all the world that it ever and under all circumstances was in sympathy with the downtrodden and oppressed. When nearly a quarter of a century after our great soldier leader had issued that last advice to his troops and those whom he had forced to obedience to the law of the Nation, mitigating the sorrow of the vanquished by giving back to them all which had been the spoils of victory, counseling them to accept the animals and pharaphernalia surrendered and go back to their homes and become loyal Americans, and closing this most magnanimous acceptance of surrender by the historic words, "*Let us have peace*," more was done in uniting the Nation than could have been accomplished in any other way. When a despotism which had trampled upon our suffering neighbors for four-hundred years became intolerable, the sons of those who laid down their arms at Appomattox rose "en masse" and demanded of the sons of their fathers' conquerers, the privilege of showing to the world the loyalty of their fathers' pledges; *our boys* arose and swept the last vestage of despotism off the American continent.

When in oriental seas George Dewey said, "You may open fire, Gridley," the roar of his cannon sounded the knell of that despotism, and the American Nation heralded to the world that the American Flag would henceforth cover and protect downtrodden and oppressed people anywhere upon the earth and place them where, by education and assistance, they might become, as this Nation already was, a government of its own people. The American flag was raised to protect them from interference until they were in condition to care for themselves and prepared to work out their own destiny: it by no means meant territorial agrandizement, or as a means of transferring of allegiance from a former governmental control, but the world was given to unmistakably understand, that once hoisted it would never be lowered except by the edict of the American people, that those beneath its shadow were able and qualified to care for themselves and enter into a Congress of Nations without let or hinderance, sufferance or surveillance.

The past of our National life has been glorious; what of the future? We know that a "reliance upon the protection of Divine Providence" has from the foundation of the Nation to the present time been the sheet anchor of its citizens. It has held the Ship of State safely and securely through mighty tempests. *It cannot, must not, be cast off.* We know that the freedom which has been gained is not freedom from obedience to law and order and good government, but a freedom to enjoy to the fullest extent all the benefits arising through such freedom. We recognize that liberty does *not* stand for license, and that pursuit of happiness shall *not* be that which will interfere with, curtail or prevent a fellow citizen's happiness, security, or safety, in mind, body or estate.

The banner first given to the wind by our forefathers was bathed with their blood on many battlefields, prayed for in that dreadful winter at Valley Forge, and finally raised in all its beauty and grandeur at Yorktown; again floating from the mastheads of American ships on all of the seas of the earth, exultingly waved over the cotton breastsworks of New Orleans; and yet again fifty years ago jubilantly hurled back the emblem of rebellion from Cemetery Ridge, and on the same day and hour, cast its glorious shadow upon 32,000 armed troops, who with downcast eyes furled and cased their battle flags, stacked 60,000 arms, packed 172 cannon and filed before that grim, stern and silent soldier, Grant, and marched onwards to their homes with a pledge to never again raise a rebellious arm. That triumphant banner now known, feared and honored all over the round Globe; this, the grandest of all the Nations of the earth, on its 137th birthday, salutes, and calls in clarion notes upon every citizen to render obeisance to.

My friends, you may have thought you would be called upon to listen to an old soldier's tale of war with its story of carnage and destruction: while he might be pardoned if in his dotage he

"Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done"
"Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won;"

he will not inflict you with any of this, but wishes only to present to your careful consideration the lessons indelibly stamped upon our Nation's history.

Our forefathers laid the cornerstone, and each generation has builded its part in this wonderful, magnificent government. They established a home and an asylum for the downtrodden and oppressed of all the world. Succeeding generations have kept wide open the doors of opportunity, have heralded to all mankind that here in this beautiful God blessed land all may enter and abide; that here no rank is recognized but that of merit, no wealth acknowledged but that of intellect; that here of all the world, humanity may find that

"Honor or shame from no condition rise"
"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Those who elect to make this their home are given to understand that as they are received into the homes of this Nation and are given every chance to work out their destiny untrammelled and unhampered; that while the wealth of opportunity is freely and generously given, they must recognize that they are not admitted as a *right*, but as a *privilege*; based upon an absolute unequivocal subordination, and obedience to *existing laws*, framed and agreed upon by those whose government it now is; must regulate their life and manners in accordance with the rules and regulations of this Nation; they may not bring within our doors any loyalty to foreign governments or nations, either actual or quasi; they may not reap of the harvest already planted; they must first sow, and they will be protected both in the sowing as well as in the garnering. If this Nation's laws, or the execution of them are not to their liking, they must turn about and go back where they came from; it this peoples' manners, customs and beliefs are obnoxious, they should be careful not to cross our boundary line; if this Nation's flag—the emblem of this Nation's principles—is not fair and beautiful enough for their eyes, they must remain where they may enjoy that which they prefer more. *In fine*: when they enter into this fair land, they must in thought and deed be as integral a part of the people as those who have come before, grown up with, and become a most splendid factor in our population; they must see to it that their progeny shall be educated in all that makes for good citizenship, and especially taught that absolute loyalty to the principles, and the flag which represents them, is imperative. If our laws and regulations necessitate revision, correction or betterment, we do not require or desire advice from those who are seeking admission to our land, and we view any attempt at such, open or covert, as insolent and presumptious and will be resented as insulting to our honor and dignity as a Nation. There are no wrongs for which we do not provide a lawful remedy. No man in this land is a law unto himself. The bullet of the nihilist, the bomb of the anarchist, the torch of the communist, will be met with the sword, the bullet and the rope. The methods of the old world may not be transplanted here.

America provides just and equitable methods of correcting real and fancied wrongs, and everyone within its borders, citizen or alien, must recognize and obey the mandates, at their peril.

No self promoting agitators of resistance to law or good government must be countenanced, much less encouraged. *This America of ours is for Americans;* for a people whose forefathers have builded it, labored for it, and died for it.

Americans are a patient long suffering race, who are slow to anger, but when aroused are giants in their strength and inexorable in their fury. In cold, calm, clear tones they give the world to understand, that there is only air enough on this continent to float but one flag; they worship God as the all-protecting Being under which they exist; they love their country as they love their lives; and to any wild weird, fanatical cry of *No God, No Country, No Flag*, they arise as one and hurl *defiance* and if needs be *carnage* with the answer, *One God! One Country! One Flag!*

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BALLYBUNION'S MONORAIL.

One of the Quaintest Railroads in the World is in Ireland.

Where the broad mouth of the river Shannon mingles its waters with the deeper hue of the ocean, where the stern coast thrusts its eager promontories toward America, the land of dreams, stands Ballybunion, picturesque town of 300 Irish men and women. About a mile and a half farther north stands Belmore, and between these two small towns extends one of the world's quaintest railroads—the Ballybunion monorail.

On its single track, raised on a trestle, and in its curious cars passengers and freight are carried from Ballybunion and Belmore and back again in the remarkable time of five minutes. The monorail on which its strange locomotive and trains run is perhaps two feet high, while the distance between the lower rails, which serve to maintain the equilibrium of the rolling stock, is a little more than a foot.

Most remarkable of its equipment is the locomotive, with its queer elliptical boiler and firebox. It has one cylinder on each side, the rods of which are inside connected to the drivers. The interior of a passenger car is divided into two longitudinal compartments, which are entered by separate doors. The guard stands on either side, according to the balancing needs of the moment. Freight and stock cars are similarly divided.

To enable pedestrians and wagons to cross the tracks of the Ballybunion railroad small lift bridges are constructed at the various roads and remain in a lowered position for the accommodation of traffic. When it is necessary for a train to pass such a point the crossing flagman raises the bridge as is shown in the illustration, thus permitting the train to proceed.

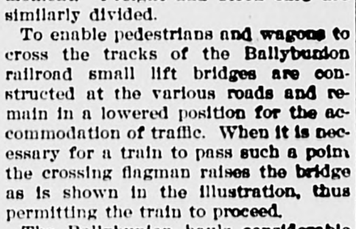
The Ballybunion hauls considerable freight for so short a road. The surrounding country has many famous caves, which yield quite a large quantity of stone and some mineral wealth.—Railroad Man's Magazine.

The Budding Financier.

Probably the late J. P. Morgan's first attempt at finance took place in Boston. His school teacher gave him money to buy erasers. Young Morgan was gone a long time. When he returned he handed the teacher the erasers and some change.

"What's this for?" asked the teacher. "I gave you just enough to buy the erasers."

"Oh," returned young Morgan, "I went around town until I could find a place to buy at wholesale."—Detroit Free Press.



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CHURCH SERVICES

Under this heading the pastors of ALL the churches are cordially invited to make such announcements of services, etc., as they may wish. We only stipulate that such notices to be inserted shall reach us at the least on Thursday morning of each week—the day before publication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Baraca Young Men's Class, 12.00 Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15. Evening service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30.

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth) Rev William Hyde, rector. Service with sermon at 10.30 a m and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 12.00 m.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. Albert V. House, Pastor. Morning service at10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E meeting at 6 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Weymouth.) Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday school at 1.15 p m.; preaching at 2.30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Braintree.) Rev Nelson Allen Price, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Junior League, 4.30 p.m. Epworth League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching service 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7 30. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Wey) Lord's Day services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Bible School 12 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 5.45 P. M. on Sunday.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Weymouth and Braintree,) Rev. Robert H Cochrane, pastor. orning service at 10.30 Sunday School at 12. Y. P. S. C. E at 6.00. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. George A. Grant, pastor. Morning worship and preaching at 10.30. Sunday School at noon. Epworth League meeting at 6.30 p m. Evening service at 7.30. Tuesday evenings, 7.45 p. m. prayer meetings. Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth Heights.) Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor. Morning service at 1030. Evening service at 7.00. Sunday-school at 11.45 a. m. Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Charles Clark, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A cordial welcome is extended to all of these services. Preaching at both morning and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. Walter H. Commons, pastor. Morning worship at 10.30. Sunday school at 11.45. Evening service at 7.00 Tuesday evening service at 7.30.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Weymouth.) Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. C. U. at 5.30 p. m

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Minister; William Wallace Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m.

PORTER M E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner) Rev. J. W. Reynolds pastor. Preaching service at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 11.45. a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South Weymouth) Rev. D. J. Crimmins, rector Sundays- Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Rosary and Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days: Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Weymouth) Rev. J. B. Holland, rector Sunday — Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at 4 p m. Week days—Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (East Weymouth) Rev. James W. Allison, rector. Rev. Maurice Lynch, assistant. Masses Sunday at 8 and 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Vespers at 7.45 p. m Masses week days at 7 and 7.30.

ST. JEROME'S CHURCH (North Weymouth). Pastor, Rev. James W. Allison, Assistant, Rev. Maurice Lynch. Mass, Sunday at 9. Sunday School at 3.

ZION'S HILL CHAPEL (East Weymouth) Social service at 2 and 6.30 p m. Rev. E. W. Smith, Preacher.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree). Preaching at 10.30A.M Kindergarden class in charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at 10.30. Second session of this class at 11.45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45 All are welcome..

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST (of Quincy, Alpha Hall cor. Hancock st and Cottage Ave.) Morning service and Sunday School at 10 45. Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., an experience and testimony meeting. Reading room open every week day from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject, Sunday morning June 13, "Sacrament."

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THE DUELISTS

How They Were Punished For Fighting

By F. A. MITCHEL

Cardinal Richelieu was sitting at his desk in his palace in Paris attending to official business when an attendant entered and said:

"Please, your eminence, a woman has been arrested for masquerading in man's apparel. She desires to be brought before your eminence."

"Why should I be troubled by a matter that pertains to the watch?" asked the cardinal, looking up from his papers.

"The young lady says, your eminence, that she has information to give which you would value."

"Of what nature?"

"Dueling. She will give you the names of two officers of the army who are to fight today."

The cardinal's manner changed at once. "Another of these affairs, eh, despite my orders but just published! If I don't put a stop to this practice I shall in time lose every officer in the service. I will stop it if I have to hang the whole army. Admit the girl."

She came in, blushing for her apparel, tall for a woman and well formed. She stood before the cardinal with bent head.

"Why are you so attired?" he asked.

"Because I intended to take the place of a man in a duel today."

"You fight a duel!" snarled his eminence. "Shall I have to bring the women of the kingdom to the block as well as the men?"

"Hear me, your eminence. One of the best swordsmen in France is to meet on the field of honor one of the worst. I learned of the meeting in time, sent for the latter and succeeded in locking him in a room from which he cannot escape. I intended to fight in his stead."

"Their names!"

"I will die, your eminence, rather than reveal them without your promise that their lives shall be spared."

The cardinal hesitated for a moment, then gave the required promise.

"Captain de la Tour, the famous swordsman, and Lieutenant Durant," said the girl.

On the cold visage of the cardinal appeared a trace of admiration for this woman who was going to meet death in place of another.

"You are Mlle. Remercier, I believe, one of the queen's maids of honor. This nefarious dueling pest that is killing off every year hundreds of the king's best officers seems to be more in vogue among persons of quality than the lower orders. I wish you were a man. I would behead De la Tour and give you his commission. Why were you about to give your life for that of Lieutenant Durant?"

"Because I would rather die than lose him."

The cardinal paused a moment in thought. "Singular," he said, half to himself and half to the girl, "this thing called love! I can conceive of all other passions, but not this one, and a love that will sacrifice a life for the object loved is to me as great a mystery as life itself." Then, looking up, he asked, "Where is this duel to take place?"

"In a wood on the outskirts of the city, on the bank of the Seine."

"When?"

"At noon."

"It is now near noon."

"Yes, your eminence. I was going to the ground when a gendarme of keener eye than others suspected my sex and arrested me."

"I presume Captain de la Tour is now waiting for his victim."

"Doubtless he is, and wondering why he does not appear."

Something was running with electric rapidity through the cardinal's brain. Whatever it was, it came to a head at once. Summoning an attendant, he directed him to proceed to the dueling ground and bring Captain de la Tour to the palace. Then, turning to Mlle. Remercier, he asked if she had the key to the room where her lover was confined. She gave it to him, and he sent another attendant for Durant. Then he sent the girl to another apartment to await the coming of the would be duelists.

The messenger who went for De la Tour found him pacing back and forth impatiently waiting for his enemy, his seconds standing together chatting to pass the time. When the captain saw a man coming wearing the cardinal's livery he turned pale.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed. "The cardinal has got wind of the affair. I am lost!"

"His eminence desires your presence at the palace," said the messenger.

De la Tour bade his comrades goodby, he and they believing that they would never meet again. Only a few days before two men had been beheaded for a like affair, and with every case the cardinal had grown more determined. Having pressed the hand of each of them, he set out for the Palais Richelieu, afterward called the Palais Royale and today occupied by shops.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Durant was a prisoner, bewailing his fate. Proud and sensitive, his mind dwelt on the contempt with which his brother officers would receive him when he met them again for not keeping an engagement to fight. He heard the clocks without strike 11. For an hour he chafed, and when they clanged the hour of noon he groaned. He knew his betrothed had locked him in, but did not know that she had intended to fight in his place. Had he even supposed this he would have well nigh gone mad.

Presently, hearing a step in the hall, he listened intently, hoping for a release and that he would not be too late to keep his appointment. The door was unlocked, and he was about to push out into the corridor when he was stopped by a man, who said:

"The cardinal desires your presence at the palace."

Durant quailed. He could face death like a gentleman and a soldier, but to be executed in cold blood was not to his liking, and he did not doubt that he would suffer the execution of a felon. As he accompanied the messenger to the palace he wondered if the girl he loved could have given away the secret of the meeting. No; she had locked him up to prevent his being killed by De la Tour. She surely would not turn him over to another fate far more terrible. He was wondering how the secret could have got out and whether there was any hope for him when he and the messenger entered the palace. He was taken to a chamber, where he was placed in charge of a guard and notice of his arrival sent to the cardinal.

Presently an attendant came for him and led him to another apartment, and as he entered by one door he saw De la Tour ushered in by another. The cardinal sat in an armchair at one side, and near him stood Mlle. Remercier in man's apparel. The two duelists advanced and bowed to the cardinal. But what was most astonishing were a headsman's block and ax at one end of the room. There was no executioner present, but the culprits expected to see him enter at any moment.

"Gentlemen," said the minister, "you are doubtless aware of the recent edict against dueling, and, having conspired to disobey it, your lives are forfeited."

Both men bowed low.

"I have decided, however, to permit this meeting and to witness it myself. There is an unfairness about these duels which in this one I hope to counteract. You, Captain de la Tour, are accounted the best swordsman in France. You, Lieutenant Durant, I learn, are one of the poorest. To enable you to fight equitably I have decided that you shall continue the contest till one kills the other. He who remains alive will be dispatched by the headsman."

"But, your eminence," interposed the informant, deathly pale, "you promised me that their lives should be spared."

"And my promise is not broken by this disposition. But for you both of them would be ordered to execution at once. I cannot conceive a more noble part than that you have acted. Since in this realm a practice exists by which an expert swordsman may kill one who is practically defenseless you were about to suffer death to save the unskilled combatant. Failing in this, knowing that I alone had power to prevent this injustice, you informed me of it, but not till you had received my promise that the combatants should not be punished by death. It is not my intention to punish either of them for disobeying the edict, but to render the affair between them perfectly equitable. Gentlemen, there is ample room for you on the floor of this apartment. Take your positions and an attendant will hand you your weapons."

As the cardinal spoke the last words the men were given rapiers, and at the same time a door opened, and a masked man in tight fitting garments entered, went to the block, took up the ax and stood ready for duty. The duelists, who understood that this was a mere subterfuge of the crafty cardinal to keep his promise to Mlle. Remercier in the letter and break it in the spirit and that one was to execute the other and the headsman the victor, stood facing each other, awaiting a signal to begin the combat. They had been friends, and their quarrel had been in their cups. Neither had the faintest remembrance of its cause. Realizing that they were about to die, they stepped forward and embraced each other.

Meanwhile Mlle. Remercier had thrown herself at the feet of the cardinal to beg for their lives. Her back being turned to the combatants and her head bowed, she did not see the embrace. The cardinal raised her and turned her toward them.

"Look!" he said. "The affair is ended the way I would have all such affairs ended—in a reconciliation. Gentlemen, put away your swords. If you supposed Richelieu to be so crafty as thus to break his word to one whose life is demanded by the king's welfare perhaps you are right, but you wrong him if you think he could act such a part toward this noble girl. You, Captain de la Tour, go to your quarters and be assured that if you offend again that masked person yonder will see that you do not offend a third time. Lieutenant Durant, I give you to Mlle. Remercier."

The lady seized the minister's hand and kissed it rapturously, while the two men, kneeling before him, begged that he would add his blessing to their pardon. He gave it, and De la Tour departed alone. Durant and Mlle. Remercier were driven away in the cardinal's carriage.

The practice that Richelieu strove so hard to eradicate still exists in France to a greater extent than in any other country. While the Anglo-Saxon has abandoned it, the Latin and Teutonic races still retain it. But nowhere is it so deadly as it was in France when Cardinal Richelieu tried to break it up. Today there are several hundred duels fought annually in France, but rarely does one result fatally, the object of each of the combatants being to "pink" the other, and at the letting of a few drops of blood the affair is usually called off.

Town Officers of Weymouth and their Post Office Address.

TOWN CLERK.
John A. Raymond, East Weymouth.

TOWN TREASURER.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

SELECTMEN.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

ASSESSORS.
John F. Dwyer, Chairman, Weymouth.
Frank H. Torrey, Clerk, North Weymouth.
Waldo Turner, East Weymouth
Warren T Simpson, South Weymouth.
Edward I. Loud, South Weymouth,
Regular meeting of Board first Wednesday evening of each month at Town Office Savings Bank building, East Weymouth.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.
Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
A. Lillian McGregor, Secretary, E. Weymouth.
E. E Leonard, East Weymouth.
Arthur H Alden, North Weymouth.
Theron L. Tirrell, South Weymouth.
Prince H. Tirrell, South Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Parker T. Pearson East Weymouth At close of school on Monday will be at the Athens building; Tuesday at Jefferson; Wednesday at Howe Thursday at Hunt.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.
Frank H. Torrey, Chairman North Weymouth
George E. Bicknell, Clerk, Weymouth.
Robert S. Hoffman, East Weymouth.
John H Stetson, South Weymouth
Edward W. Hunt, Weymouth.

BOARD OF HEALTH.
George E. Emerson, Chairman, So. Weymouth.
Nelson B. Gladwin, Clerk, North Weymouth.
John S. Williams, Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF WATER WORKS.
Ivers M. Low, East Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.
John L. Maynard, East Weymouth.

TAX COLLECTOR.
Winslow M. Tirrell, East Weymouth

FIRE ENGINEERS.
M. O'Dowd, chief, South Weymouth
W. W. Pratt, clerk, East Weymouth.
I. Q. Hunt, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.
Philip W. Wolf, North Weymouth.

TREE WARDEN
Charles L. Merritt, South Weymouth.

POLICE OFFICERS.
P. Butler, chief, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
A. H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
Geo. W. Nash, North Weymouth.

CONSTABLES.
Isaac H. Walker, North Weymouth.
George W. Nash, North Weymouth
Patrick Butler, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
George B. Bayley, South Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
George W Conant, South Weymouth.
Willard F. Hall, East Weymouth.

AUDITORS.
William H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John P. Hunt, Weymouth.
Frank N. Blanchard, East Weymouth.

PARK COMMISSIONER.
William H. Clapp, Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth.

SEALER OF WRIGHTS AND MEASURES.
Frank D. Sherman, Weymouth.

REPRESENTATIVE TO GENERAL COURT.
(From Seventh Norfolk District.)
John F. Dwyer, Weymouth, Mass.

SENATOR.
(First Norfolk District.
John J. McDevitt, Quincy.

County Officers.

OFFICES AT DEDHAM.

Judge of Probate and Insolvency, James H Flint of Weymouth.
Register of Probate and Insolvency, John D Cobb.
Assistant Register, J. Raphael McCoole.
Clerk of Courts, Louis A. Cook of South Weymouth.
Assistant Clerk, Robert B. Worthington.
Second Assistant, Louis A. Cook, Jr., of South Weymouth.
Register of Deeds, John H. Burdakin.
Assistant Register of Deeds, Edward L. Burlakin.
County Treasurer, Henry D. Humphrey.
Sheriff, Samuel H. Capen.
Special Sheriff, Edward E. Wentworth, Cohasset
County Commissioners, John F. Merrell of Quincy, chairman. Evan F. Richardson, of Millis Everett M. Bowker, Brookline. Session every Tuesday at 10 a. m.
Special Commissioners, Fred L. Fisher, of Norwood; Henry A. Whitney, of Bellingham.
District Attorney, (Southeast District, Norfolk and Plymouth), Albert F. Barker, of Brockton Assistant, D. A., Fred L. Katzman, of Hyde Park
Clerk of Dist. Court, (East. Norfolk) Lawrence W. Lyons, of Quincy.

Calendar of County Courts.

Supreme Judicial Court Jury Sitting, third Tuesday of February.

Superior Court, Civil Sessions—For work with Juries—First Monday of January, first Monday of May, and first Monday of October. For Court work—First Monday of February, first Monday of April, first Monday of September, and first Monday of December.

Superior Court, Criminal Sittings—First Monday of April; first Monday of September; first Monday of December.

Probate Court—At Dedham, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, except August. At Quincy, on the second Wednesday of every month, except August. At Brookline, on the fourth Wednesday of every month, except August.

County Commissioners' Meetings—Third Tuesday of April; fourth Tuesday of June; fourth Tuesday of September, last Wednesday of December. By adjournment: On Tuesdays, except during August.

District Court of East Norfolk. Jurisdiction Randolph, Braintree Cohasset, Weymouth, Quincy, Holbrook and Milton. Court held at Quincy for criminal business every week day except legal holidays, and for civil business Tuesdays at 9 a. m. Justice, Albert E. Avery, Braintree. Special Justices, E. Granville Pratt, Quincy; Louis A. Cook, Weymouth. Clerk, Lawrence W. Lyons, Asst. James McDonald. Probation Officer, Francis A. Spear, 25 Thayer Street, Quincy. Court Officer and Bail Commissioner, William Marden, 24 Coddington Street, Quincy.

In a Strange Place.

Little Alice was visiting her grandparents in an eastern city. One Sunday grandpa took her to church with him. When sermon time came Mary looked around a little, and, seeing a relative up in the gallery, whispered shrilly: "Oh, grandpa, look up there! See Cousin Mary sitting on a shelf!"

Weymouth Gazette
AND TRANSCRIPT

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All communications must be accompanied with the name of the writer, and unpublished communications cannot be returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed

Notices of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 10 cents per line in the reading matter, or regular rates in the advertising columns.

It is about time to say a word political and for this week we begin at the head of the list. The Prohibition and the Socialist parties have already held conventions and made nominations for Governor. Mr. Bird has signified his willingness to be standard bearer for the Progressives. There are several waiting to be called by other parties but when they are all lined up if the Hon. Curtis Guild will but accept the nomination he will be the Governor of Massachusetts for 1914.

Save the Middle-Aged.

"Save the babies," was the cry of the last decade. "Save the middle-aged," will be the cry of this. The real race suicide is not in the insufficiency of births, but in the inadequate knowledge of the diseases of maturity and in the inadequate care and prevention of these diseases.—Richard Barry, in the Century.

How Does It Get Across?

At a certain eastern university one of the professors was conducting an examination in physiology. He asked for a description of the circulation at the extremities, meaning, of course, the capillary circulation.

The youth he called upon evidently did not know much about the matter, for he replied that the blood went down one leg and up the other!—Youth's Companion.

A Condition.

"My dear," said the bride, who had been her husband's stenographer, "there is one speech you used to make in the office which I want you never to repeat in our home."

"You alarm me, my dear. What was the speech?"

"'I want you to take my dictation.'"—Baltimore American.

Not Well Advertised.

Physician—Well, but if your little pig won't grow big and fat you must go to the vet. Woman (who has brought her pet pig to the doctor's)—Oh, doctor, I have no confidence in him, he's so thin himself!—Fliegende Blatter.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.—Richter.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The column under this title will be given to the people for a free discussion of any and all subjects, the management of the paper distinctly disclaiming all responsibility for the opinions here expressed

322 Glendale Road,
North Weymouth, Mass.

Mr. M. E Hawes:—

I was very much interested in the farm column in your paper, and I have often thought how few farmers use or know anything about concrete and its uses on the farm. Most farmers have sand and gravel on their places, and if not can get it near by. A farmer who has a few cows can use a concrete silo to such good advantage that the cost to build one is soon returned in the extra flow of milk and his cows are in a much healthier condition as ensilage is the only food for stock in the winter months. A silo can be built very reasonable by the farm help if there is a man on hand to direct, who understands the business.

Cow stalls and mangers can also be put into good advantage and concrete floors also are the proper thing around a dairy farm. Concrete sidewalks can be built from barn to house thereby keeping the good wife happy by not tracking dirt into the house. Lots of places a farmer can use concrete to good advantage, such as corn cribes, hay pens, chicken houses. These buildings are vermin proof and if one would stop to think of the amount of grain one rat will consume in a year, and there are very few farmers that don't have a lot of rats in their old frame buildings, it is the little leaks that count. The up-to-date farmer is looking into all these little items of loss and trying some way to cut them out. Concrete will reduce a great many of them.

There are so many ways that concrete can be used to advantage on the farm, that, coming from the West as I have and not seeing it used much, makes me think there is something wrong somewhere. Perhaps the farmer needs to be told of its usefullness.

Then, again, lots of unsightly old buildings could have a coat of stucco and improve the appearance of them, to say nothing of the saving of fuel in winter time. Concrete blocks can be easily made on the farm and make fine buildings and quite often can be made cheaper than frame.

I have no axe to grind or work to look after as I have retired from the business. I've had about 30 years of it and that is enough, but during that time I have learned a few things and if there is anything that I know, you are welcome to it.

Yours respectively,
LEWIS T. HOWE

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the neighbors and friends who were so kind in our recent bereavement, in the death of our beloved one; also to those who sent tributes of flowers.

MRS. ANNIE L. HAWKES,
MISS ZILLAH A. HAWKES,
MRS. M. E. HAWKES
and sons.

An Iceless Refrigerator.

What might be termed an iceless refrigerator has been invented by an Oregon man, a double-walled chest, between the walls of which is packed salt to protect its contents from surrounding warm air.

The Unreturning Step.

There is much in an unreturning step. Stanley every morning began where he left off the night before. He explored Africa. The postman today began where he began yesterday; he renews acquaintance with Tompkins square.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

—Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Tirrell entertained Miss Viola Tirrell and Lester Tirrell of Brookline and Alphonse Rigour of Buenos Ayres, Argentina, over the holiday.

—Miss Olive Blake, Miss Ruth Blake, Miss Minnie Thayer and Winchester Blake left Saturday for two weeks in camp at Harvard.

—Mrs. J. F. Ferris and Herbert Ferris spent a few days last week with relatives in Florence.

—W. B. Hunt and family of Dorchester are at their summer home on Brewster Road.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Baker were the guests of Mrs. Walter H. Thayer of Lynn over the fourth.

—The many friends of Miss Irene Hackett of Lovell street will be glad to learn that she is slowly improving.

—Mrs. K. Newell of Sea street left Monday for Laconia, N. H., where she will spend the month of July.

—After Sunday, July 13, there will be no services in the Universalist church until the first Sunday in September.

—Edward Jordan of Palmer is spending a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Jordan of Green street.

—J. P. Holbrook and W. B. Dasha took a four days yacting trip along the North Shore last week on the yacht Media.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Sherman of Green street on Sunday, July 6, a daughter.

—Sanford Litchfield has been spending a week with his daughter in Scituate.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilde and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Tower enjoyed a three days' automobile trip to the Cape this week

—Miss Carrie E. French has been spending a week with her sister, Mrs. John Hall of Taunton.

—Miss Mabel Sampson was the week end guest of relatives in Marshfield.

—Clarke Page has taken a position at the store of Charlie W. Dyer for the summer.

—Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Grassick of Quincy have been recent guests of Mrs. M. P. Clapp of Shaw street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Mayberry of Ashmont and two sons, Howard and Stuart and daughter, Dorothy are spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Chubbuck of Curtis street.

—Mrs. George Ames gave a dinner party on Tuesday afternoon in honor of the birthday of her sister, Mrs. R. F. Vining.

—Rev. and Mrs. Charles Clark entertained Mr. Clark's brother and family of Dorchester, July 4.

—Dr. and Mrs. Fred Drake of Norway, Maine, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Drake of North street.

—The annual picnic of the Pilgrim Congregational Sunday School will be held at Island Grove, Abington, on Saturday, July 12. Special cars will leave Thomas Corner at 10 o'clock.

—There was a fine display of fire works at the Wessagusett Yacht club on the evening of July 4.

—The alarm from box 13 at about 10.15 o'clock on Thursday evening, was for a fire in the bag factory at the Bradley Fertilizer Works. The building was completely destroyed. The fire is thought to have been of incendiary origin. The auto combination made very quick time, covering a distance of about 5 miles in 6 minutes. The firemen were kept busy until about 2 a. m.

—Allen P. Babin left town Sunday evening for New York to sail on Monday for Panama, where he has secured a position.

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Macker have returned from a week's visit with relatives in Falmouth.

—Mrs. Charles Barrows and daughter, Eleanor, have gone to spend the summer with relatives in Stoughton.

—Miss Abbie E. Bates is rusticating at Jackson, N. H, for two weeks.

—Raymond Marr of Portland, Me., has been a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Smith.

—Miss Hope Barnard of Roxbury spent the week end with Miss Lottie Whitehouse.

—Mrs. Robert C. Steele is visiting relatives in Taunton.

—Preston Lewis has returned from a three months' business trip through the West.

—Herbert Stevenson of Boston spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. George Stevenson.

—Mrs. Wanda Smith and son, Wendall, left for California this week, where they are to spend a year with relatives.

—The Old North Sunday school will hold its annual picnic at Island Grove Park, Abington, tomorrow, July 12. A special car will leave W. J. Sladen's store at 10 a. m.

—The mid-week prayer meetings of the Old North church will be discontinued during this month.

—Seven young people from the Heights enjoyed an automobile trip to Onset on Friday.

—A very fine band concert was given in Adams square by the Regal Shoe band Fourth of July afternoon.

—Robert C. Steele is on an automobile trip to the White Mountains.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. H. I. Smith are sojourning at their cottage at Old Orchard, Me.

—Mrs. Harry Nash and daughter, Laura are stopping with Mrs. Fred Stetson of Rockport, Me., for two weeks.

—Mrs. Carleton Hunt entertained Mrs. Charles Bicknell of Holbrook on Tuesday.

BUILDING

We are building for the future,
A body, nerve and brain:
We're anxious to put into them
All that they will contain.

We want a body that is strong,
And vigorous with life:
One that will stand the daily strain
Caused by a constant strife.

We want a nerve that cannot fail
When pressed by every foe;
A nerve that in these strenuous times
Will always be aglow.

We want a brain that's quick to act
When anxious moments come;
That is not clogged by habits that
Cannot be overcome.

Body, brain and nerve may be
Built up on Graham Bread;
And if it be of Whitcomb's make,
There's nothing you can dread.

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Any Furniture in Your Home That Needs Repairing?

Our repair shop wants more work **NOW.** For many months we have had more than we could do. And in a few weeks hence the rush will be on again. But just now **WE WANT WORK.** Let's have your order right away and 'twill cost you less than at any other time. The profit is yours.

All kinds of Furniture repaired, refinished, re-upholstered; Mattresses made or remade; Cushions made to order for Boats, Chairs, etc.; Window Shades and Draperies to order; Carpets, Oil Cloth and Linoleums laid. Baby Carriage wheels re-tired; etc., etc.

One of our men is an expert at Piano Polishing and Re-finishing. Also Antique work. Write, call or phone for free estimate of cost of any work you want done.

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Think of the Cabinet Gas Range, especially equipped for any kind of cooking, heat easily regulated to just the right temperature, no dirt, no ashes, no excessive labor, and all this comfort and convenience at a low cost for gas.

The best demonstration of the merits of these comfort makers is to see them in operation in our show room, or a postal will bring you complete information by return mail.

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Butter . . . 30c and 32c lb.	Catsup . . 10c size, 4 for 25c
Best Creamery Butter received daily	50c Tea . . sale price 30c lb.
Eggs . . . sale price 25c doz.	Shredded Wheat . . . 12c
Coffee . . 35c, sale price 25c	Lenox Soap . . . 7 for 25c
Evaporated Milk all kinds 3 for 25c	Welcome Soap . . . 6 for 25c
Corn . . 7c each, 4 for 25c	American Scouring Soap . 11 for 25c
Sardines . . 10c value, 3 for 25c	

SUGAR, with other goods 4½c. No stamps

FLOUR

MUSKETEER 75c, sale price 72c — CAPITOL 80c, sale price 77c
PILLSBURY'S 85c, sale price 82c — GOLD MEDAL 85c, sale price 82c
SPECIAL PASTRY FLOUR 72c

Kellogg's Corn Flakes 9c Pure Cocoa 22c, sale price 15c
Class Mustard 8c, 3 for 25c

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White Flannel Trousers---$5

You can have them all white or with black or blue hair-line stripes. All wool and an extra fine quality.

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The Best Balbriggan Underwear In All This Wide World--50c Garment

Men who want separate undergarments will like this Balbriggan Underwear. It's a snug fitter, yet it conforms to every line of the figure and conforms to every change of position or play of the muscles.

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56 Sea Street

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

SURVEYS MADE AND PLANS PREPARED FOR THE LAND COURT

SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. George spent the holidays last week with his father in Taunton.

—Robert Alvord left last Saturday for Torrington, Connecticut, where he has a position for the summer.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Heald arrived home last Sunday from their month's wedding trip to Maine.

—Miss Susie E. Burns and Miss Ethelyn Doble spent the holiday week at Furnace Pond in Bryantville.

—Miss Carrie Burrell is enjoying her annual two weeks' vacation from her duties in the Stetson Shoe Co. office.

—Samuel Hutchinson has been enjoying his vacation on a trip to Maine.

—Arthur Gerstley, the letter carrier, is on his 15 days' vacation.

—Seth Vining, who has a position in Medford as a chauffeur, was in town over Sunday visiting relatives.

—Miss Florence Tinkham of Medford is visiting her grandfather, Charles Tinkham for a few weeks.

—John Seabury, clerk at Gordon Willis' grocery store, is spending his two weeks' vacation on an auto trip on the cape.

—Miss Etta Cushing is home from a week's outing in Scituate.

—Mrs. Sarah J. Sargent celebrated her 82d birthday at the home of her son, Elmer Sargent of Maid street, where she resides, last Monday. Friends and relatives called during the day to extend best wishes to Mrs. Sargent.

—Miss Myra Loud of North Abington has been a recent guest of Miss Evelyn Greeley

—On Independence Day, Mrs. J. Forest Torrey entertained a party of friends at her home on Main street. Music and a delicious luncheon were features of the afternoon's merrymaking.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson entertained Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Stetson of Dorchester and George Stetson of Worcester over the holidays.

—In honor of her 10th birthday, yesterday, Miss Elizabeth Williams entertained a party of young friends in the afternoon at her home on Union street. Games, music and refreshments made the afternoon a very enjoyable one for all.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vinson and son Roger spent last week in Orleans.

—A new concrete walk is being laid on Main street in the vicinity of Park avenue.

—Ralph Thomas was the guest over the holiday of his brother, Alfred Thomas at Lake Winnipesaukee in New Hampshire.

—It is reported that Brockton parties have purchased the summer cottage of M. E. Easterbrook at Brant Rock.

—William E. Macauley spent the past few days with his father at Deery, New Hampshire.

—South Weymouth grange will attend the neighborhood meeting of the Brookville, Whitman and South Weymouth granges at Braintree next Tuesday evening.

—Miss Sally Vining who has a teaching position in Hartford, Connecticutt is home for the summer.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Munroe and Miss Nellie Holbrook passed the holidays in New York.

—Halsey Elwell of the Stetson Shoe Co. is spending his vacation in Aquossoc, Maine.

—H. W. Dyer and family are at their cottage at Bayside, North Weymouth, for the summer.

—Miss Helen Baker, the thirteen year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield B. Baker is recovering slowly from injuries sustained by a fall from a tree.

—The body of Joseph W. Garrity, who died in Brockton last Saturday, was brought here and intered in St Francis Xavier cemetery, Tuesday morning.

—Mrs. Ralph Burrell is in Brant Rock for a week's vacation.

—The "E. Z." Five of this place are arranging for a lawn party on the evening of July 23.

—Mrs. Fletcher Howe and daughter, Marion and Miss Winnifred Conant are spending the week in Brant Rock.

—Mrs. Charles Greeley entertained five young ladies from this place at her summer home at Nantasket during the holiday week.

Universalist Church.

Morning worship at 10.30. Sunday school and Kindergarten at the changed hour of 11.45. A brief service and short session of the Sunday school during July. We welcome you.

Sunday, the pastor will preach the second in a series upon "The Kingdom of Heaven." Title: "The Things that Are Caesar's." Are we keeping the Master's command to render unto God the things that are His, or can we attain the Kingdom in the world through the things that are Caesar's?

The Social Circle of the church will hold a lawn party on Thursday, July 17, afternoon and evening. If that day is stormy then the first pleasant day thereafter. There will be ice cream and cake, and domestic articles for sale; also music in the evening.

An Aviator Saved Life.

At Berek-sur-Mer, near Boulogne, France, a few days ago, an invalid went for a drive in a little donkey cart, which stuck fast on the seashore and began to sink, just as the tide was coming in. His plight was seen by an aviator, who succeeded in attracting the attention of a fisherman, who rescued the invalid.

LOVELL'S CORNER

—Mrs. George Hall and daughter, Edith spent a few days last week with Mrs. Carrie Gardner.

—Master Everett Hunt of Randolph spent Sunday with his aunt, Mrs. Walter Pratt.

—Miss Ethel Jex of Jamaica Plain was the guest of Miss Edith Smith a few days last week.

—Frank Rea and family spent Fourth of July week at Fort Point, North Weymouth.

—Miss Nellie Holbrook and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Monroe took a two days' trip to New York last week.

—Mrs. Alonzo Pratt and Miss Florence Pratt left Tuesday to visit Mrs. Warren Loud of Chicago.

—Bert Coleraine is enjoying a week's vacation.

—Miss Viola Johnson of Quincy is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Turnquest of Pleasant street.

—The regular monthly business meeting of the Lovell's Corner Improvement Society was held in Pratt's hall, Tuesday evening.

FLAGS, 5x8, 75c., $1.50, $3.25.

FLAG POLES, 75c., $1.50, $1.60, $1.90. GARDEN HOSE, 8, 10 and 12c. per foot.

Mark Down on all Garden Seeds 25%. .·. .·. .·.

Florence or Perfection Oil Cook Stoves, with Ovens for the same. .·. .·. .··

F. W. STEWART'S

Hardware.

Washington Sq. Weymouth

15 tf

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.,

of the Weymouth Gazette and Transcript, published weekly at Weymouth, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor, Martin E. Hawes, Weymouth, Mass.

Managing Editor, Martin E. Hawes, Weymouth, Mass.

Business Manager, Martin E. Hawes, Weymouth, Mass.

Publisher, Martin E. Hawes, Weymouth, Mass.

Owner, Martin E. Hawes, Weymouth, Mass.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: C. M. Bryant, Wollaston, Mass.

MARTIN E. HAWES.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this second day of July, 1913.

CHARLES T. CRANE, Notary Public.
(My commission expires April 12, 1920.)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administratrix of the estate of GIUSEPPE ZEOLI late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

FILOMENA ZEOLI, Admx.
c/o Carmine Garofalo, 18 Tremont St., Boston.
July 8, 1913. 17-19

ON THE FARM

Read this column and you can have it delivered at your house with something new every week for a full year by sending $2.00 to this office now.

Growing pigs always pay their board bill.

Proper rearing and judicious management will result in but few bulls becoming vicious after they have grown old.

The old rule of improving the human race by beginning with the grandparents applies also to poultry raising.

One coffee cup of table salt to one gallon of water well sprinkled on the cabbage will kill the worms and not injure the cabbage in the least.

There are too few good colts raised on the farms. This should not be. Don't leave this important industry to the horse breeders alone.

Water your horses as often as possible. So long as a horse is working, water in moderate quantities will not hurt him. But let him drink only a few swallows if he is going to stand still.

It is as important to gather the eggs several times a day during summer as it is in winter. Hot weather stales eggs very quickly. By collecting two or three times a day and placing them in a cool cellar or room, eggs will keep in a fresh condition much longer.

Fowls crave a drink of water immediately upon leaving the roost in the morning. In order that they may have a cool drink of clean water, the vessels should be refilled the evening before.

Contrary to an apparently prevailing belief, summer work in the poultry yard should not cease with the advent of summer. There is much to be done during the hot months, and much which, if left undone, is bound to cause trouble.

The soil being warm and the days of sunshine long, young late corn grows amazingly fast. The way to make it grow fast and mature quickly is to keep the cultvator running through it frequently for the first few weeks of growth. If it is kept clean and the soil fine, it will grow so fast that you can almost see it grow, and it will prove a profitable crop.

Save all the wood ashes and apply them to the orchard. They supply potash, which is a necessary element of fertility. In addition to the plant food value of ashes they benefit the mechanical condition of the soil in making it mellow and friable.

Insect pests are of two kinds—those which feed on the plants, and those which suck the juices from them. Some poison, like Paris green, should be used to checkmate the former, while the latter can be smothered to death with kerosene emulsion or liquid soap. The average gardner need not supply himself with an arsenal of insect killing apparatus. In a very small gardan, a spray pump, costing a dollar or less, will be sufficient.

Some of the luxuries and conveniences are called essentials by well-to-do farmers. The telephone might be called a convenience, or even a luxury, by some, while the large business farmer would call it an absolute necessity. Many common things in the farm home today would have been novelties and luxuries to our grandparents in their primitive homes.

Where corn is to follow corn, or potatoes or other spring-planted crops to follow corn, sowing rye in corn at the last cultivation, or later, is good practice when the rye the following spring is turned under for green manuring. Rye begins to head out about the right time for planting corn. It is best to plow under the crop before seed forms, yet while the plants are nearly mature. At this stage the crop furnishes the largest amount of vegetable matter, which readily decomposes when deeply plowed under.

Flies breed in manure and filth about the farm home. It is not always possible to keep the surrounding absolutely clean, but care in quick disposal of stable and lot manure will reduce the breeding of flies. Waste fruits, vegetables exposed, and swill pails also attract flies. All of these things can be handled to keep down the number of flies outside. Flies can be kept out of the house by carefully screening all doors and windows in summer. Screening the home pays not only in comfort but in preventing disease.

Not only do pure-bred chickens pay the farmer in a better egg yield, but from the keeping of pure-bred birds only a good side profit can be made in the selling of eggs and stock for incubation and breeding purposes. Do not be afraid that the country is already overstocked with pure-bred birds, and that there would be no sale for your stock. Far from it. Not one farmer in ten keeps good poultry, but more every year are waking up to the advantages of better stock. The demand for pure-bred poultry was never greater in this country, and the work of building up better flocks is only begun.

Subscribe now for the Gazette and Transcript. It will cost you less than four cents a week to get this department.

The True Source of Beauty

is, and must be, good health. Sallow skin and face blemishes are usually caused by the presence of impurities in the blood—impurities which also cause headache, backache, languor, nervousness and depression of spirits. If, at times, when there is need you will use

BEECHAM'S PILLS

you will find yourself better in every way. With purified blood, you will improve digestion, sleep more restfully and your nerves will be quieter. You will recover the charm of sparkling eyes, a spotless complexion, rosy lips and vivacious spirits. Good for all the family, Beecham's Pills especially

Help Women To Good Health

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

The largest sale of any medicine. The directions with every box point the way to good health.

Golden West

Furniture Dressing.

WHEN YOUR FURNITURE LOOKS DULL *and* NEEDS BRIGHTENING *and* CLEANING UP use the

GOLDEN WEST FURNITURE DRESSING
(Not a Polish.)

J. H. MURRAY, dealer in Paints, Oils and Hardware, East Weymouth, Agent.

Prepared by OLIVER BURRELL, East Weymouth, Mass. Price 25 Cents. 14-tf

Daniel H. Clancy

Formerly with H. M. Ford Estate

Funeral Director and Undertaker

Residence, - 28 Vine St.,

Telephone 336W. 31-43

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

Thomas J. White

Central Square East Weymouth

NOTICE OF HEARING.

Upon the petition of Everett Loud for a license to maintain a gasoline tank near his place of business Jackson Square, East Weymouth, a hearing will be held by the Board of Selectmen at its office on MONDAY, July 28th, 1913, at two o'clock P. M., for consideration of said petition.

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Weymouth. BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.

17-18

NOTICE OF HEARING

Upon the petition of Raymond Proctor and Ralph Denbroeder to keep and sell gasoline on the premises of Ralph Denbroeder, 304 Pond street, South Weymouth, a hearing will be held by the Board of Selectmen at its office on MONDAY, July 28th, 1913, at two o'clock P. M., for the consideration of said petition.

By order of the Board ofSelectmen of Weymouth.

17-18 BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.

ICE ICE

IN ANY QUANTITY.

COAL, WOOD, HAY, STRAW.

TEAMING. Heavy or Light Teaming. Piano and Furniture Moving.

J. F. & W. H. CUSHING,
EAST WEYMOUTH.
Telephone Connection.

WEYMOUTH Savings Bank.

CHARLES A. HAYWARD, President.
CHARLES T. CRANE, Treasurer.

VICE PRESIDENTS:
Francis H. Cowing, Henry A. Nash.

BOARD OF INVESTMENTS:
CHARLES A. HAYWARD, FRANCIS H. COWING,
HENRY A. NASH, EDWARD W. HUNT,
WALTER F. SANBORN.

Bank Hours—9 to 12 A. M., 1.30 to 5 P. M. 6.30 to 8 Monday Evenings, and 9 to 12 A. M Saturdays.

Deposits placed on interest on the **First Monday** of January, April, July and October.

MEETINGS OF THE

Selectmen & Overseers of the Poor

SELECTMEN

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Williard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

Meetings Savings Bank Building, East Weymouth, Every Monday.

during the municipal year, from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Williard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

Meet at the Town Home every first Tuesday of the month and at the Town Office, East Weymouth, every third Tuesday from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m.

Weymouth, March 14, 1913.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.

TO the heirs-atlaw, next-of-kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of

MARY C. TOBIN

late of Weymouth, in said County deceased, intestate.

Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Thomas S. Tobin, of Plymouth, in the County of Plymouth, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Dedham, in said County of Norfolk, on the sixteenth day of July, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness James H Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of June A. D. 1913.

15-17 JOHN D. CO BB, Register

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

Commissioners' Notice to Creditors of Insolvent Estate.

Estate of Welthy B. Osborne, late of Weymouth in the County of Norfolk, deceased, represented insolvent.

The subscribers, having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, commissioners to receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Welthy B. Osborne, hereby give notice that six months from the twenty-fifth day of June, A. D., 1913, are allowed to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that they will meet to examine the claims of creditors at the East Weymouth Savings Bank on the fourteenth day of July next, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

JOHN A. RAYMOND,
BELA P. FRENCH,
June 25, 1913. 15-17 Commissioners.

LOST SAVINGS BANK BOOK.

Savings Bank Book as listed below is lost, and application has been made for payment of the account in accordance with Sect. 40, Chap. 590, of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto. Payment has been stopped.

LOST—Deposit Book No. 10165 of the Weymouth Savings Bank is reported lost. 15-17

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.

TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of

CORA A. SANBORN

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased:

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Albert B. Sanborn and Frank S. Hobart of said Weymouth, and Charles A. Hobart of Lynn in the County of Essex, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bonds;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Brookline in said County of Norfolk, on the twenty-third day of July, A.D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

16-18 JOHN D. COBB, Register.

NOTICE OF HEARING.

Upon the application of M. R. Loud & Co., for a license to maintain a gasoline tank on their premises near their store, Columbian square, South Weymouth, a hearing will be held by the Board of Selectmen, at its office, on MONDAY, July 21, 1913, at two o'clock P. M., for the consideration of said petition.

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Weymouth. BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.

16-17

THE PURCHASE PRICE;

OR,

THE CAUSE OF COMPROMISE

By EMERSON HOUGH

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CHAPTER XVII.

In Acknowledgment.

As she entered the room there rose to meet her a tall gentleman, who stood gravely regarding her. At sight of him she paused, embarrassed. No figure was more familiar in Washington, yet none was less to be expected here.

"You know me, madam?" he demanded in a deep and bell-like voice. "I know you as well. I am delighted. I am honored, to announce that I come to you as a messenger. It is the wish of a certain gentleman to have you attend a little meeting which will not welcome many out of all this city. It is informal and unofficial, my dear lady, but all those who will be there will be glad to have your attendance."

"It is a command, sir. Very well, at what time, then?"

"If it should please you, my carriage is waiting now."

Josephine St. Auban did not lack decision upon her own part. Something told her that no danger this time lurked for her.

"Pardon me for just one moment, then, sir," she answered. A few moments later she returned, better prepared for the occasion with just a touch to her toilet and with a paper or two which with some instinct she hastily snatched up from her desk. These latter she hurriedly crowded into her little reticule. They took the carriage and soon were passing through the streets toward the most public portion of the city of Washington.

They entered wide grounds and drew up before a stately building which lay well back from the street. Entering, they passed through a narrow hall, thence into a greater room. There was a long table in this room, and about it, some of them not wholly visible in the rather dim light, there were several gentlemen. As her tall escort entered with a word of announcement all of these rose, grave and silent, and courteously bowed to her. There approached from the head of the room a tall, handsome and urbane gentleman, who came and took her hand.

"My dear lady," he began, in a voice whose low, modulated tones scarce could fail to please any ear, "I thank you for your presence here. Will you not be seated?"

Josephine St. Auban curtsied and, remaining silent and wondering, assumed the seat assigned her.

"We meet absolutely without formality, my dear madam," went on the tall and kindly man who had greeted her. "What goes on here is entirely unofficial and, as I need not say, it is altogether private, as you will remember.

"You, of course, are not unaware of the popular discontent which exists on this or the other side of the great political question in America today. We are advised that you yourself have been a traveler in our western districts, and it seemed to us likely that you might be possessed of information regarding matters there of which we get only more interested, more purely partisan reports."

"That is not impossible," was her guarded reply. "It is true I have talked with some in that part of the country."

"You were witness of the anxiety of our attempt to keep war and the talk of it far in the background—our desire to preserve the present state of peace."

"Assuredly. But, sirs, you will forgive me—I do not believe peace will last. I thought so until this very day. In my belief now, there will be war. It cannot be averted. To me this calm is something which cannot endure. I myself at one time thought it could endure, but only if all the blacks were bought, paid for and deported, to make room for those who come at no cost to us. I thought for a time it could be done. I have tried to do it. I have failed. I do not think others will follow in my attempt."

"We have not undervalued, madam, either the brilliance or the profundity of your own active intellect! What you say is of interest. To be frank with you, you have, as we just have said, been much concerned of late with attempts at the colonization and deportation of negroes from this country. Precisely such was once my own plan. My counselors dissuaded me. I lacked your courage."

"There seemed no other way," she broke in hurriedly, her convictions conquering her timidity. "I wanted so much to do something—not alone for these blacks—but something for the good of America, the good of the world. And I failed, today."

"The work of the colonization society has gone on for many years," gently insisted the first speaker, raising a hand, "and made no serious complications. Your own work has been much bolder, and, to be frank, there have been complications. Oh, we do not criticize you. On the contrary, we have asked your presence here that we might understandingly converse on these things to which you have given so much attention."

"If I have erred," she ventured, "it has been done within the limitations of human wisdom; yet my convictions were absolutely sincere—at least I may assure you of so much. I have not wished to break any law, to violate convictions on either side. I only wanted to do some good in the world."

"We are quite sure, my dear lady, that the sentiments of your mind are precisely those of our own. But perhaps you may be less aware than ourselves of complications which may arise. Our friend who sits by you has found occasion to write again in unmeasured terms to the representatives of Austria. We are advised of your affiliations with the Hungarian movement—in short, we are perhaps better advised of your movements than you yourself are aware. We know of these blacks which have been purchased and deported by your agents, but we also know that large numbers of slaves have been enticed away from their owners, that whole plantations have been robbed of their labor and this under the protection—indeed, under the very name—of this attempt which you have set on foot. Has this been done by your knowledge, madam? I anticipate your answer. I am sure that it has not."

"No, no," she rejoined. "I have spent my own funds in this matter, and I have told my own agents to do nothing in the slightest contravention of the laws. But you have watched me! I have been"—

"This is a simple and democratic country, madam," was the quiet answer, although perhaps there might have been the trace of a smile on the close set mouth of the speaker. "We do not spy on any one. Your acts have been quite within public knowledge. You yourself have not sought to leave them secret. There is no need of apprehension on your part. Let us assure you of that at once. We are glad that you, whom we recognize as the moving spirit in this deportation enterprise, have not sanctioned certain of the acts of your agents. There was one—a former army officer—with whom there labored a revolutionist, a German, recently from Europe. Is it not so?"

"It is true," she assented. "They were my chief agents. But as for that officer, this country has none more eager to offer his sword to the flag when the time shall come. I am sure it is but his zeal which has caused offense. I would plead for his reinstatement. He may have been indiscreet."

"We shall listen to what you say. But in addition to these there was a former slave girl who has been somewhat prominent in meetings which these two have carried on in different parts of the country. In the words of the southern press, this girl has been used as a decoy."

"Lily!" exclaimed Josephine. "It must have been she! Yes, I had such a person in my employ—in very humble capacity. But, sir, I assure you I have not seen her for more than two months. I had supposed her busy with these others on the lecture platform."

"She is not now so engaged," interrupted a voice from the shadows on the other side of the table.

"Then she has been arrested?" demanded Josephine.

"That is not the term. Yet it is true that she sailed on one of your own colonization ships last week. Her fortune will lie elsewhere hereafter. It was her own wish."

A sudden sense of helplessness smote upon Josephine St. Auban. Here, even in this republic, were great and silent powers with which the individual needed to contend.

"But, gentlemen," said she, as she held out in her hand some papers which crackled in her trembling grasp, "after all, we are at cross purposes. This is not necessary. My own work is at an end already! This very morning it came to an end, and forever. I have a report today from my agents in Europe. Gentlemen, since I must mention these things, I have been possessor of a fortune in my own name which might have been called considerable. I had estates in France and Austria. This advises me that my estates have been confiscated by the governments in both countries—they got word there, in some way"—

"It was Huisemann!" ejaculated the dark man, as to himself. "Austria's man here!"

She went on: "If I am not welcome in this country, whither shall I go? I am an exile as I stand before you. I am a widow. I have no living kin. Moreover, I am an exile, impoverished as I stand. Here are my proofs."

She placed her papers in the hand of her escort, the nearest of these grave and silent men. A nod from the leader at the head of the table caused this tall and dark gentleman to rise and seek a place closer to the window in order that he might find better light for reading. His glasses upon his nose, he scanned the papers gravely. A sudden smile broke out upon his face.

"Gentlemen," said he at length, quietly, "this lady has been kind to come to meet us, and you all are witness that her dealings have been perfectly frank and sincere. I confess, however, I am somewhat puzzled over this document which she has given me. I presume we may well mark it 'Exhibit A.' If you do not mind I will read it to you."

My Dear Madame—I take in hand my pen to tell you how life goes with us in this locality. The business of Hector is improved one-half this year. We have green blinds on all sides of the house and a vine that grows also. The mother of Hector is kind to me. We have abundance and peace at this place. But, madame, that which it is which I write you, there is come but now the baby of Hector and myself Jeanne. In all this locality there is no baby like this. Madame, we have said to name it for yourself, Josephine St. Auban Jeanne Marie Fournier. Moreover, madame, it is advise that for a baby so remarkable a godmother is necessary. I take my pen in hand to inquire of madame whether in the kindness of her heart madame could come to see us and be present at this christening of this child most extraordinary. I have the assurance also of Hector that the remarkable qualities of this baby will warrant the presence of madame. A reply address on St. Genevieve, in Missouri, will arrive to your faithful and obedient servant.

JEANNE.

Before this singular document had been half concluded there were sounds of shifting chairs, bursts of stifled laughter. The tall grave man nevertheless went on, solemnly finishing this communication. As for Josephine, she had shrunk back in her chair, knowing not which way to turn.

He approached, and laid just the lightest, gentlest hand upon the shoulder of the disturbed woman, who sat speechless, her face suffused. "Your documents are regular, madam," he said kindly. "As for this other, which perhaps was the one you intended me to read, that is private matter. If your fortunes have been ruined, they have been ruined in a cause in which a kind heart and an active brain were deeply enlisted. You have our regrets.

"Sir!" He turned now toward the tall gentleman who sat silent at the head of the table. "I am sure there is no further need for this lady's attendance here."

"Wait a moment!" interrupted a voice from the opposite side of the table.

The leader shifted in his seat as he turned toward Josephine St. Auban. "This is the gentleman from Kentucky," he said. "We usually find his words of interest. Tarry, then, for just a moment longer."

A tall figure was visible in the half light as the clear voice of the gentleman so described went on.

"Sir and gentlemen, there is no Kentuckian—no, nor any man from any other state here present—who could suffer this matter to conclude just as it is now. This is not all. This matter but begins. We have invited to attend us a lady whose activities we considered dangerous. That is the plain truth of it, and we all know it, and she may know it. Instead of that, we find here with us now a woman in distress. It is not without my knowledge that this lady at one time, according to popular report, was asked to undertake a journey which later resulted in considerable personal inconvenience, not to say indignity, to herself. Is there no way, gentlemen, in which, especially in consideration of her present material circumstances, this government—I mean to say this country—can make some amends for that?"

"Madam," began the leader at the head of the table, "I did not predict wrongly regarding our friend from Kentucky, but in reply to him I myself must say, as I have already said, we are but a simple republic. All our acts must be open and known. What special fund, my dear sir"—this to the speaker, who still retained his position—"in what manner, indeed, could this be arranged?"

"In the easiest way in the world," rejoined the Kentuckian. "This lady, whatever be her nationality, is at heart much identified with the cause of Hungary. We have already invited Louis Kossuth to come to America as the guest of this country. Even now one of the vessels of our navy is approaching his port of exile in Turkey to carry him hither.

"Now, then, gentlemen"—and he raised an argumentative forefinger—"there must be committees of entertainment; there must be those able to interpret, those competent to arrange large plans and to do so courteously, with dignity.

"For a competent committee head, charged with the duty of making that entertainment gracious and dignified and worthy alike of the old world and the new, I should think that an annual expenditure of, say, $8,000 or $10,000 for eight or ten years would not be inadequate. If this lady, whose kind heart and brilliant mind, as our honored friend has said, both have been shown before us today—if she would agree—some such provision as this from this fund, I am entirely clear in my own mind as to both the wisdom and the absolute propriety of extending this offer to her!"

He sat down. Laughter and applause met his remarks. Thus, and gallantly, did Kentucky make amends.

"Madam," at length interrogated the tall man at the head of the table, bending upon her his gaze, as did all those other grave figures present—"providing this matter might be arranged, would it be within your pleasure to accept some such remuneration as that for services which should be given quite within your wishes? I need not say," he added, turning his gaze along each side of the long table, "that this is something which, in view of all circumstances, to me also seems quite within dignity, decency and absolute public propriety."

But Josephine St. Auban could make no reply. Her face was hidden in her hands, and only her heaving shoulders showed the sudden emotion which had swept upon her overstrained soul. At last she felt a gentle hand touch hers. She raised her head as, one after another, these men approached, each extending his hand to her and bowing in salutation. Presently the room was deserted.

(To Be Continued.)



"There is no further need for this lady's attendance."

LADIES

We have opened a Special Department for you on MONDAYS, from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Shampoo, Facial Massage, Etc.

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INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

Easy Method by Which One Hospital Prevents Their Spread.

The power of a small glass partition to prevent the spread of infectious diseases has been known in the hospitals of Europe for several years, but is only becoming recognized in America. In the contagious wards of the Brooklyn Children's hospital glass partitions about five feet high are placed between the beds. And the effect is really astonishing. In one bed may be a child with pneumonia, in the next one with scarlet fever, in the next one with measles. Cerebrospinal meningitis, diphtheria and other such diseases may be represented in the other beds, but since the installation of the glass partitions no child "catches" the disease that his neighbor has.

And yet the air circulates freely all around and above the glass partitions, and one would think that the germs would spread almost as easily as if these were not there. Yet experience has proved that this is not so.

Physicians are revising their views about the spread of contagious diseases through the air. Some are even ridiculing the fumigation of rooms. The suggestion is that most of the pathogenic germs die very quickly in the air; that persons must come fairly close to the patients and be in almost direct contact with them if they are to "catch" the disease. — New York World.

DRY EYED MADNESS.

No Actually Insane Person Has the Power of Shedding Tears.

One of the most curious facts connected with madness is the utter absence of tears amid the insane. Whatever the form of madness, tears are conspicuous by their absence, as much in the depression of melancholy or excitement of mania as in the utter apathy of dementia.

If a patient in a lunatic asylum be discovered in tears it will be found that it is one beginning to recover or an emotional outbreak in an epileptic, who is scarcely truly insane, while actual insane persons appear to have lost the power of weeping. It is only returning reason which can once more unloose the fountain of their tears.

Even when a lunatic is telling one in fervid language how she has been deprived of her children or the outrages that have been perpetrated upon herself her eye is never even moist. The ready gush of tears which accompanies the plaint of the sane woman contrasts strangely with the dry eyed appeal of the talkative lunatic. It would, indeed, seem that tears give relief to feelings which, when pent up, lead to madness. It is one of the privileges of reason to be able to weep. Amid all the misery of the insane they find no relief in tears.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Boy and a Thousand Dollars.

A New York judge gave his son $1,000, telling him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of freshman year without a dollar and with several ugly habits. At the close of the vacation the judge told his son that he had done all he could for him. If he had wasted the money that was to have taken him through college he might as well leave home and make his own way in the world. It was a rude awakening for the young man, but he knew that his father was right. And so strong was the good influence of his upright father that he did leave home to go to work in downright earnest. He went back to college, made his way through, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became governor of the state of New York, entered the cabinet of the president of the United States and made a record for himself. It was William H. Seward.

Sterilized Soil For Flowers.

It is not generally known that the soil used by florists for filling window boxes and flowerpots is often sterilized. This sterilization is not intended primarily for the destruction of germs, but for the destruction of all animal and vegetable life in the soil, so that weeds will not be springing up along with the flowers and worms uprooting the earth. The sterilizing device consists of a large bin with steam pipes running through it about four feet apart. Along these pipes there are placed holes at intervals of a few inches. The soil—which is sod plowed up and left to decay for a year—is dumped in. Then the steam is turned on for half an hour. At the end of that time the process is completed.—Harper's

To Identify the Corpse.

In the blanks which life insurance companies provide their medical examiners for use in recording the data of the examination of the applicant for insurance, they provide a space for personal marks which may be used to identify the insured after death. A western company recently received a report from an examining physician with the following in the identification blank: "He has a strong Cornish accent."—Lippincott's.

VEILED LADIES.

Three Men Who Won Literary Laurels Under Feminine Names.

One of the most famous cases of a man writer winning fame under a woman's name was that of the late William Sharp, who kept his identity with "Fiona Macleod" a close secret during his life, and it was only after his death that the public was made aware that "her" remarkable novels were the work of the well known critic and essayist. Their style seemed so characteristically feminine that even the most astute critics believed that they were written by a woman's hand.

Another famous writer, Laurence Housman, known already as a poet and artist, made a third and most successful appearance before the public as a "veiled lady." A remarkable book appeared entitled "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," which all the critics praised and all the clubs and literary circles talked about. Who was this woman who had laid her heart bare? The critics agreed that, whoever she was, she understood her sex to perfection. The secret was kept very close for a time, and then, to everybody's immense amazement, the real author was revealed as a man after all.

Very few people probably will recall the undoubted fact that one of the greatest of Victorian poets, Algernon Charles Swinburne, hid his identity occasionally under the very matter of fact feminine nom de plume of "Mrs. Horace Manners," while another and much beloved singer on the other side of the Atlantic, the charming Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, used frequently as a pen name the unromantic one of "Margaret Smith."—London Answers.

DOMESTIC DRUDGERY.

No Matter How Burdensome It May Be, Homes Will Always Exist.

No matter how many girls spurn housework, homes will still exist. No matter how many women slink discouraged into hotels and boarding houses, the best of families will always live in separate homes. No matter how many men remain unmarried, the majority will always have wives and children. The millennium itself will not be without the family.

Hotels and boarding houses, even, are merely megatherianized homes, and no matter how much sensible cooperation in washing and sewing, cooking and the care of children and sick folk, may be compassed, even those millennarians will still have beds to be made, floors to be swept, doors to be tended, clothes to be sorted, buttons to be sewed on, papers to be burned, dishes to be washed, errands to be run and windows to be locked.

Folks may live without concerts and trolley cars and books, but they cannot live without sleeping, dressing and eating, sickness, visitors and children, nor can they live without that perpetual disorder that has to be perpetually cleared up, and that perpetual disintegration of the material universe which has to be perpetually swept up. Domestic work there will always be. The family itself may do it, or they may pay some one else to do it, or they may do part and pay some one else to do part, but done it must be.—Annie Winsor Allen in Atlantic Magazine.

Proverb Against Proverb.

A wealthy lawyer and a downtrodden litigant were conversing together. The lawyer had not always been wealthy; the client had not always been downtrodden. In the elevators of life they had passed each other, one going down, the other going up, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. And now they were quoting proverbs at each other.

"A fool and his money are soon parted!" sneered the attorney.

"Lawyers' houses are built with fools' money!" came back the client.

Which showed the man who heard this bit of repartee the truth of the statement that those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. A few more might be added, but this will do for the present.

Birds and Insects and Vegetation.

A well known French scientist has asserted that without birds to check the ravages of insects upon vegetation human life would vanish from this planet in the space of nine years. But for the vegetation the insects would perish; but for the insects the birds would perish, and but for the birds vegetation would be destroyed. Nature has therefore formed a delicate balance of power which cannot be disturbed without bringing great loss and unhappiness to the world. — London Tit-Bits.

For the Sake of Others.

"Have you ever done anything for the sake of promoting the happiness of others without selfish reward?" asked the idealist.

"I should say so," replied Mr. Growcher. "I have bought any quantity of stock that never paid dividends."—Washington Star.

Plenty of Room.

She—A woman has a greater capacity for learning than a man. He—Yes; a woman is never so full of gossip that she can't hold more.—Philadelphia Record.

Good Reason.

"Hello, Spraddles?"

"Hello, Boreum. I haven't seen you for a week."

"No; I've been seeing you first."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

If I am building a mountain and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit I have failed.—Confucius.

POLAR CONTRASTS

The Arctic Is a Deep Cup, the Antarctic a Huge Bulb.

FORMS OF LIFE DIFFER ALSO.

In the North Are the Eskimos, and Plants and Animals Are Relatively Abundant, While the South Has No Human Beings and Little Vegetation.

The earth whirls around an invisible axle, one end of which turns the deep cup of the Arctic ocean, while the other spins the huge white button of the antarctic continent.

In the north the ice floats on the sea like a moving floor. In the south it rests like a bossy shield on a vast dome of uplifted rock.

Close around the edges of the ice world, both north and south and even within it, animals and plants are found living. But in their species these inhabitants of the opposite poles are as different as the poles themselves.

On and around the antarctic continent there are several species of birds, notably albatrosses, petrels and the strange, upright walking penguins, with their black coats, white waistcoats and ludicrously polite bearing. There are also whales and seals, but the human form is absent, except so far as it is mimicked to the eye of fancy by the stately penguins. The plants are scanty in number, although some bear flowers.

Within the arctic circle the scene is more animated. There are many arctic plants, some bearing brilliant flowers. Yellow buttercups and arctic poppies warm the heart of the explorer.

The saxifrage puts out its starry blossoms within 7½ degrees of the pole. There are so many other species that a very attractive bouquet of arctic flowers may be formed. The animal life of the arctic is also relatively abundant. In the sea is the world circling whale, the walrus with his curious tusks and the various species of seals. On the land and snow and sometimes on the icepacks are large and remarkable animals often in abundance. The great polar bear alone would suffice to make the lands that he tenants famous. Then there are reindeer, musk oxen, foxes, wolves, hares and lemmings. Among birds, are grouse, ptarmigans, snow buntings, falcons, puffins and auks. But man is there, too, in the person of the hut dwelling, fur clothed, fish spearing Eskimo.

The reason why the life around the two poles is so different and so contrasted in its forms is probably to be found in the climatic differences, which, in turn, are governed by the elevation. The sea life is similar in both cases—whales and seals are the characteristic animals that inhabit the polar waters. But the great elevation of the antarctic continent, with its eternal burden of snow and ice, thousands of feet in thickness, continually sending down immeasurable glaciers that form vast platforms of thick ice all around the borders of the continent, keeps the mean temperature at a low level and drives life away from the snow buried land. The atmosphere over the south pole manufactures snow and ice without limit. As the burden piles higher at the center it pushes outward on all sides down the slopes of the continent until it reaches the bordering sea.

But things have not always been thus. The recent explorers of the antarctic have found remains of ancient life, recalling the life of the temperate zones and the tropics. The coal deposits of the antarctic continent are believed to be of vast extent. They could not have been formed under present conditions. They consist of the fossilized remains of immense forests. They could not have been transported to their present location either by land or water. They must have been formed where they are. Consequently the antarctic regions must once have enjoyed a mild climate and atmospheric conditions very favorable to an abundant vegetation.

But if there was an abundance of vegetation there is every reason to believe that there was an abundance of animal life also. At that time the south pole, instead of being elevated many thousands of feet above the sea, may have lain at a low level. That, in itself, would raise the mean temperature, but it would not be sufficient to produce all the difference between present and past conditions of antarctic life.

Either the sun was hotter in that distant time, or the composition of the atmosphere was such as to retain more heat, or the inclination of the earth's axis was different from what it is today, or, as some have imagined, the solar system was then passing through a warmer region of space. Whatever the cause may have been, there is no doubt that there was a time when the lands around both the poles were habitable by animals and plants, most of which have since been driven toward the equator.

As the antarctic continent rose, and assumed its burden of ice, the relics of its former splendid life were buried almost beyond recovery, while in the far north, where there has been no corresponding elevation, but possibly a depression, more of the ancient life forms have remained, while the traces of what they once were are more easily recovered.—Garrett P. Serviss in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Labor is the genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty and the great curse to a great blessing.—J. M. W. Turner.

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WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

—Daniel H. Clancy, Undertaker, Vine street, Weymouth. Tel. 336 W.—Advertisement.

—William Cain, a draughtsman in the big car shops at Laconia, N. H., has been here on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Cain of 79 Summit street.

—Miss Vera Goodwin of Somerville is visiting Miss Adelaide White.

—Miss Maude Williams has been visiting her grandparents at Onset.

—Edmund P. White of Baker avenue is having a two week's vacation.

—Carlton White has gone to Narragansett Pier, R. I., on a visit.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lund and children of Waltham have been spending a few days with his mother, Mrs Lund of Norfolk Square.

—Mr. and Mrs. Carl Humphrey of Philadelphia, Pa., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Richards.

—Benjamin Delory has been home from Worcester for a few days' visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Delory.

—Comrades Bradford Denton and Geo. F. Hussey are spending a few days at Nantucket, and on Tuesday attended the convention of the Bristol County G. A. R. Association.

—Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Hewett of 191 Washington street, have been entertaining his sister, Mrs. Ella Thomas and her daughter, Miss Florence Thomas of Chicago, Ill.

—Mrs. Theodore Longuemaire and children have gone to New Bedford on a two weeks' visit.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Golden of Thayer street have been entertaining Miss Catherine Gartland of North Easton and George Golden of South Boston.

—Leslie Remick of Walnut avenue is recovering from an attack of Typhoid fever.

—Mrs. Maria Hart and Miss Loretta Hart started yesterday for a month's visit at the Green Mountains and Cambridge, N. Y.

—Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Collins of New London, Conn, former residents here, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. O'Malley of Quincy avenue.

—Joseph LaTurner of New Orleans, La. is in town visiting friends.

—Walter Jordan has gone to Portland, Maine, where he has taken the position of manager of a photograph studio for the summer.

—Miss Jennie Richmond is visiting friends in Lawrence.

—James Villis of Brooklyn, N. Y., a former resident, was in town over the Fourth, the guest of J. Lester Taylor and other friends.

—Mrs. Jennie Condrick sailed Tuesday on the Franconia of the Cunard line for Europe. Misses Emma and Lizzie Fairbanks of Boston, former residents of this town, sailed at the same time.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Bryant have been on a trip to the Wiers, N. H.

—Miss Beatrice Daniels is having a two weeks' vacation.

—Miss Gertrude Northrup is home from a visit with relatives in Providence, R. I.

—John Kelley of Tremont street is having a two weeks' vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Cleary and children have been spending a week at Sand Hills, Scituate.

—W. R. Drake & Sons of East Braintree won a blue ribbon at the Fourth of July parade in Quincy.

—The election of officers of Court Monatiquot 150 Foresters of America will be held next Tuesday evening.

—Miss Esther Watson is spending a few weeks at Falmouth.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hobart, Stewart Hobart and Albert B. Sanborn have gone to their camp at New Ipswich N. H. for a few weeks' stay.

—Miss Elsie Taylor is having a month's vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Floyd of Haverhill are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Floyd.

—Fred McLean, chauffeur for G. H. Bicknell & Co., is away with the Naval Reserves of which he is a member for a ten days' cruise. Martin Coyle is taking his place during his absence.

—Miss Catherine Kempl is visiting relatives at Franklin, N. H.

—W. M. Sweet has been awarded the contract to paint four of the engine houses.

—A bon fire set by boys at Garfield square the night before the Fourth, did a big amount of damage to the wires of the New England Telephone Company. The heat melted a big place in the cable and did damage to the wires, putting the telephone company to an expense of more than one hundred dollars to repair the damage besides discomoding the company's subscribers in that locality.

—Captain Tenson of Tremont street is entertaining George Andrews of Chelsea.

—Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Smith are entertaining his brother Judge John Day Smith and Mrs. Smith of Minneapolis, Minn. Judge Smith, who attended the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg with his brother, was chairman of the Minnesota state delegation.

—Miss Theresa Shea is confined to her home on Broad street by illness.

—Nahanton Tribe No. 81 Red Men has elected these officers: Sachem, John Sullivan; S.S, Arthur Parsons; J.S., Charles Williams; representative, Charles Custance. The Chiefs will be raised by D.D. G. S. Ryermaick and suite of Wollaston, Thursday evening, July 17th. Delegations will attend from the tribes in Boston, Brockton, Quincy and Rockland.

—Mrs. William Humphrey of Augusta, Me., is here on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Nutting of 16 Broad street.

—Mrs. William Smith and son of Chicago, Ill., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Smith.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. Forest Wilson and son are on a visit to Mr. Wilson's parents in Beverly.

—William McRea was run over by a train at Somerville, Wednesday afternoon and died a few hours later at the Massachusetts General hospital, Boston. He was born in East Braintree, Feb. 8, 1892 and was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Agustus McRea of Sheppard avenue. The funeral will take place from the Church of the Sacred Heart, Saturday morning.

—Fred Frost is confined to his home on Torrey lane with a severe attack of dogwood poisoning.

—John Fraser received a bad cut on his right hand which necessitated the taking of several stitches by a physician. He was opening a jar of preserves when the jar broke.

—William McCarthy has enlisted in the U. S. Navy.

—Mrs. William McCarthy of Boston has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Ade-Trainor of Front street.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Bowie of Walnut avenue, Saturday.

—Mrs. Fred Connors and Miss Helen Connors have gone to Nova Scotia on a visit to relatives.

Lawn Party

There will be a lawn party and barn dance held on the estate of W. E. Thompson, Commercial street East Braintree Thursday July 17th 1913 for the benefit of the First Universalist society. Ice cream, cake and other refreshments for sale. Admission 10cts. Advertisement

Broken Heart Caused Death.

A broken heart, caused by violent beating due to sudden emotion, was said by a doctor to be responsible for the death of Alexander Burness, sixty-four, a master tailor, at a London inquest. Burness fell and died during an altercation with a foreman cutter as to the ownership of certain articles which he was about to remove from his former premises to new ones.

Damage by Rodents.

Rats are said to do damage estimated at $3,000,000 in Chicago every year.

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head. 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 8 words to a line

No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

ASHES FOR SALE—Delivered in carload lots by the Bay State St. Ry. Co. Apply to Thomas Gammon, Supt., 954 Hancock street, Quincy. Telephone, Quincy 6. 9 tf

AUTO To Let for parties, weddings, christenings, for long or short trips, 5-pass Buick. Tel. Wey. 235-W. Pine Point Auto and Motor Co., Bridge street, North Weymouth. 29 tf

CLOTHING—Men's and young men's. Handsome patterns, Two hundred suits, $4 to $12. Bargains not to be found elsewhere. Geo. A. Hunt, 78 Front St., Weymouth, 11tf

CAN place a few mortgages, with private parties, and on reasonable terms if property is right. Address Box 553, E.Weymouth. 17tf

FOR SALE—Choice Celery plants in 1 dozen or 100 lots. H. L. Ryan, East Braintree, Tel. 265-5 Braintree. 17-19

TO LET—A tenement of six rooms with bath. Apply Geo. E. Bicknell, 24 Tremont St. 16tf

TO LET—Tenement off Keith street, rent $7.50. Apply M. R. Wright, agent, 57 Commercial street, Weymouth. 9-tf

TO LET—A house of 7 rooms on East street near Keith's factory. Apply to W. H. Pratt, Broad street, East Weymouth. 11tf

WANTED—A boy for office work. Apply at factory of Alden, Walker & Wilde, East Weymouth. 16tf

WANTED. People to know that it costs only 25 cents to make known their wants in this column.

Real Estate

Do you want to BUILD or BUY?

I have property for sale in Weymouth and vicinity, of all kinds.

Call and see me and make known your wants Reasonable terms.

CAREY'S
REAL ESTATE AGENCY
733 Broad Street
East Weymouth.
Tel-phone

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—Don't forget to go to the lawn party to be held on the grounds of the Methodist church, East Weymouth, July 16th, under the auspices of the Epworth League —Advertisement.

—Emulus Carter and family of Easthampton former residents of this village have been visiting relatives and friends in town the past week.

—William B. Shaw of Lowell was home over the holidays.

—Mrs. Joseph Connors and daughters, Miss Gertrude and Miss Ruth of Everett were the guests over the holiday of Mrs. Mrs. Robert B. Shaw of Central Square.

—Mrs. Minnie Tirrell of Middle street is home from a trip to Washington D. C.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hosea Farrar have gone to Slate Island for a two weeks vacation trip.

—Louis Carter of Middle street is suffering from a badly bruised finger, the result of injures received while at work last week at the American Agricultural and Ceemical Co. plant in North Weymouth.

—Bryan Leonard of Commercial street has gone to New Hampshire for the next two months.

—Robert Powers of Lynchburg Va. has been visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Edward Powers of Middle street. Mr. Powers is foreman of the stitching room in a large factory in Lynchburg.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pratt are visiting relatives in Easthampton Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. Louis Seabury are home from their wedding trip and have taken up their residence at 115 Middle street in this place.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hill of Center street entertained relatives from Boston over the holidays.

—Miss Evelyn Neorin has been spending the week with her brother in Worcester.

—Mrs. Charles Bleakney and two children of Seattle, Washington are guests of his mother in Broad St. Place. Mr. Bleakney passed away some months ago.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Hayward of Boston was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Edward French over the Fourth.

—Robert B. and Walter L. Raymond were home from New York for a few days last week.

—Miss Myrtle Chase has returned to her home in Northampton after a few weeks visit with her cousin Lester Cushing of Middle street.

—Frank Whelan of Commercial street returned last week from a Boston hospital, where he went for treatment. He is reported much improved in health.

—Mrs. Newman Page has returned to her home in New London Conn; after a four weeks visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Litchfield of Hill street.

—On Wednesday of this week D. M. Easton of Middle street entertained a party of boys at the Whale Island Club in North Weymouth. The trip to the island was made early in the morning and the boys enjoyed a day of boating, water and land sports, and a delicious luncheon at noon served by Mr. Easton. The sports were in charge of Douglas Fraher and Sumner Chandler. All the boys reported that they had a "swell" time.

—Howard E. Litchfield spent the holiday week with his daughter Mrs. Newman Page of New London Connecticutt.

—Chester Tirrell of Auburn Maine is visiting his mother Mrs. Augustus Tirrell of Middle street.

—Mr. and Mrs. John T. Upton are home from their wedding trip.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Bearce spent the past ten days at Bos Cawen, N. H.

—The Inasmuch Circle of King's Daughters was delightfully entertained last Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. H. K. Cushing of Hill street, on an auto trip to the several points of interests along the South Shore. The trip was made in H. K. Cushing's sight seeing car, "The South Shore Tourist," with Carl Hamilton at the wheel. Mrs. Cushing proved to be a most attentive hostess and all enjoyed the trip to the utmost. The special guests were Mrs. W. H Commons, Mrs. Robert Hoffman and Mrs. W. Lincoln Pratt.

—Box 27 was rung in at 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon for a blaze discovered in the basement of the barn of Charles Mathueson on Madison street. The home fire department was soon an the spot but had a close rival in the "Combination" from Ward 3 which again demonstrated the usefullness of the new fire fighting apparatus. The damage was slight and the fire a mystery.

—Mrs. Ella Curtis of Campello and Mrs. Ida Burrell of Brockton are visiting Mrs. H. K. Cushing of Hill street.

—Eugene M. Carter and Superintendent of Schools P. T. Pearson are enjoying an outing in Wellfleet, Mass.

—Leo Fraher, the local High school catcher, who is on a trip to Nova Scotia with the Deweys of Weymouth, caught the first game of the trip against Yarmouth last Monday. The Deweys won 7 to 5.

—Miss Alice Killoury is visiting her uncle in Somerville.

—Mrs. Caroline B. Lovell is visiting relatives at Lynn for a few weeks.

—John M. Burrell of Syracuse, N. Y. spent the holiday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Burrell.

—A. L. Flint and Ralph D. Flint made a short trip over the holiday, to Mr. Flint's former home at Yarmouth, N. S.

—Miss Evelyn Nash has gone to Pemberton where she will spend the summer months with Mrs. Fred Cullen of Medford.

—Miss M. Eveline Sherman is visiting friends at Manchester, N. H.

—Miss Mildred Clapp has been visiting in Norwell for the past few days.

—Miss Alice Clapp is at Bayside for a few days' visit.

—Miss Bessie M. Lovell of Rochester, N. Y., has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Dunbar of Jackson square.

—Mrs. Frank Holmes has had as her guest the past week, Miss Beatrice Winslow of Brockton.

—Miss Luella and Master Charles A. Collyer of Abington have been the recent guests of heir uncle, Charles Collyer of Commercial square.

Methodist Episcopal Church Notes

July 13 at 10.30, the pastor begins a series of four sermons on "The Apostles' Creed." This series will be of interest because of the widely extended custom of repeating this creed in public worship, and because of the many recent utterances as to the creed on which the churches could unite as an expression of faith.

The Tuesday evening meetings of the church begin now at 7.45, and Sunday evening meetings at 7.30.

Wednesday evening, July 17, the Epworth League will hold a Lawn Party on the church lawn.

Say the Kind Word Now.

Oh, my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of these men was dead tomorrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve till you hear that he is dying of starvation or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give him some day —if you only could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, that the time is short, how it would break the spell, how you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do!—Phillips Brooks.

A Gigantic Neptune.

At Monterossa, near Spezia, Italy, there is an architectural curiosity, a gigantic figure of Neptune, constructed of cement and used to support the extreme end of a terrace for a seaside villa. The house is the Villa Pastine, says the Wide World Magazine, and the statue is the work of the Signor Arrige Minerbi, a talented sculptor of Rome. The small promontory on which the villa is built presented many difficulties to the architect, but he finally succeeded in building there a very commodious and comfortable villa. The statue is wonderfully lifelike and is eleven meters in height. The body, which, like the head, is built of reenforced cement, is hollow and contains a spiral staircase. Considering the nature of the material with which Signor Minerbi had to work, he is to be congratulated on the result of his labors.

The Navy of Today.

The transformation from the sail propelled man-o'-war to the complicated mass of machinery known as the modern battleship is not one bit more pronounced than the improvement which has taken place in the personnel of the men who compose the human working parts of these great machines. Time was when the navy was looked upon by many as a sort of reform school, a last resort to which young men could be sent who were not quite bad enough to be put in jail and not good enough to roam at large. Such conditions have, fortunately, passed away, and the American navy today is composed of brains and muscle of the highest order and a personnel of which the country can well be proud.—Popular Mechanics.

Customs at Eton.

In no other community are so many sumptuary laws stringently enforced as among the boys of Eton college, England. As a rule, they wear Eton jackets or tailcoats, the latter being allowed only on boys who have attained the height of five feet five inches. Then the trousers must always be turned up and the bottom button of the waistcoat undone. Should an Etonian carry an umbrella he must never venture to roll it up.

Wanted Information.

Harold, aged five years, was visiting his aunt. While at dinner the grown-ups were talking and paying little or no attention to Harold. He was ready for dessert, and to attract the others' attention he said:

"Please, Aunt Mame, is that pie an ornament?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Base Suspicion.

Guest (in cheap restaurant)—That's queer. I ordered three dishes and you are out of all. Waiter—It's very late, sah. Guest (suspiciously)—Not saving em for yourself, eh? Waiter (haughtily)—I don't eat here, sah!—Yonkers Statesman.

The Lazy Man's Garden.

It may be said that shrubbery is the lazy man's garden. Once planted about your home in cool spring weather, it stands its own sturdy ground, calling neither for hoe nor backache. It defies frost and blossoms perennially, independent of your watchful care.

KINCAIDE THEATRE
HANCOCK STREET — QUINCY CENTRE
HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE — REFINED MOVING PICTURES

Daily Matinee 2.30 P. M. Prices 5c, 10c, 15c. Evenings at 7.45, 10c, 15c, 25c.

4th of July Parade Pictures

We had a Moving Picture taken of the Atlantic Parade. 'Twas some Show! and the picture of it is true to life so don't miss seeing it here, week beginning Monday July 14. You'll also enjoy the merry musical comedy of "The Kincaide Players," the vaudeville attractions, photo-plays and orchestra and this big house is as cool as a ferry boat, so keep coming.

Saturday Night Prices Reduced. Hundreds of Good Seats 10 and 15c. Reserved 25c

NOW PLAYING Kincaide Players Present a Musical Comedy in three scenes "At Sand Valley." Vaudeville.
PHOTO-PLAYS AND ORCHESTRA. SHOW 2 HAPPY HOURS LONG.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

Now located in its new school building, 334 Boylston Street, a most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of well known and experienced teachers.

COURSES—General commercial course, Stenographic course, Secretarial course, Civil service course, Commercial teachers course.

Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings.

This school does not employ agents, solicitors, canvasers or runners.

Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail. Will reopen September 8th.

H. E. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 Boylston Street, Boston.

LAMSON AND HUBBARD STRAWS selected braids superior finish For sale by

C. R. Denbroeder
Large stock from which to select
MEN'S and BOY'S
SUITS AND FURNISHINGS
750 Broad St. - East Weymouth
"The White Store"

BASE BALL
SATURDAY, JULY 12, 3.30 P. M.
Clapp Memorial Grounds, East Weymouth
PROSPECT UNION, of Cambridge
vs. CLAPP MEMORIAL

Lineup for C. M. A.—Wall c, Ripley p, Gillis ss, Casey 1b, McCarthy 2b, Gloster 3b, Humphrey lf, Scudder cf, Drinkwater rf.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY
ALL OUR $1.00 HOUSE DRESSES REDUCED TO 89c
COME EARLY, AVOID THE RUSH
Vaughan's Daylight Store
BATES BLOCK — WASHINGTON SQUARE

TRY A BOTTLE OF
Armour's Best Grape Juice
10c 25c, 50c a bottle — It is delicious
SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY
DANIEL REIDY, Pharm. D.
DRUGGIST
781 Broad St., East Weymouth, Mass.

Weymouth Gazette AND TRANSCRIPT

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1913. VOL. XLVII. NO. 18. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tufts Library free

PLEASING LAWN PARTY.

Social and Financial Success of the Oldest Church in Weymoutht.

A lawn party was held under the auspices of the L. B. S. on the Old North church grounds, Wednesday evening, July 9th, which proved to be a big success The candy table was in charge of the Young Woman's Mission Circle; the punch table was presided over by the Wide Awake Workers; the apron table was in charge of the L. B. S. and the members of the W. C. T. U. had the food table in their care. Also ice cream was sold by young men at the Heights. An entertainment was given during the evening in the Adams school hall, and was one of a very unusual nature, it being called a circus. A parade by the several actors opened the program, while each one in turn did their circus act. The dancing act by Paul Smith in costume is worthy of mention, and the other acts too numerous to mention, were heartily applauded. From nine to ten o'clock dancing was indulged in and the music was furnished by an orchestra consisting of Ralph Murphy, cornet; Miss Marion White, violin; Edward Bates, conet; John Melville, violin and Mrs. Melvile, piano. Besides the lawn party being a success financially, it was one of the most pleasant social events of the season.

ANNUAL FETE.

Pilgrim Circle of North Weymouth Entertains Large Number on Wednesday Afternoon and Evening.

On Wednesday afternoon and evening, July 16, the Pilgrim Circle of North Weymouth held its annual summer fete. The affair was under the direction of a committee of ladies from the Circle with Mrs. W. E. Beane as chairman.

The afternoon's entertainment was in charge of Mrs. A. J. Sidelinger, Mrs. George Beane and Mrs. A. E. Beals and consisted of a baby show in which Miss Virginia Walker succeeded in receiving the most votes; and a doll's parade. Miss Vivian Hayden took the prize for the prettiest carriage, and Marjorie Torrey, as the Old Woman in the Shoe, won first place as the most original.

Luncheon was served from 5 to 7 o'lock by Mrs. Gardner Alden and a committee of helpers.

In the evening the grounds were brilliantly illuminated by electric lights. The entertainment was furnished by Stetson's orchestra. A Pedlar's parade added much to the amusement of all present.

Miss Ford of East Weymouth impersonated the Gypsey Fortune Teller.

The various tables were in charge of the following:—food, Mrs. W. O. Collyer and Mrs. W. A. Pratt; candy, Mrs. W. A. Drake and Mrs. H. W. Dyer; punch, Mrs. J. T. Ferris and Mrs. S. A. Dasha; Ice cream, Mrs. J. W. Cushing and Mrs. G. L. Newton; aprons, Mrs. A. H. Alden and Mrs. Horace Walker; vegetables, Men's Brotherhood.

Square Foot and Foot Square.

There is no difference in area between one square foot and one foot square, though there may be a difference in the shape and dimensions of the surfaces. For instance, one square foot may be inclosed by a circular line, a hexagon, a triangle or a rectangle. One foot square is an area of fixed form, the four sides being equal and the four angles all right angles.

Desire to Be Free Is Wrong.

Oh, the worth of coercion in a daily duty which must be done whether we like it or not! The desire to be free from such compulsions is wrong. As well might the locomotive ask to dash out unrestrained over the prairie and the bridge. The tracks which confine it continue its usefulness and its life.

Needed a Compass.

"Muvver, I wish you wouldn't make me any more trousers out of farver's old 'uns!" "Why, what's the matter with 'em?" "Why, they're so big I 'ardly knows wevver I'm goin' to school or comin' 'ome again!"

Maybe I Was.

When I see a youth with his pants turned up and his beautiful socks on view,
And over one eye perched a little, round hat, with a ribbon of mauve or blue,
And the fourteen rings and seven pins that he got at that dear prep school,
Why, it strikes a chord, and I say: "Oh, Lord, was I ever that much a fool?"

When I see a youth with his gloves turned down and a cigarette stuck in his face,
And a loud check coat and a horse-cloth vest and a half an inch wide shoe lace,
And a bunch of hair that hides his ears, and a line of senseless droll,
Then I paw the sward, as I say, "Oh, Lord, was I ever that much a fool?"

—The Daily Princeton

Following Are a Few of the Items Which Appeared in the Gazette Years Ago This Week.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

Water takers in East Weymouth say give us the high pressure, we will risk the hose.

* * *

Poles are being set for the Abington and Rockland Electric railroad which will be in operation this fall.

* * *

The Selectmen of Holbrook and other towns are getting after the dogs which are unlicensed and the canine without the proper certicate "has got to go."

* * *

The tax rate will be $17.60. Increase in valuation $90,000. Amount of appropriation in excess of last year $13,000.

* * *

The question is asked, "Ought a man to make hay with a fur cap on his head?" Just as much in fashion as it is for one of the town fathers to wear a straw hat on Christmas day.

* * *

It is seldom that correspondents say anything about our roads only when they are bad. We believe that we have the best roads now in South Weymouth that we ever have had. The roads from Rockland line to Lovell's Corner and to Nash's Corner have been heavily graded and are as smooth as a house floor.

* * *

The recent heavy rains have continued the fields and forests in verdure and foliage quite unusual for this time of the year, and the ever increasing interest in lawns and parks is telling materially, all over our town, of a great growth and progress in the love of the beautiful.

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

The frame of the new schoolhouse on Middle street, Jefferson, was raised this week.

* * *

The North Weymouth Social Choir, better known as the Old Glee Club, announce that their fiftieth annual excursion to Nantasket will take place on Thursday, July 25th, dinner to be served at 3 o'clock at the Standish House.

* * *

Work on the electric light plant is still progressing; the walls of the building are all up and the roof is now being put on. Work running the wires is also being pushed and before many days the outside wiring will be completed.

* * *

At noon of Wednesday heavy clouds rolled up from the westward, peals of thunder and lightning flashes heralding a torrent of rain, which soon merged into a lively hailstorm, much damage to gardens, fruit and window glass ensuing, especially in South Weymouth, where chunks of ice were found, measuring five inches in circumference, and the ground being white with accumulated hailstones.

* * *

Fogg building will soon have all of its available stores occupied, and the change, especially at night when lighted, will be noticeable. The room next to C. L. Rice & Co. will have the post office in the front part, while the rear half will be occupied by Rice & Co.—Mr. Gordon Willis, who has built up quite a good grocery business at the depot, will occupy the remaining store about the first of September, and his trade will naturally be increased in consequence.

Miss Mary C. Halloran. Dead.

Miss Mary C. Halloran daughter of Mrs. Maria Halloran of South Weymouth, died at her home last Friday night after a lingering illness. Besides her mother, she leaves two sisters, Mrs. Nellie Heffernan and Miss Annie Halloran and two brothers, John and Richard Halloran. Funeral services were held on Sunday from the St. Francis Xavier church. Rev. Dennis Crimmins, pastor of the church, officiated. Interment was in St. Francis Xavier cemetery.

A Relic of History.

A newly rich woman, who was anxious to make a favorable impression in her neighborhood, decided to show her collection of antiques to the bishop when he called. The time came, and one by one she displayed the whole collection, giving him the history of each piece. "There," she said, pointing impressively to an old yellow teapot, "that teapot was used in the Boston tea party."

Unfit.

She—"Why do you work so hard?" He—"I am too nervous to steal"

Prospect Union Wins.

In a one sided game at the Clapp Memorial grounds in East Weymouth, last Saturday afternoon the Clapp Memorial nine lost to the Prospect Union team of Cambridge 8 to 2. Errors by the home nine and one bad inning by Pitcher Ripley proved the undoing of the C. M. A. boys.

The score:

PROSPECT UNION.

	bh	po	a	e
Fitzmaurice, c	2	9	1	0
Campbell, rf	0	0	0	0
Shaunnessy, 3b	2	0	3	0
Thomas, 2b	1	2	0	0
Daley, lf	2	2	0	0
Lefford, cf	1	2	0	0
Rice, 1b	0	11	1	1
Whalen, ss	1	2	3	0
Haley, p	0	0	4	0
Totals	9	27	12	1

CLAPP MEMORIAL

	bh	po	a	e
Gloster, 3b	0	4	1	0
McCarthy, 2b	0	1	1	0
Drinkwater, rf	0	2	0	0
Emery, cf	2	2	0	0
Casey, 1b,	1	11	0	0
Humphrey, lf	1	1	0	0
Wall, c	0	5	3	1
Gillis, ss	1	0	4	2
Ripley, p	0	1	3	0
Totals	5	27	15	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Prospect Union	3	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	—8
Clapp Memorial	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—2

Runs made by—Fitzmaurice 3, Campbell, Shaughnessy 2, Thomas 2, Daley, Humphrey, Emery. Two base hits—Shaughnessy, Emery. Home run—Humphrey. Stolen bases — Shaughnessy, Thomas, Daley, Emery, Lefford, Wall. Base on balls—by Hadley, by Ripley 3. Struck out—by Haley 9, by Ripley 4. Sacrifice hits—Campbell, Hale, Humphrey Passed balls—Fitzmaurice. Time—1 hr. 50 m. Umpire—Fitzpatrick.

Stetson Shoe 4, Page Class 3.

The Stetson Shoe Co. nine batted out 4 runs in the sixth inning last Saturday in the game with the Page Class of Boston and with Hazelton pitching air-tight ball, these 4 tallies proved enough to win for the South Weymouth boys 4 to 3. Score:

STETSON SHOE CO.

	bh	po	a	e
Blackburn, 1b	1	7	1	0
Bates, lf	0	1	0	0
Carlisle, c	1	8	1	0
Gleason, ss	1	1	2	0
W. Hanson, 3b	0	3	2	2
Hazelton, p	2	0	2	0
Poole, cf	0	4	0	2
Torrey, 2b	0	2	1	0
McMahon, rf	1	1	0	0
Reiser, rf	0	0	0	0
Totals	6	27	9	4

PAGE CLASS

	bh	po	a	e
Prendgast, 2b	1	2	1	0
Whiting, 3b	1	0	2	0
Martin, rf	0	0	0	0
Borden, 1b	2	10	0	0
H. Hanson, lf	0	1	0	0
Spiller, ss	2	1	2	1
Stevenson, cf	0	2	0	0
Eckman, c	0	8	2	0
Rockwell, p	0	0	3	0
Totals	6	24	10	1

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Stetson Shoe Co.	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0		—4
Page Class	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—3

Runs made by—Blackburn, Gleason, W. Hanson, McMahon, Borden, Spiller, Prendgast. Two base hits—Borden, Hazelton, Carlisle. Stolen bases, Prendgast, Borden, Whiting 3, Gleason, W. Hanson. Base on balls—Rockwell 2. Struck out—Hazelton 6, Rockwell 10. Sacrifice hits—Stevenson, H. Hanson, Carlisle, McMahon. Double play—Spiller and Prendgast. Time—2hrs. 5 mins. Umpire—Barry.

Old Colony Gas Co.

The Old Colony Gas Company closed its fical year June 30 with 2700 consumers as against 1200 July 1, 1912, an increase of 125 percent. During this period it has supplied Braintree, Weymouth, Rockland, Abington and Whitman, and has recently begun to serve a portion of Hingham, where its main are being extended as business develops. This addition will give the company a territory of about 50,000 population, which is rapidly increasing.

Earnings show a steady growth, the net for the past twelve months being about twice first mortgage bond interest.

Dr. Johnson's Rebuke.

Dr. Johnson was once in company with a gentleman who affected to maintain Dean Berkeley's strange position "that nothing exists but as perceived by some mind." When the gentleman was going away Dr. Johnson said to him: "Pray, sir, don't leave us; for we may, perhaps, forget to think of you and then you will cease to exist."

Knew Where He Was.

Sportsman—"Can you tell me where to send a handkerchief I have found belonging to Father Maloney?" Irish Priest—"I can; but he'll have no use for ut. He's been in Hiven these three weeks."—Punch.

Disciplining the Benedict.

[Written for the Gazette and Transcript]

The Benedict stepped into the dark hall and turned on the light. Evidently the Bride was late getting home.

"What was it this afternoon?" he questioned himself as he mounted the stairs. "Seems to me it was a club tea or some such thing. I'm glad the women folks will attend such things for us."

The Benedict proceeded to make himself spick and span for dinner, meantime keeping an ear half-consciously cocked for the sound of the Bride's arrival.

Her coming was delayed, however, and the Benedict sat down to read his book If the book had been less absorbing, he would, perhaps, have noticed that the house was strangely still.

The striking of the clock and the turning of a paae occurring simultaneously, the Benedict detached his attention long enough to notice that the hour was seven. He read on the space of a paragraph before the significance of the fact struck him.

"Seven o'clock," he said aloud. "Beloved is very late. Perhaps Bridget will know."

He had to turn on the lights in the dining room as he went through and to his amazement they revealed a table still in its between-meal nakedness. The unwonted stillness of pantry and kitchen prepared him for what next became evident, Bridget was not there; there were no preparations afoot for dinner.

Now the Benedict was hungry and began to look about for something edible. He very easily found the various handout foods and dipped freely and fearlessly into them.

When hunger was appeased he returned to the den and his book, but he couldn't wholly dismiss from his mind his wonder at the Bride's absence. To come home to a dark house, without mistress or maid, no nuuner and no explanation, began to look like the grosset neglect.

Then his eye, roving aimlessly across the table, found the note she had left.

Dear Jack:—

I didn't remind you this morning of our promise to dine with the Murrays, and just to prove something I am not going to can you up.

I remember you resented it last time I reminded you of a dinner engagement. Perhaps you will recall what you said at the time.

Fortunately the Murrays won't be at all shocked at your forgetfullness, so I shall not try to make excuses for you.

If you can spare the time come over and "see me home."

B.

The Benedict folded the note and absently put it into his pocket. He gazed fixedly at a design in the rug that had helped him solve many a mystery, while an amused smile played over his lips.

"She's right as usual," he mused, "but I'm at a loss to recall what I said. Whatever did I say!"

Then he remembered the boast he had made. It made him groan aloud.

"I may as well own up and pay up," he said as he started out.

When he was admitted to the Murray's house he handed the astonished little maid a package neatly wrapped in white paper

"Please give this to my wife," he said, "and ask her if the bet is paid."

Oh yes! That paid the bet, but when they started home the two pound box of Huyler's best remained on the Murray's table.

"Did you forget to bring home the candy?" asked the Benedict.

"I was almost sure you'd ask that,' laughed the Bride. "But I must inform you that when I make you pay a bet I dont intend to sweeten your discipline one bit. Let the Murrays eat the candy. You really owed them something for your shabby treatment of their invitation."

EVELYN EARLE.

Flaming Finish.

"My grandfather," said the old-timer, "used to put all his money in his stocking." "Wa-all, things hain't changed much," said his old friend. "My grandson, who's takin' a course in modern deportment at one o' them eastern colleges, puts most all his money into socks."—Judge.

Effects of Memorials.

The country needs memorials of its public men and the great events of its history for the sake of their educational effect. But these memorials must have the quality of the great buildings of Athens, of which Thucydides said that the sight of them was daily delight.

Delicate Hint.

Balladist—"Don't you think if I'd cut out one of my four songs it would improve my act?" Stage Manager—"Yes, about twenty-five per cent."—Brooklyn Life.

ANNUAL LAWN PARTY.

Ladies Auxilary to Division 9. A. O. H. Nets Large Sum From Gala Event.

The Ladies Auxiliary to Division 9 A. O. H. held its annual lawn party on the grounds and in the hall of Reynolds Post 58 G. A. R. at East Weymouth on Wednesday afternoon and evening of this week. The affair attracted a large crowd from this and other towns. The committee in charge of the event was Miss Elizabeth Donovan, Miss Elizabeth Cullen, Miss Julia Corcoran, Miss Beatrice Tormey, Miss Gertrude Knox, Miss Helen Nugent, Mrs. Katherine Conathan, Mrs. Mary Brassill, Mrs. Marcella Donavon and Mrs. Elizabeth Smith. Mrs. Katherine Conathan had charge of the program of sports and the following list of winners was announced: peanut race, Miss Antoinette McKee; egg race, Tony D'Allesandro; three-legged race, George Grant and Oland Garafalo; 25 yd. dash, George Curtin; girls' running race Katherine Schofield; hunting race, Gertrude Magan.

A grab bag and an "African Dodger" were features. The several sales tables were in charge of the following: candy and punch, Miss Julia Corcoran; ice cream Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Mrs. Annie Slattery, Mrs. Mary Reidy, Miss C. Donovan and Mrs. P. C. Sheehan; refreshment, Mrs. E. F. Cullen, Mrs. Katherine Conathan, Mrs. Bridget Fallon and Mrs. Margaret Lynch; mystery bag, Mrs. Mary Brassill. In the evening the grounds were illuminated and there was a program of orchestral music and dancing in G. A. R. hall.

LAWN PARTY.

Large Crowd at Event under the Auspices of George C. King Chapter of Epworth League of M. E. Church, East Weymouth.

A lawn party under the auspices of the George C. King chapter of the Epworth League of the M. E. church of East Weymouth, was held Wednesday evening on the church grounds.

The affair was in charge of Miss Abbie Maynard and corps of assistants. The grounds were brilliantly lighted with strings of varied colored electric lights.

The evening's program was presented in the church vestry and consisted of instrumental music by Stephen Burgoyne; cornet solos, Ralph Young; piano selections, Miss Hazel Ellsworth; violin solos by Oliver Burrell and tamborine numbers by Charles Kilburn.

The following were in charge of the sales tables:—Miss Mary J. Marden, Miss Hazel Cann, Miss Elsie Nickerson, Miss Olive Sylvester, Harry Purchase, Charles Kilburn, Mrs. Margaret Abbott, Miss Velma Abbott, Mrs. F. H. Pratt, Miss Marjorie Mills, Miss Irma Jones, Miss Ethe Bowker, Miss Olive Peaseley and Miss Emma Raymond,

Meteorite Falls Near Woman.

A meteorite weighing 37 pounds was recently the subject of discussion in chemical circles in Johannesburg, South Africa. The stone fell in Zululand a few months ago, and was not only noticed by an eye witness some 15 miles away, but fell within a few feet of a native woman, who gave information which led to its discovery. The meteorite cannot so far be broken. It is known, however, to contain platinum.

What He Wanted.

Four-year-old Myron was served with some waffles one morning for the first time in his memory, and upon finishing them with a relish he called: "Mamma, please bring me some more of those pancakes with windows in."

To-Day.

Sure, this world is full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't;
Lord, I've had enough and double
Reason for complaint.
Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thornes an' brambles have beset me
On the road—but, say,
Ain't it fine to-day!

What's the use of always weepin,'
Making trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulation—
Water with his wine;
Life ain't no celebration;
Trouble, I've had mine—
But today is fine.

It' to-day that I am livin',
Not a month ago.
Havin', losin', takin,' givin,'
As time wills it so;
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain—but, say,
Ain't it fine to-day?

The Argonaut.

TOWN BUSINESS.

Work of renovating the rooms at the Savings Bank building occupied by the several town departments, has been completed and the newly decorated walls and replenished furniture are quite attractive.

On Monday the Selectmen had their regular session with routine and special work.

The Boston Street Carmen's Union was granted a permit for a two days' outing at New Downers' Landing, July 25 and 26 provided they furnish a stipulated police force to maintain order.

A hearing will be given the Light & Power Co on the 28th inst. in regard to locating poles on West street.

The same company was granted permission to erect 9 poles on Charles; 6 on White street; 2 on Center, and 1 on Laurel.

A request was received from the Pond Plain Improvement Association for oil treatment of Pond street.

The assessors are busy getting their work of tabulating figures of valuation and other matters together and a tax rate is in the near future.

Two Fires in East Weymouth.

Twice during the week the Fire Department has been called out for fire in East Weymouth.

The first was on Monday morning at about 2 o'clock. In the midst of the severe thunder tempest, then raging, an outbuilding used by Henry E. Hanley on Raymond street as a store house for leather was discovered to be burning with a well developed fire. An alarm was rung in and response made by the Ward 3 Combination and the local department. Combination made wonderful record and came in ahead of the locals which as usual was handicapped for want of ready horses

The fire supposed to be the result of lightning had made such headway that the building was comparatively a total loss and considerable quantity of leather more or less damaged. Surrounding buildings were in danger but were saved by efficient work of firemen aided by the down pouring rain.

Mr. Hanley carried but a small insurance on the building on which the net loss was from $800 to $1000. The stock however was a little better covered.

The second fire was for a blaze discovered at the stable of John Thompson, High street, Monday evening. Box 21 was rung in and "Combination," Ward 3, once more showed what can be done with ready fire apparatus and ready men. In three minutes from the alarm the machine passed Weymouth Center and in a fraction over four minutes was at the fire ready for action. In the mean time however the fire had been extinguished with little or no loss. The home department had also responded but the "all out" told the story.

Leonidas Pratt Dead.

In the death of Leonidas F. Pratt which occurred on Wednesday night, July 9, Fall River loses one of its best known and most generally respected citizens. He had been ill for some time and his death was not expected.

Mr. Pratt was born in North Weymouth in 1826 and was a resident here for the greater part of his early life. In 1876 he went to Fall River to enter the printing business with the late G. H. Franklin.

Mr. Pratt continued his connections with the Franklin Company until 1903, when he retired from active business.

He leaves a daughter, Mrs. J. H. Franklin, and two sons, Joseph W. Pratt of Fall River and W. S. Pratt of Boston and two sisters, Mrs. Caroline Thomas of North Weymouth and Mrs. Celia Glynn of Taunton.

The funeral service was held at Fall River at 11 o'clock on Saturday. The committal service was at the North Weymouth cemetery at 2.30 p. m. Rev. Charles Clark officiating. Many relatives and friends were present.

Why Do We Want Freedom?

What do we want freedom for? That we may have the best that life can give us, unshackled by tyrannies of custom, fashion or prejudice. And how can we lead a right life unless we learn its laws and render them faithful obedience? Profoundly wise is the prayer which addresses God as he "whose service is perfect freedom."

To Save Closet Space.

Metal towel racks, that have flat places at each curved end to screw to a wall, will almost double the capacity of your closet if screwed to the bottom of the lower shelf. A dozen garment hangers may be suspended from each one.

Kind of Boy He Liked.

Mother—Is James a nice boy for you to play marbles with, sonnie? Sonnie—Sure. I can beat him every time.

Town Officers of Weymouth and their Post Office Address.

TOWN CLERK.
John A. Raymond, East Weymouth.

TOWN TREASURER.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

SELECTMEN.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

ASSESSORS
John F. Dwyer, Chairman, Weymouth.
Frank H. Torrey, Clerk, North Weymouth.
Waldo Turner, East Weymouth
Warren T. Simpson, South Weymouth.
Edward I. Loud, South Weymouth.
Regular meeting of Board first Wednesday evening of each month at Town Office Savings Bank building, East Weymouth.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.
Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
A. Lillian McGregor, Secretary, E. Weymouth.
E. E. Leonard, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth.
Theron L. Tirrell, South Weymouth.
Prince H. Tirrell, South Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Parker T. Pearson, East Weymouth A case of school on Monday will be at the Athens building; Tuesday at Jefferson; Wednesday at Howe Thursday at Hunt.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.
Frank H. Torrey, Chairman North Weymouth
George E. Bicknell, Clerk, Weymouth.
Robert S. Hoffman, East Weymouth.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth
Edward W. Hunt, Weymouth.

BOARD OF HEALTH.
George E. Emerson, Chairman, So. Weymouth.
Nelson B. Gladwin, Clerk, North Weymouth.
John S. Williams, Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF WATER WORKS.
Ivers M. Low, East Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.
John L. Maynard, East Weymouth.

TAX COLLECTOR.
Winslow M. Tirrell, East Weymouth

FIRE ENGINEERS.
M. O'Dowd, chief, South Weymouth
W. W. Pratt, clerk, East Weymouth.
J. Q. Hunt, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.
Philip W. Wolf, North Weymouth

TREE WARDEN
Charles L. Merritt, South Weymouth.

POLICE OFFICERS.
P. Butler, chief, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
A. H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
Geo. W. Nash, North Weymouth.

CONSTABLES.
Isaac H. Walker, North Weymouth.
George W. Nash, North Weymouth.
Patrick Butler, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
George B. Bayley, South Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
George W Conant, South Weymouth.
Willard F. Hall, East Weymouth.

AUDITORS
William H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John P. Hunt, Weymouth.
Frank N. Blanchard, East Weymouth.

PARK COMMISSIONER.
William H. Clapp, Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth.

SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.
Frank D. Sherman, Weymouth.

REPRESENTATIVE TO GENERAL COURT.
(From Seventh Norfolk District.)
John F. Dwyer, Weymouth, Mass

SENATOR.
(First Norfolk District.
John J. McDevitt, Quincy.

County Officers.

OFFICES AT DEDHAM.

Judge of Probate and Insolvency, James H Flint of Weymouth.

Register of Probate and Insolvency, John D Cobb.

Assistant Register, J. Raphael McCoole.

Clerk of Courts, Louis A. Cook of South Weymouth.

Assistant Clerk, Robert B. Worthington.

Second Assistant, Louis A. Cook, Jr., of South Weymouth.

Register of Deeds, John H. Burdakin.

Assistant Register of Deeds, Edward L. Burdakin.

County Treasurer, Henry D. Humphrey.

Sheriff, Samuel H. Capen.

Special Sheriff, Edward E. Wentworth, Cohasset

County Commissioners, John F. Merrell of Quincy, chairman. Evan F. Richardson, of Millis Everett M. Bowker, Brookline Session every Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Special Commissioners, Fred L. Fisher, of Norwood; Henry A. Whitney, of Bellingham.

District Attorney, (Southeast District, Norfolk and Plymouth), Albert F. Barker, of Brockton Assistant, D. A., Fred L. Katzman, of Hyde Park

Clerk of Dist. Court, (East. Norfolk), Lawrence W. Lyons, of Quincy.

Calendar of County Courts.

Supreme Judicial Court Jury Sitting, third Tuesday of February.

Superior Court, Civil Sessions—For work with Juries—First Monday of January, first Monday of May, and first Monday of October. For Court work—First Monday of February, first Monday of April, first Monday of September, and first Monday of December.

Superior Court, Criminal Sittings—First Monday of April; first Monday of September; first Monday of December.

Probate Court—At Dedham, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, except August. At Quincy, on the second Wednesday of every month, except August. At Brookline, on the fourth Wednesday of every month, except August.

County Commissioners' Meetings—Third Tuesday of April; fourth Tuesday of June; fourth Tuesday of September; last Wednesday of December By adjournment: On Tuesdays, except during August.

District Court of East Norfolk. Jurisdiction Randolph, Braintree Cohasset, Weymouth, Quincy, Holbrook and Milton. Court held at Quincy for criminal business every week day except legal holidays, and for civil business Tuesdays at 9 a. m. Justice, Albert E. Avery, Braintree. Special Justices, E. Granville Pratt, Quincy; Louis A. Cook, Weymouth. Clerk, Lawrence W. Lyons. Asst. James McDonald. Probation Officer, Francis A. Spear, 25 Thayer Street, Quincy. Court Officer and Bail Commissioner, William Marden, 24 Coddington Street, Quincy.

J. L. WILDES
Tuner and Repairer of Pianos and Organs
Reference: Mason & Hamlin Piano and Organ Co.
RESIDENCE:
522 Commercial St., Weymouth Heights

ON THE FARM

Read this column and you can have it delivered at your house with something new every week for a full year by sending $2.00 to this office now.

A great deal of interest is being shown in the poultry convention to be held at the Massachusetts Agricultural College on July 28, 29 and 30. Poultrymen from all parts of the East are asking for programs and it looks as though this convention would bring together a large number of poultry people.

If a new peach, apricot or plum tree develops yellow or little peach, immediately destroy it.

Watch for the little slugs—darkish, slimy fellows—that are likely to be on pear or cherry leaves now.

Now get in the rutabagas. They'll come in nice for stock feed next winter. A tuned under timothy sod will do for them.

The poultry raiser who is too lazy to keep his poultry houses absolutely free from vermin does not deserve success nor will he have it.

—The coolest roof for summer, as well as the warmest for witer, for the poultry house, is made of close-fitting boards covered with a good grade of felt. A tin or iron roof makes a hot poultry house.

Watch your horse. If he stops sweating suddenly, or if he breathes short and quick, or if he stands with his legs braced sideways, he is in danger of a heat or sunstroke and needs attention at once.

A handful of linseed oil meal is all that should be fed to a horse, about once a day, in the grain box. A small handful in the slop is given to a mature sow, or a like amount for four or five pigs. Feed very sparingly at first till the animal become used to it. Mix it with grain or ground feeds.

Eggs and poultry are staple crops, and the demand is far greater than the supply. This country needs more poultry farms, and they will be successful when properly built and managed. But the beginning must be small and the growth gradual, so that every part of the work is properly noted and correctly performed.

In the construction of a barn or other farm building, even to a small poultry house, a substantial foundation is the first important point to be considered. Many build on wood or other weak and perishable foundations, to soon have their buildings out of shape and rotting down. The substantial and durable foundation keeps the building from the damp ground and from decaying, and holds it up from settling out of true shape.

It is noteworthy fact that the most successful poultry farms of today are those that have started from a small beginning and gradually expanded as business and experience warranted. Men who could not get into the dry goods business for reason that "they knew nothing about it," will build poultry houses and stock them, and expect the hens to do the rest.

Hog raisers are constantly looking for cheap and efficient feeds for growing and fattening swine. Besides corn and pasturage, all manner of mixtures in slops and other forms are compounded and used. Digester tankage, running as high as 60 per cent protein, is considered one of the very best concentrates to feed pigs and hogs of all ages in connection with corn, which carries a low percentage of protein, but high in carbohydrates. Tankage and corn, in proper proportions, make almost a perfectly balanced ration for hogs.

The average gardener gives clean cultivation till the middle of the summer and then allows the garden to grow up to tall weeds the rest of the season. The garden is the richest spot on the farm and is capable of producing the most. By planting a succession of crops and using the hoe and cultivator every week, weeds will be kept down, bountiful crops for a long season will be produced, and the garden will always look clean and beautiful.

The old method of free range need not necessarily be changed. The fowls should not, however, be allowed to run at will within the garden or in and about the farm buildings. Nothing is more aggravating or disgusting than to have the nice vegatables or beautiful flowers scratched up, and the doorsteps, the porch, the barn floor and the farm machines fouled with poultry droppings. Separate the poultry also from the other live stock of the farm. This is easily accomplished when undertaken in a businesslike manner.

Poultry men generally should be getting ready now to rid their stocks of old birds. And this for two reasons: One is that old birds are not profitable, and the other is that by getting them to the market, they will make room for younger stock The old birds have done their work. Those in their third year will not lay much during the summer and will then begin to moult If they are kept on the plant, they will go on consuming food and thereby add to the expenses.

Cows, horses, sheep and other animals are so fond of salt and mineral matter that they will eat earth if salt is not supplied them. Chickens and other birds will eat sand, gravel, bits of stone and shells in comparative abundance. This is true whether the birds are laying or not. Male birds also eat these hard bits of mineral matter. Those who succeed best with poultry are careful to supply their birds with plenty of grit and shells. These are ground up in the crop and gizzard to furnish needed mineral matter for bodily maintenance and egg production.

Subscribe now for the Gazette and Transcript. It will cost you less than four cents a week to get this department.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country han all the other diseases put together and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market, It is taken internally in doses of from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Familly Pills for Constipation.

Where a Rainbow Touches the Earth.

In every country in the world rainbow folklore declares that some object of value may be found where the ends of the beautiful arch touch the earth. In Suabia the ends are said to rest on bowls of gold; in Hungary, that cups of silver will be found at the spot where they come in contact with the earth. In Switzerland it is said that a shoe cast over the rainbow will come to the ground on the other side filled to overflowing with gold. In Bosnia it is said that if iron or other base metal happens to be at the spot where the bow touches the ground it will be instantly transformed to pure gold. In many parts of Germany, Poland, Russia, Belgium and Holland it is said to be a golden key that may be found at "the end of the bow." In Portugal and Spain they speak of the "silver hen" having her nest where the bow rests, and in Norway it comes to the ground at a spot where a golden bowl and a silver spoon are hidden. In many of the chief European countries it is said that water touched by the rainbow will cure fits and insanity.

He Paid For the Boots.

According to an old French tale, a number of shoemakers argue the question, Which one of them is the most meekly submissive to his wife? To the one who is least so the host offers to give the best pair of boots in his shop. If any one claims the boots and fails to prove his claim he must pay double price for them. The boots are claimed by a man who declares that he is not afraid of his wife. The man who offered the prize is somewhat taken aback by the man's confident manner, but he determines not to let his boots go without an attempt to save them. "The boots are stiff, I think," he said. "Take this grease with you to soften them, but put it inside your waistcoat, so that my wife may not see it."

"Oh, no," was the reply, and the grease was hastily pushed away. "No; my wife would be frightful mad if I should grease my waistcoat."

Then the other promptly decided that he must pay double price for the boots.

Ill Fated Explorers.

Among the Spaniards who won fame as discoverers and conquerors in America only a very few died peacefully. Here is a list of some of the more important who suffered at the hands of fate: Columbus died broken hearted. Roldin and Bobadilla were drowned. Ovando was harshly superseded. Las Casas sought refuge in a cowl. Ojeda died in extreme poverty. Enciso was deposed by his own men. Nicuessa perished miserably by the cruelty of his party. Vasco Nunez de Balboa was disgracefully beheaded. Narvaez was imprisoned in a tropical dungeon and afterward died of hardship. Cortes was dishonored. Alvarado was destroyed in ambush. Almagro was garroted. Pizarro was murdered and his four brothers cut off, and there was no end to the assassinations and executions of the secondary chiefs among the energetic and daring adventurers.

Power of a Sunflower.

"One of the most remarkable exhibitions of plant life I ever saw," writes John Burroughs in an Atlantic Monthly article, "was in a western city, where I observed a species of wild sunflower forcing its way up through the asphalt pavement. The folded and compressed leaves of the plant, like a man's fist, had pushed against the hard but flexible concrete till it had bulged up and then split and let the irrepressible plant through. The force exerted must have been many pounds. I think it doubtful if the strongest man could have pushed his fist through such a resisting medium."

Her Eight Daily Meals.

Somerset, in England, is rich in names for the interculated meal. In "Red Letter Days" Mrs. Andrew Crosse gives a delectable sketch of her old nurse, a Somersetshire woman, "who lived to be nearly a hundred. She used to say that folks should take their meals regular. All her life she had eaten 'a dew bit and breakfast, a staybit and dinner, a mommet and crummet and a bit after supper'—eight meals in all."

Limitations of Fame.

In Professor Knight's reminiscences of Tennyson it is related that on one occasion when the poet laureate was stopping at an inn in the island of Skye the landlord was asked if he knew who had been staying in his house, and on being informed that it was the poet Tennyson, he replied:

"Lor', to think o' that! And, sure, I thought he was shentleman."

At Stirling some one asked the landlord of the house where the poet was stopping:

"Do you ken who you had wi' you t'other night?"

"Naa, but he was a pleesant shentleman."

"It was Tennyson, the poet."

"And wha' may he be?"

"Oh, he is a writer o' verses such as ye see i' the papers!"

"Noo, to think o' that! Joost a poobllic writer, and I gi'ed him me best bedroom!"

But the charms of Mrs. Tennyson, her gracious manners, did not pass unnoticed, for the landlord said, "Oh, she was an angel!"

A Great Musical Library.

There is no public library which contains so many works of interest to students of music as the one in Manchester, England, says the Musical Courier. Henry Watson, who spent a lifetime in accumulating rare musical works and original scores, bequeathed the entire collection to the Manchester library on the condition that musical students, members of musical societies and all others interested should be allowed free access to it. The Manchester library is very proud of the collection and continues to add to it. Among its treasures is a volume of pieces for viola da gamba, written by English composers of the sixteenth century and the first half of the seventeenth century, and collected in 1650 for a wealthy amateur. Popular songs mentioned by Shakespeare are in this unique and most valuable volume.

The Beggar's Baby.

In the Rue St. Lazare, says the London Mail's Paris correspondent, stood a poor and meanly clad woman who stopped passersby, crying, "Give me a penny for food for my baby," as she pointed to a wailing infant in her arms.

But an observant policeman interfered. It was only when the woman made a particular movement that the infant squealed, and investigation showed that a string which the woman worked with her foot was tied to it. The apparent cruelty resulted in the woman's arrest. Great was the astonishment at the police headquarters when the injured "baby" was found to be a large doll, whose vocabulary consisted of "mamma" and "papa." Further, in the "baby's" clothes were linen articles pilfered from the stalls in the street.

A Remembered Grudge.

Queen Wilhelmina when a small girl found it hard to learn English and perhaps for that reason did not love England. The first map of Europe she drew showed an enormous Holland, a fair sized Belgium and France, but an almost imperceptible Great Britain. To draw particular attention to the diminutive island representing England she wrote below it, "Land of Miss S." (her English governess). Years later the young queen said to the minister plenipotentiary of England:

"Be sure to tell her majesty Queen Victoria that I love Englishwomen—all Englishwomen."

To which the minister bowed, and the queen added:

"All Englishwomen who are not governesses!"

True Love.

An official of the State Charities Aid association of New York, said of eugenics the other day:

"The love match is a good thing for eugenics. By this I mean that it is better for a pretty girl to marry a brave, handsome youth for love—true love—than it is for her to marry an elderly millionaire for his money.

"Mercenary people like to sneer at love in a cottage, and bread and cheese and kisses, and all that sort of thing. But these sneers are false, for when poverty comes in at the door love flies out and gets a good job."—Exchange.

Between Girls.

"It is vulgar to dress so as to attract attention on the street."

"Isn't it."

"I saw Miss Knobby going down the street yesterday in a gown which caused every man she passed to turn and look at her."

"Sure enough! I wonder who is her dressmaker."

"I asked her, but she wouldn't tell me."—Houston Post.

Talking Shop.

Enthusiastic interest in one's occupation is always an advantage, but, on the other hand, it is not well for a woman in business to talk of her work at all times and places. Naturally, the thing that we do constantly is our most absorbing interest, but we must remember that other people have other things to talk about.

Doubtful of God's Power.

"Out of the mouth of babes" frequently come reproaching, regenerating hints of high spiritual value. A little girl whose father was very ill was asked if she had prayed for his recovery. "No," she replied, her innocent eyes wide and solemn. "I did think of it, but then I wondered if it would be any use. I know God's bigger 'n' wiser than people, but I didn't know if he could kill germs."

The Hingham National Bank
Established 1833
Solicits Individual and Business Accounts
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The officers of the Bank are always ready to give their personal attention to the needs of the depositors, and to advise in business matters
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Estimates given on all kinds of Building.
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Now is the time to order screen doors and screens for your windows for the summer.
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Beef, Lamb, Pork, Ham, Bacon and Fowl
Fresh Vegetables as fast as they are in the Market.
Choice Dairy Butter and Fresh Home Laid Eggs
Pure Food Canned Goods from the Best Packers
High Grade Teas, Coffee, Spices and Groceries of all kinds
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25—Allen St. and Commercial St.
26—Allen St. and Shaw St.
27—Commercial St. opp, Fan Shop
29—Commercial St. and Elm St.
31—Elm St. and Middle St.
32—River St. and Middle St.
34—Elm St. and Washington St
35—West St. and Washington St.
36—Ash St. and Hollis Ave.
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41—Union St. and Middle St.
42—Union St. and Washington St.
43—Pearl St. and Washington St.
45—Pearl St, opposite Shoe Factory.
46—Hancock St., private, Hollingsworth
47—Pond St., opp. A. O. Clark's house
48—Franklin St. and Central Ave.
51—Corner Hancock and Highland Ave.
52—Corner Washington St.and South St.
123—Corner Quincy Ave. and Allen St.
125—Liberty St., opp. Elmer Vinton's.
131—Corner Cedar St. and Pleasant St.
135—West St. and Mt. Vernon Ave,
142—Corner Franklin St. and Central St
143—South Braintree Engine House.
145—Fountain St. and Pearl St.
146—Corner Plain St. and Grove St
147—Town St and Pond St
221—Corner Howard St. and Hayward St.
225—Corner Liberty St. and Stetson St.
244—Corner Tremont St. and Hobart St.

For the Ironing Board.

Pad the ironing board with a thick quilt or old blanket, then lay the board on the table and cut a piece of heavy muslin so it will fit the board loosely. Seam it up, leaving the slip open at each end. Make two of these slips and change them frequently, says Mother's Magazine. Thus the ironing board is always clean, and the padding will not have to be changed for months.

Remember the Hot Days Last Summer

Buy Your Electric Iron NOW!

Weymouth Light and Power Company

JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH GEORGE W. PERRY, Gen. Mgr.

A Real Lottery of Marriage

By MARY T. BRYCE

I grew up with a full realization of the great risks attending marriage. I wished that a husband might be selected for me, as marriages are made in foreign countries, especially among princes. If, however, I had left the matter to my parents both of them would have died leaving me an old maid.

And being an old maid was a horror to me. I wished to be a wife, the mother of children, the feminine head of a home. My trouble was to make a selection of the man to be the masculine head. This may sound amiss, but the truth is there were several men who had proposed to me. They were all good men, but I dared not risk matrimony with any of them.

"I know what's the matter with you," said my friend, Mrs. Seamon. "You have never met a man of your own caliber—one who, the moment you saw him, you would wish to possess."

"It wouldn't make any difference," I replied. "I would not marry him. The only way for me to marry is not to know who the bridegroom is to be and be married in the dark. Once tied I would have to get used to it, I suppose."

"I am not sure but you are right. I know such a man as I have described to you. You might be married to him, just as you say, in the dark without ever having seen him. He has never seen you and was only yesterday making the same plaint you have made."

To make a long story short, I became engaged to John Chesborough, knowing only his name and what Mrs. Seamon had said about him. We were to be married in a dark room with not a ray of light in it. As soon as the knot was tied the lights (electric) were to be all turned on at once, and after a few moments' conversation we and a few relatives who would be present were to adjourn to another room and partake of a wedding breakfast. Then we were to part, not to come together again until mutually agreed. It might be a month, a year or never.

Had I been about to marry a man I knew and was to live with him from the day of our marriage I should have during the engagement been on the border of nervous collapse, especially on standing up to be married. As it was, it seemed to me that I was waiting to make a trip or sign a deed to a piece of property or something like that. And when I went into that dark room and my father led me to the spot where I was to be married I was perfectly indifferent as to what I was about to do.

Perhaps this does not correctly express my feelings. I felt a pleasure akin to gambling. I was like one who expects to draw a prize or a blank. How I did hope I would draw a prize! And, if I should draw a blank, what then? Simply this: If I didn't fancy him I would not live with him. The advantage in the plan was that there was something strong enough to bind us together till we might begin a welding process.

Having been put in position, the clergyman began the services. At that part where he placed my hand in that of the groom I knew that I should like him. How? There is something in the clasp of a hand that draws us to another or repels us. I felt that the hand clasping mine was a hand of vigor and tenderness combined, and the moment I clasped it I felt a current passing through it and up my arm, distributing itself through my being.

From that moment I was so absorbed that I forgot to make the responses, and the clergyman was obliged to wait till I had done so before proceeding. When the end came and I heard the words "man and wife" pronounced I was in a delirium of anxiety. For the first time I dreaded disappointment, but I had no time to indulge my emotions. In an instant every light was turned on at once. I turned and looked up into a handsome, manly, kindly face that looked down upon mine with an encouraging smile. A clapping of hands sounded in my ears, but since my whole being was engrossed in what I believed to be a prize I had drawn in the lottery of marriage it seemed to me in some faraway theater.

My husband offered me his arm, and we led the little procession of attendants to the adjoining room, where the breakfast was served. It had been agreed that there should be no congratulations, since they might be painful. But we were no sooner seated at the table than some one proposed a toast to "the first and second prize, the former drawn by the groom, the latter by the bride." I tried not to show my relief and happiness, but in spite of all my efforts a continual smile hovered on my lips and a blush burned in my cheek at every happy word spoken to me.

Our breakfast lasted till early afternoon, when one by one the others withdrew, and presently we found ourselves alone. My husband rose.

"The contract, I believe," he said, "calls for a parting immediately after the breakfast."

"Immediately?" I said, looking I know not where to avoid his gaze.

"I leave you to name the exact time."

"Then let it be later. We will visit awhile in the drawing room."

The only part of the contract that was not carried out was the parting.

I do not recommend the plan of my marriage to others, but for me it was an instantaneous and, I may say, a lifelong success.

PUZZLING ANCHOR ICE.

Its Formation Seems Contrary to the Laws of Nature.

Anchor ice is the popular name given in many parts of this country to the ice formed at the bottom of swiftly running streams. This ice usually forms about stones and logs where the current is disturbed. What gives it interest is the circumstance that its formation seems to be contrary to the laws that govern freezing water.

We know that in still water ice begins to form on the surface. We are told that in cooling down to 39 degrees F. water contracts and that its specific gravity increases so that the colder water will be at the bottom. But in cooling from 39 degrees down to 32 degrees the water expands, and the coldest water will be at the top and freezing will begin there. If the surface is disturbed by wind or by current the crystals cannot attach themselves and ice does not form, though the water be cooled below the freezing point.

It is in these circumstances that ice forms at the bottom. One of the puzzling features of this formation is that it forms where the lower currents seem most disturbed.

The watermen of various localities believe in the possibility of the water freezing at the bottom of a river, the surface remaining fluid. They assert that boat hooks, eel picks, etc., constantly come in contact with a coating of ice at the bottom and that large masses of ice are often seen rising to the surface with mud, weeds and stone adhering. Millers have asserted that the wheels of their water mills have become frozen to the bottom of the stream while the surface of the water was still unfrozen.—Harper's Weekly.

DISCIPLINE IN GERMANY.

Even the Boys Respect Law and Order and Property Rights.

One of the things which apparently escape the attention of most scribbling travelers in Germany is the double line of fruit trees along the public roads. There are several thousand miles of these trees on either side of public roads in northern Germany. Most of them are apple trees.

You know what would happen to those apple trees in any American state? Boys would pick the fruit green, too impatient to wait for it to ripen, and likely enough they would break down the trees getting the fruit. What happens in Germany? The public authorities sell the fruit crop to contractors at from $200 to $500 per mile and apply the proceeds of the sale to the upkeep of the roads. Boys do not steal the apples. Nor is it necessary to maintain a policeman every 100 feet to prevent such mischief.

Why are the German boys so much more respectful of property rights than American boys? Is the difference racial? I hardly think so. It's a difference of training probably. I'm inclined to believe the universal military training, with its constant strict insistence upon obedience to law and order and the strong element of moral training in the public school curriculum, added to the knowledge that offenses against public property will be promptly and severely punished, accounts for the safety of the public orchards which line the roadways of Germany.

Respect for the law and for other people's rights seems to be ingrained in the German character.—Frank Putnam in National Magazine.

A Society Caution.

The strange medley of which New York society is composed led Frederick Townsend Martin to say at a luncheon:

"Society, for all its diversities and contradictions, is uniform in one thing—and that one thing is a lack of culture.

"A society woman, newly rich, as her limousine glided down Fifth avenue said to her daughter:

"'My dear, at the dinner dance last night you talked entirely too much about Ibsen and Bernard Shaw and Tolstoy.'

"'Dear me! Why?' the daughter asked.

"'Strangers,' the mother explained, 'will be apt to think you were once employed in a book shop.'" — New York Tribune.

Flax as a Garden Plant.

He who has seen a German flax field waving its fine feathery green leaves, rippling like water in the lightest breeze and opening myriads of pale blue blossom eyes to the sun, may be glad to know that a flax bed is within the reach of every flower lover. Flax will grow almost everywhere. It should be closely sown in well worked ground and kept well watered.—Suburban Life.

The Reason Why.

The information editor received this letter from a fresh youth:

"Kindly tell me why a girl always closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her."

The editor replied:

"If you will send us your photograph we may be able to tell you the reason."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Making Amends.

"Well, I can't sell my novel—the one in which the hero starved to death."

"And what are you doing now?"

"Revising it for my own satisfaction and giving him a banquet in every chapter."—Washington Herald.

Courtship Days Are Bad.

Madge—Don't you think a girl should marry an economical man? Dolly—I suppose so; but it's awful being engaged to one.—Brooklyn Citizen.

He that is proud eats up himself.—Shakespeare.

CHURCH SERVICES

Under this heading the pastors of ALL the churches are cordially invited to make such announcements of services, etc., as they may wish. We only stipulate that such notices to be inserted shall reach us at the least on Thursday morning of each week—the day before publication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Baraca Young Men's Class, 12.00 Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15. Evening service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30.

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth) Rev William Hyde, rector. Service with sermon at 10.30 a m and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 12.00 m.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. Albert V. House, Pastor. Morning service at10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E meeting at 6 p. m

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Weymouth.) Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday school at 1.15 p m.; preaching at 2.30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Braintree.) Rev Nelson Allen Price, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Junior League, 4.30 p.m. Epworth League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching service 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Wey) Lord's Day services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Bible School 12 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 5.45 P. M. on Sunday.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Weymouth and Braintree.) Rev. Robert H Cochrane, pastor orning service at 10.30 Sunday School at 12. Y. P. S. C. E at 6.00. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. George A. Grant, pastor. Morning worship and preaching at 10.30. Sunday School at noon. Epworth League meeting at 6.30 p m. Evening service at 7.30. Tuesday evenings, 7.45 p. m. prayer meetings. Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth Heights.) Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor. Morning service at 1030. Evening service at 7.00. Sunday-school at 11.45 a. m. Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Charles Clark, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A cordial welcome is extended to all of these services. Preaching at both morning and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. Walter H. Commons, pastor. Morning worship at 10.30. Sunday school at 11.45. Evening service at 7.00 Tuesday evening service at 7.30.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Weymouth.) Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10 30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. C. U. at 5.30 p. m

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Minister; William Wallace Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m.

PORTER M E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner) Rev. J. W. Reynolds pastor. Preaching service at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 11.45. a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South Weymouth) Rev. D. J. Crimmins, rector Sundays- Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Rosary and Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days: Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Weymouth) Rev. J. B. Holland, rector Sunday — Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at 4 p m. Week days—Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (East Weymouth) Rev. James W. Allison, rector. Rev. Maurice Lynch, assistant. Masses Sunday at 8 and 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Vespers at 7.45 p. m Masses week days at 7 and 7.30.

ST. JEROME'S CHURCH (North Weymouth). Pastor, Rev. James W. Allison, Assistant, Rev. Maurice Lynch. Mass, Sunday at 9. Sunday School at 3.

ZION'S HILL CHAPEL (East Weymouth) Social service at 2 and 6.30 p m. Rev. E. W. Smith, Preacher.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree). Preaching at 10.30 A.M Kindergarden class in charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at 10.30. Second session of this class at 11.45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45 All are welcome..

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST (of Quincy, Alpha Hall cor. Hancock st and Cottage Ave.) Morning service and Sunday School at 10 45. Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., an experience and testimony meeting. Reading room open every week day from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject, Sunday morning July 20, "Life."

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Daily Thought.

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Weymouth Gazette
AND TRANSCRIPT

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE

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All communications must be accompanied with the name of the writer, and unpublished communications cannot be returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed

Notices of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 10 cents per line in the reading matter, or regular rates in the advertising columns.

Pass the hat for Mr. Bryan The public is given to understand that with a stored up capitol of $170,000 and a salary of $12,000 he is unable to buy the necessaries of life without a supplementary revenue.

It is pretty well demonstrated this week that there are modern inventions and appliances for responding to fire alarms which are far ahead of those in use in some parts of the town. Could we have a guarantee that there should be a fire in but one part of the town at the same time there is much which might be said in favor of a central fully equipped department with night and day paid men, but fires are uncertain quantities and the extremes of Weymout's fire hazards are far apart. The "Combination" in Ward 3 is however throwing light on the mixed question and every citizen should make a careful study of our Fire Department and prepare himself to vote intelligently when the vote is called for.

Castle Garden.

Castle Garden was built by the United States in 1807 from the plans of Lieutenant Colonel Jonathan Williams, C. E., and was called Fort Clinton. In 1822 it was ceded to New York city In 1824 it became a place of amusement and about 1826 got the name of Castle Garden. In 1845 there were Ethiopian minstrels there, in 1847-9 theatrical companies played there, and in 1850 Jenny Lind sang there. In 1855 it was closed as a place of amusement, and the commissioners of immigration took it as an immigrant depot. In 1870 it suffered from fire, and on July 9, 1876, it was burned to the ground. It was rebuilt at once. In 1892 the depot was moved to Ellis island, and Castle Garden reverted to the city, which in 1896 opened an aquarium there

Welsh Gold Mines Still Worked.

Welsh gold mines, in one of which a rich vein is reported to have been struck, have been systematically worked for over sixty years. Gold was first discovered in the principality in 1845, in a lode, on the Clogan mountain.

LOVELL'S CORNER

—Miss Lillian Carleigh entertained a number of her young friends at her home on Pleasant street Tuesday afternoon in honor of her tenth birthday. Games were enjoyed and refreshments were served by Mrs John Inkley.

—Miss Jane Trrrell of Chicago has spending the past two weeks with her mother, Mrs. Caroline Tirrell.

—Miss Helen Hanley was quite seriously hurt while stepping from a street car in front of her home last Wednesday evening

—Samuel Richards of South Boston spent Sunday with his brother, Agustus Richards of Pleasant street.

—Master Albert Costa is ill at his home on Washington street.

—Master Albert Costa is ill at his home on Washington street with Scarlet Fever.

—Walter Chapman of Roslindale spent Sunday with relatives in this place

—Wallace Bancroft is enjoying a weeks vacation.

—The Ladies' Aid held a food sale in the vestry this Friday afternoon.

—Mrs. Thomas Merrill and Mrs. Abbie Turner who have been spending the past six months in California, spent Sunday with their brother, Alanzo Pratt.

—Miss Lezette White is spending a few days with relatives at Nantasket.

—Frank N. Blanchard has accepted a position as assistant foreman of the stitching room at C. H. Alden's, Abington.

—Miss Doris Burrell of Brockton spent a few days this week with her grandparents, Mr and Mrs. Orin Poole.

—Miss Mae Evans of Cohasset spent last week as the guest of Mrs. Thomas Roberts.

—Miss Marguerite Bates of Boston is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Wadleigh.

—Herbert MacFawn has broken ground for a house on Pleasant street.

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS

—Miss Mary Loud is summering at the White Mountains, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Bates and family are enjoying ten days at Hampton, N. H.

—Miss Ruth Freeman is visiting relatives in Belmont.

—Mrs. Harriett Merrill of Woonsocket, R. I., was a week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Merrill.

—Miss Lilla Adams of Stoughton, has been making a visit with her sister, Mrs. Rufus Bates.

—William Boudro of Somerville is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Durant.

—The Old North Sunday School held its annual picnic at Island Grove Park, Abington, last Saturday and by invitation, the Pilgrim church of North Weymouth united with them. At 10 o'clock a special car left W. J. Sladen's store. The park was found to be an ideal spot for a picnic and the lake nearby afforded much enjoyment. A base ball game was part of the afternoon's program, which was followed by races of all kinds managed by R. S. Gilmore. A very social and pleasant time was spent by both young and old.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to express our thanks to the many friends who helped to lighten the burden of our sorrow by their thoughtful acts and remembrances. Their sympathy and assistance is most gratefully appreciated.

MRS. MARIA HALLORAN
and family.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Whiting left on Tuesday, July 8th, on an automobile trip to Poland Springs, Maine. From there they will tour across New Hampshire into Vermont.

—Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Alden of Middleboro are the guests of their son, Arthur H. Alden of Bridge street.

—Mrs. Mary Nesbit has returned home from a six months' trip in New York and New Jersey.

—Mrs. Edwin Goodwin and son of Auburn, Maine are spending a few weeks in town.

—Edgar Stiles is enjoying a two weeks' vacation from his duties with Smith Patterson & Co. of Boston.

—Mrs. Max Spavin and son of Wakefield are visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Walker.

—Miss Margaret Dingwall is enjoying a few weeks in camp at Pittsfield.

—Thomas McCue is ill at his home on Norton street.

—Miss Mabel Sampson and Miss Louisa Kittredge, left Monday for two weeks at Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire.

—Mrs. Howard Denton is entertaining her father, Thomas Hart of Providence, R. I.

—Miss Doris Torrey is the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Torrey at Nantasket.

—Mrs. W. T. Seabury and son, Roland and Mrs. Alice Coolidge have gone to Peak's Island, Maine, for the summer.

—Mrs. Eliza A. Pratt of Brockton and Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Nye of Methuen have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Spencer of Norton street the past few weeks.

—Mrs. B. F. Thomas entertained friends at a dinner party on Wednesday of last week. Guests were present from Braintree, Quincy, Weymouth, East Weymouth and North Weymouth.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Earl Marsden of Philadelphia and Mrs. M. McDurston of Boston were guests of Miss Katherine E. Turner during the week end.

—Murray Parker and family of Pierce Court have moved to Springfield this week

—Roy F. Vining is enjoying a two weeeks' vacation.

—The Weymouth Light & Power Co. has placed an electric light at the corner of Curtiss and Neck street.

—Mrs. F. W. Crawford and son Alfred of Holbrook have been visiting Mrs. W. A. Pratt of Curtiss street, this week.

—Irving Prentiss of Chicago is spending his vacation as the guest of his mother Mrs. F. H. Prentiss of Moulton avenue.

—Mrs. T. H. Powers is entertaining her niece, Miss Bertha Slade of Rockland.

—Mrs. A. E. Beals with a party of friends has been on an automobile trip through New Hampshire and Vermont. At Bennington, Vermont, an accident occurred but fortunately no one was seriously injured. The machine was so badly damaged that the party were obliged to return by train.

—The high wind and storm on Thursday of last week did considerable damage about the town. The railroad track at Cliff street was so covered with sand that it was necessary to shovel it out before the cars could pass. A horse chestnut tree and an apple tree on Edward Brown's place were blown over, also tree's at Dr. W. A. Drakes, C. H. Chubbuck's, a very large elm on the premises of M. H. Sherman and many others.

—By invitation of the Weymouth Heights Sunday School the Pilgrim Sunday school held their annual picnic with them at Island grove, Abington, on Saturday, July 12th. Special cars conveyed the company to the grove where the day was spent with races, ball games, boating and a general good time. It was a most enjoyable time for all present. Rev. Chas. Clark, R. S. Gillmore and Miss Lillian Curtiss were in charge of the picnic.

EYES OF NEEDLES.

Why They Never Rust Nor Cut the Very Finest, Softest Thread.

Millions of needles are sold daily. It was not so long ago when the thread in the needle was cut by the sharp edges left in the eye after manufacture. The smaller the needle the sharper the edge and the greater the annoyance to users. Then, again, the eye would rust, for a woman will dampen the end of the thread on her tongue in order to make a point so that the needle may be threaded more easily. Complaint was loud and long, and orders were passed down the line to produce an eye in the smallest needle that could not cut the finest and softest thread in the world.

This was done by inventing a new machine in the shape of die cutters for the making of the eyes. The points on these minute augers are so small that they cannot be seen with the naked eye or detected by the most delicate sense of touch. A microscope is necessary. So it was essential to invent new machines to manufacture the dies and to sharpen the tiny drills.

Polishers and burnishers had to be made that would finish off every rough edge in an instant almost because needles sell a dozen or so for a few cents. When this was done the needles were placed in a rack, through which the eyes projected and held so tightly that when immersed in water only the eyes were covered. In this way the heads of the needles became the negative pole of a powerful battery, and in a few moments the eyes of several million needles were gold plated and hence rendered rust proof.—Harper's.

DAMP, DARK DAYS.

And Their Depressing Effects Upon the Human System.

Next time it is a dark, dreary day and you are sure that you have some really terrible ailment don't worry. Just cheer up and realize that there is nothing the matter with you except that the weather is damp, and the first sunny day will be sure to set you right.

At least this is the opinion of Dr. Rankin, a London physician, who has been giving lectures on the subject of health and happiness. He attributes most of the ordinary woes of humanity to the damp weather and explains his theory scientifically.

"In damp weather," he says, "the skin does not perform its functions properly. Products which should be thrown off in perspiration remain and clog the skin. Under ordinary circumstances in a normal temperature the amount of vapor passing from the skin reaches thirty ounces per day. In moist air the amount passing out from the skin is reduced to seven or eight ounces.

"As perspiration contains poisonous properties, it is not surprising that during damp weather these poisonous properties which are retained in the body lower the vitality and produce various temporary ailments."

So it's really a comfort to know that when we do not feel "well" in damp weather it is no sign of constitutional ill health, but just the weather.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Value of Association.

Nobody ever did people any good by standing aloof. If the benefits of an electric lamp are to shine they must first touch and then keep close together.

Meat Inspectors Use Camera.

Meat inspectors in Berlin are employing the moving picture camera in their work, enlarged photographs showing micro-organisms in motion if the meat is diseased.

TRUNKS BAGS SUIT CASES

Priced Near Cost For Quick Selling

Splendid assortments here to choose from. Attractive, well made, reliable goods, at very lowest prices. Free delivery by auto trucks.

Trunks $2.98 up to $12.00 | Traveling Bags 98c up to $8.75

CANVAS, MATTING, FIBRE AND LEATHER SUIT CASES
89c, 98c, $1.29, $2.25, $3.50, $5.00, $6.50, up to $9.75

LEGAL STAMPS TOO

Starting Saturday, July 26

Our August Furniture Sale

Outdoor Furnishings marked down for quick clearance. New Furniture for every room in the house at prices made possible by our exceptional good luck in buying. See circulars.

Henry L. Kincaide & Co., Quincy

Open Friday, Saturday and Monday Evenings Close Wed. at 1 P. M.

FURNITURE—PIANOS—RUGS—RANGES

TRY A BOTTLE OF

Armour's Best Grape Juice

10c 25c, 50c a bottle It is delicious

SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY

DANIEL REIDY, Pharm. D.

DRUGGIST

781 Broad St., East Weymouth, Mass.

White Flannel Trousers---$5

You can have them all white or with black or blue hair-line stripes. All wool and an extra fine quality.

Other outing trousers, with and without cuffs, in the latest styles and best weaves, $2.50 to $5.

The Best Balbriggan Underwear In All This Wide World--50c Garment

Men who want separate undergarments will like this Balbriggan Underwear. It's a snug fitter, yet it conforms to every line of the figure and conforms to every change of position or play of the muscles.

GEORGE W. JONES

1 Granite St. "Just around the Corner" Quincy

TO THE PUBLIC

We wish to call your attention to the opportunity of securing the benefit of the many advantages of a Gas Kitchen. During the months of July and August we will install Gas Ranges and Gas Water Heaters, and allow one year to pay for them. In this way the appliance practically pays for itself, from the money saved by its operation. In addition to the saving in operating cost, you can have a modern, sanitary and highly efficient Gas Kitchen. You should inquire among your friends and neighbors who are using gas and be governed by their experience and order a Gas Range and Water Heater AT ONCE as NOW is the time to take advantage of this opportunity.

A Cabinet Gas Range and Water Heater at less than $1.00 per week. This is a business opportunity which you cannot afford to miss. There is positively a time limit on this offer. Order Now.

OLD COLONY GAS CO.

SPECIAL SALE

JULY 3 TO 12 INCLUSIVE

BOSTON CASH MARKET CO.

LINCOLN SQUARE **Tel. Weymouth 248**

Butter . . .	30c and 32c lb.	Catsup . .	10c size, 4 for 25c
Best Creamery Butter received daily		50c Tea . . .	sale price 30c lb.
Eggs . . .	sale price 25c doz.	Shredded Wheat . . .	12c
Coffee . .	35c, sale price 25c	Lenox Soap . . .	7 for 25c
Evaporated Milk all kinds	3 for 25c	Welcome Soap . . .	6 for 25c
Corn . .	7c each, 4 for 25c	American Scouring Soap .	11 for 25c
Sardines . .	10c value, 3 for 25c		

SUGAR, with other goods 4½c. No stamps

FLOUR

MUSKETEER 75c, sale price 72c — CAPITOL 80c, sale price 77c
PILLSBURY'S 85c, sale price 82c — GOLD MEDAL 85c, sale price 82c
SPECIAL PASTRY FLOUR 72c

Kellogg's Corn Flakes 9c **Pure Cocoa 22c, sale price 15c**
Class Mustard 8c, 3 for 25c

Legal Stamps on Teas and Coffees Only

BASE BALL

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 3.30 P. M.

Clapp Memorial Grounds, East Weymouth

BRAINTREE WHITE SOX vs. CLAPP MEMORIAL

Lineup for C. M. A.—Wall c, Sullivan p, McCarthyss, Casey 1b, Scudder 2b, Gloster 3b, Humphrey lf, Hoyt cf, Drinkwater rf.

The C.M.A. nine has been strengthened by the addition of Scudder the Hingham star at second base; "Bill" Sullivan as pitcher and Hoyt, formerly of the Makarias in center field. A fast game is assured for tomorrow afternoon.

Coal - COAL - Coal

BEST QUALITY OF ALL KINDS. ALL-RAIL ANTHRACITE IS SUPERIOR

CHARLES T. LEAVITT, Successor to H. M CURTISS COAL Co

Yard, Wharf St., EAST WEYMOUTH. Tel .21-2

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TO SAVE TIME, TROUBLE AND MONEY

FOR

Hardware, Cutlery, Paints and Oils

Family Groceries, Table Delicacies, Crockery, Patent Medicines Cigars and Tobacco.

Jackson Square East Weymouth, Mass.



C. R. Denbroeder

Straw Hats Marked Down One Third

MEN'S and BOY'S

SUITS AND FURNISHINGS

750 Broad St. - East Weymouth

"The White Store"

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE GAZETTE.

The Romantic Salute.

The young lieutenant in his trim and elegant uniform saluted in the stiff and yet somehow graceful military manner a pretty matron.

"The military salute," he said, "is peculiarly appropriate to you, madam. Do you happen to know its origin?"

"No."

"Well, its origin goes back to the days of chivalry, to the tournaments of the middle ages. In those tournaments the knights, before the combat began, rode past the queen of beauty on her throne. As they caracoled by her they simultaneously brought the hand to the horizontal position above the brows, then dropped it to the side again—a genuine military salute. And this they did in their chivalrous way to protect their eyes from the blinding rays of the queen of beauty's loveliness. That, madam, is the origin of the military salute, and that is why the military salute is so appropriate to one like you."—Los Angeles Times.

A Sermon on Stones.

Sam Buckalew was a lone policeman in a little town in Tennessee. His main duties were to look out for trouble in the negro part of the town down by the creek, especially on Saturday nights. Came one night a general fight in the bottom, after a dance in a cabin. The engagement, starting inside, grew too large to be accommodated indoors and continued outside. Rocks were handy, and the fracas extended. Sam Buckalew heard it all from a safe distance, but made no attempt to drive the enemy across the Yalu. The justice of the peace called Sam to account next day.

"Why, looky here, Tom Keel—you all's honor, I mean," Sam Buckalew protested, "them rocks was flyin' near as thick as wheat beards. Maybe they wasn't aimin' to hit me, but don't you all know rocks ain't got no eyes?"—New York Post.

Two Curious Autographs.

One of the most expensive autograph albums ever bought was that purchased by Lord Clancarty at Paris in 1831 for the sum of £1,500.

Among these autographs, all of which bear the signatures of celebrated personages, there are two which are curious because of their brevity. The first one reads:

"Mlle. Clairon has no bread. Lucien Bonaparte."

The other consists of two lines only:

"Good for 2,000 francs, payable on sight to Mlle. Clairon by the treasurer of the ministry. Chaptal."

The money was paid within the hour.

These two slips of paper are witnesses to the fact that the claims of want and suffering were recognized by the French government even during the most turbulent times of its existence.—London Post.

The Conquest of Disease.

The wonderful achievements wrought by bacilli cultures and the preparation of preventive serums place modern physicians in a position surpassing that of the ancient magi or medieval alchemists and render their services to mankind more striking than the proudest exploits of Alexander or Cyrus. In the campaign against virulent diseases the quiet microscopist in his study, be he a Pasteur, Flexner or Carrel, is unostentatiously warring with armies the conquest of which outmatches the military feats of a Caesar or a Charlemagne.—Philadelphia Press.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—Miss Evelyn Greeley has had as her recent guest Miss Myra Loud of Rockland.

—William Allison and family has moved to Syracuse, N. Y., where Mr. Allison is foreman in a shoe factory.

—Judge Wentworth and family are at their summer home at Nantucket for the season.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Alger are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, last Thursday.

—Miss Lora Hackett has taken a position as clerk in a dry goods store in Rockland.

—Several horsemen in this section have started training their horses at the Fair grounds for the annual series of fall races in eastern Massachusetts. Among those who have begun active training are George Barnard and William Dowse. The former has nine horses in harness and the latter two.

—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Willis are passing a two weeks' vacation at Bailey's Island, Maine, as guests of Rev. and Mrs. L. W. Attwood, formerly of this place.

—Mr. and Mrs. Howard H. Joy have gone on an auto trip to New Hampshire this week.

—Miss Dorothy Nash will pass the next two weeks at Provincetown with a party of girl friends.

—Mrs. Martin Derby is entertaining her nephew, Fred Wale of Imperial Valley, Cal.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Barnard have returned from their wedding trip and have taken up their residence on Main street.

—E. L. Bates, flagman for many years at the Pond street railroad crossing, has retired.

—The Social circle of the Universalist church held a lawn party yesterday afternoon and evening.

—Mrs. Christopher Sinnett has had as her recent guest, Mrs. Charles Tinkham of Medford.

—The funeral of Arthur G. Keene, who passed away early last week, was held at his home on Hollis street last Saturday. The service was conducted by Rev. William Wallace Rose, pastor of the Universalist church in this place. Interment was in the Marshfield Hills cemetery.

—Miss Ruth Alvord left on Tuesday for Lake Lebec, Maine, where she will spend two weeks camping with classmates of Mt. Holyoke college.

—About $36 was realized by the Village Study club at the performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" held recently on the lawns of the residence of H. B. Reed. The club has voted to add to this amount sufficient money to make up the sum of $50 which will be presented to the Fogg Library.

—The South Weymouth grange attended a neighborhood meeting in South Weymouth last Tuesday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Blanchard arrived home the first of the week from a trip to Maine.

—Ground was broken the first of the week by Lincoln Stowell for a new house on the corner of Park avenue and Main street.

—Miss Eva Derby of New York is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Abbott Derby of Randolph street.

—The ladies of the Tuesday evening whist club enjoyed an outing at Nantasket Tuesday afternoon and evening. Supper was enjoyed at Richards' hotel and the evening was spent in enjoying the several places of amusement along the beach and in Paragon Park.

Universalist Church.

Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School and Kindergarten at 11.45. You will find a cordial welcome with us, and your children in our Sabbath school.

Sunday Mr. Rose will give the last sermon in under the general topic of the "Kingdom of Heaven. "Title, "The Final Question." These sermons are short, practical and helpful.

CARD OF THANKS.

Our Fourth of July celebration was a success, thanks to the committee who perservered in the face of discouragement and insisted that it could and should be done. For their splendid work I desire to publicly thank them, also the Clapp Memorial Association for the use of its building and grounds, Col. W. W. Castle for his appropriate and splendid oration, the Old Colony Gas Co. for the use of its truck, and all others who in any way contributed towards making such a celebration possible. It was a grand day and everything went well. T'will be easier next time. For and in behalf of the Selectmen and Board of Trade,

E. W. HUNT.

Maxim of Experienced Housewife.

A woman who plays bridge has no right to complain if her husband joins two or three lodges.

Catty.

"My husband," she said, "always wants me to look my best, no matter what the cost." "Well," her friend replied, "one can hardly blame him for feeling as he does."—Chicago Record-Herald.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of MARY C. TOBIN, late of Weymouth in the County of Norfolk, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

THOMAS S. TOBIN, Administrator.

(Address) Care of D. W. Haggerty, Atty. 404 Barristers Hall, Boston, Mass. Boston, July 16, 1913. 16-20

PAUPER SNOBS OF INDIA.

Beggars That Will Not Work Because They Are Aristocrats.

One-fourth of the Anglo-Indian population in India is supported by charity. For the Anglo-Indian thinks that work is beneath him, and really at heart he is a born snob. It isn't drunkenness which makes him an object of charity, for there is comparatively little drunkenness among the poor in India. Nor is it the seasonal trades, as it sometimes is with us, for work there is continuous the year round. Neither is it the monotony of a dreary home or daily toil that drives him to drink and then to poverty. For there is no part of Calcutta where there are people of one social grade, but the homes of the poor are interspersed with the rich.

He is a pauper purely and simply because he is an aristocrat. He has English blood in his veins and he wants to live like the English, and the English in India are the successful and the rich. They have their well appointed homes, their servants and every luxury. The Englishman who works with his hands, the men in the factories, the day laborers, the frontiersmen, the farmers are not found in India. The beggar snob does not know of their existence. He knows only the coolies and the Hindus, who work with their hands, and he will not be one of them. He wishes to pattern his life after the Englishman whom he knows. He wants to have a servant and be waited on, and if he cannot he will not work. To dig with a shovel is a disgrace in his eyes and begging is infinitely more respectable.

So the Anglo-Indian pauper is supported on a scale better than that of the faithful workmen among the Hindus and coolies, and the burden of the charity falls on the rich English. The wealthy Hindus will take none of the responsibilities. They say that the Englishman created this class and that on him falls the weight of support.

There is another cause of this poverty also, apart from this strong false sentiment. That is the insanitary conditions of life which cause the death of the father of the household at an early age. This reduces the family to pauperism at once, as the lines of work open to the Anglo-Indian woman which she will accept are practically none.—Chicago Tribune.

INGENIOUS SUNDIALS.

They Were Quite Popular In Paris In the Eighteenth Century.

Parisians have always been extremely devoted to sundials, and it is probable that the French capital possesses a greater number of these time indicating devices than any other city in the world.

Even in the eighteenth century the sundial was most popular in Paris, and fashion singled out for its choice the sundial of the Palais Royale. Every day at noon this was the center of interest of an eager crowd. A writer of that period tells of a "great crowd in the corner of the Palace Royale garden, standing motionless with their noses in the air," each was waiting for noon, having his watch in hand, ready to set at 12 o'clock.

When the Duke of Orleans was altering the palace in 1782 the Parisians were much disturbed, thinking that they were to be deprived of their favorite sundial. But the duke not only preserved the sundial, but added to it a little powder magazine, which was so arranged that it exploded when the sunlight fell upon it, thus notifying every one who heard the explosion that the hour of noon had arrived. Later a cannon which was discharged by the sun at noon took the place of the little powder magazine.

Buffon arranged an ingenious dial in the botanical garden. A globe which represented the earth was suspended by a hair. The hair was burned through by the sun at noon, and the globe fell upon a Chinese gong.—St. Louis Republic.

The Greatest Discovery.

We were talking of the great discoveries and wondering which was the greatest, and some of us suggested electricity, wireless telegraphy, flying machines and microbes and anaesthetics. One fell back on steam, but another—a reticent man usually—remarked that the most surprising discovery of man was that this earth moves round the sun and is not the most important small holding in the universe.—London Spectator.

Began to Enjoy Himself.

"He stayed so late that in desperation I brought out the graphophone about 11:30 and played 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"Did that start him?"

"Quite the contrary. When he learned we had a graphophone he made me play about every record we had."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What She Had.

Swabbs married a widow on being told that she had an ocean of money. He afterward found she did not have a bank account at all. He had only been told that she had a notion of money, which he found out soon enough.—London Telegraph.

A Second Edison.

Farmer—Yes, sir. That hired man of mine is one of the greatest inventors of the century. City Boarder—You don't say! What did he invent? Farmer—Petrified motion.—Judge.

Rather Odd.

"It's pretty expensive to have one's own lawyer."

"But it doesn't cost anything to keep one's own counsel."—Boston Transcript.



HIGHLAND LINEN

is a writing paper especially adapted to vacation time. It comes in neat boxes that you can be proud to carry around with you at your summer resort. It is a paper that doesn't crumple easily and it is just heavy enough to let you write upon it outdoors without having it flutter in a breeze.

In texture and shape Highland Linen meets every requirement of the most exacting person. Yet with all its good taste, this is not a paper restricted to those who can afford to spend a great deal on their stationery. You will be surprised when you ask us to tell you the price—most agreeably surprised. Let us tell you today.

HUNT'S

On The Corner

EAST WEYMOUTH

Worry and Work

Worry and work are masters hard
That all of us know too well;
We find them on most every street
No matter where we may dwell.

Worry never makes life pleasant
For ourselves or those around;
With work and worry we will find
That our minds will get unsound.

Then give up worry these hot days,
'Twill do you a heap of good;
Try some of Whitcomb's Subway Bread,
One of the finest for food.

If you are going to the beach
Just for the day or longer;
His Subway Bread will please you best
And surely make you stronger.

WHITCOMB'S

For

Screens and Screen Doors, Poultry Wire, Drinking Fountains for Poultry, Cedar Mist Spray for Moths, Roaches, Water Bugs, Etc.

Rubber Hose, and everything in the Hardware Line go to

F. W. STEWART'S

Hardware.

Washington Sq. Weymouth

Telephone Weymouth 88 15 tf

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION

P. S. C. 16. Boston, July 14, 1913.

On the petition of the Bay State Street Railway Company for approval of location in Bridge street, at Weymouth Back river, in the town of Weymouth, established under an order of the selectmen of said town dated June 21, 1913, the Commission will give a hearing to the parties in interest at its office, No. 20 Beacon street, Boston, on Wednesday, the twenty-third day of July, instant, at ten-thirty o'clock in the forenoon.

And the petitioner is required to give notice of said hearing by publication hereof once prior to said date in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in Weymouth, to serve a copy hereof on the town of Weymouth and make return of service at the time of hearing.

By order of the Commission,

18-21 CHARLES E. MANN, Secretary.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of JONATHAN RECORD, late of Weymouth in the County of Norfolk, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called to make payment to

J. D. LONG, Executor.

(Address.) Hingham, Mass. July 17, 1913. 16-2

THE PURCHASE PRICE;

OR,

THE CAUSE OF COMPROMISE

By EMERSON HOUGH

Copyright, 1910, by Emerson Hough

CHAPTER XVIII.

In Old St. Genevieve.

ON a certain day late in the winter Hector Fournier was among those who waited for the boat to land at St. Genevieve. He was much surprised when he saw coming from the gangplank and beckoning to him a distinguished and handsomely clad lady. For an instant, abashed, he could find no speech—then suddenly he jerked off his cap and stood smiling.

"It is madame!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," rejoined Josephine St. Auban, "it is I. And I am glad to see St. Genevieve again, and you, M. Hector. Tell me—ah, about that infant, that baby of ours!"

It was a proud and happy Jeanne who greeted her former mistress at the little cottage with the green blinds and the ivy, which lay close upon the street of St. Genevieve—Jeanne, perhaps a trifle more fleshy, a shade more French and a touch less Parisian in look, more mature and maternal, yet after all, Jeanne, her former maid. The first coherent speech, as in the case of Hector, was regarding this most extraordinary infant, whose arrival seemed to be thus far regarded as a matter of national importance. In this view also shared Mme. Fournier the elder, mother of Hector, who also presently welcomed the newcomer to the home.

A strange feeling of relief, of rest and calm, came over Josephine St. Auban, a lady of rank in another world, where an incident such as this could not have been conceived. Here it seemed not only possible, but covetable. The first babble of congratulations and greetings over, she settled down to the quiet of the room assigned to her and gave a sigh as of one who at last finds harborage. If only this might go on forever! If only the street might always be thus silent, the roof thus sheltering, the greetings of simple friends thus comforting! She made no plans for herself, no announcement to others of possible plans. It was enough to remain thus, for a night at least. She was very weary, body and soul.

"We are not rich, Mme. Countess," said Hector the next morning at the breakfast table, "but, my faith, it is not so bad here. We have not much to offer madame, but such as it is, it is quite hers."

"I could willingly tarry with you always, Hector," said she, "if that were right."

"Right?" demanded Hector, swelling out his chest. "Why is it not right?" He doubled up a mighty arm to show where the muscles rose upon it. "See, I am strong. What is one more mouth to feed? Could it even come to that for one of madame's wealth? Madame but jests. Did not madame bring me that Jeanne there? Ah, if only it were right for her to linger with us how happy we should be!"

The sturdy speech of the fresh looking, good hearted fellow touched the heart of a woman so world weary. For a time she said nothing of plans, even to herself. It was not long before the baby of Jeanne found a place upon her knee, and Jeanne herself, though jealous, was willing to surrender her dearest rights, at least for a time.

But always the eyes of this world weary woman were lifted up to the hills. She found herself gazing out beyond the street of St. Genevieve toward the Ozarks, where once she had traveled—true, against her will, but yet through scenes which she now remembered.

"Madame remembers that man yonder, that savage, Dunwodee?" began Jeanne one day apropos of nothing—"that savage most execrable, who was so unkind to madame and myself, but who made love so fiercely? He has at last, thank heavens, come to justice. Is it not true that human beings find ever their deserts?"

"What do you mean, Jeanne?"

"Of the congress of this state, where he is so long a member, he is now not a member. He has fail'—he has been defeat'."

"I thought he was sure of re-election so long as he chose," commented Josephine, with feigned indifference.

"There is talk—I do not understand these matters—that he has change his coat, as one says, and gone over to the side of that man Benton. Yet one says that Benton was always his enemy. Me, I do not understand. I have the baby."

"What is that you tell me?" suddenly demanded Josephine. "That Mr. Dunwody has changed his political beliefs—that he has become Free Soiler?"

Jeanne nodded. "I think it is so name'. I know little of such matters, naturally. To me my infant here is of much more importance than any question of free soil."

"Yes, yes, Jeanne! I do not doubt that. But now you were speaking of Mr. Dunwody"—

"Yes, that is true. I was rejoicing that at last he has been defeat', that he has fail', that he has met with that fate which should be his. Now he has few friends. It is charge' against him—well, madame, perhaps it were as well not to repeat all of that."

"I can understand," said Josephine slowly. "I can guess. Yes, I know."

Jeanne nodded. "Yes, they bring up stories that at one time you and I—well, that we were there at Tallwoods. But these wild people here, who shoot and fight with knives, they are of all peoples in the world the most strict and the most moral, the most abhorrent of what is not their own custom of life. Behold, that droll Mr. Bill Jones, in jest perhaps, expressed to others his belief that at one time there was a woman conceal' about this place of Tallwoods! Yes! Madame knows with what ground of justice this was said. Very well! The people took it up. There was comment. There was criticism. These charges became public. It was rumored thus and so in all the district of Mr. Dunwodee. He has fought the duel—oh, la, la! At the election he was defeat'. That has come to him which he has deserve'!"

The eyes of Josephine St. Auban flashed with interest over this intelligence. "He has changed his belief, his party! But no, it is not possible that he should come out for our party, our cause, Jeanne—our cause, for the people of the world—for liberty! I wish I might believe it. No. It cannot be true."

"Yet it is true, madame. A turncoat! Bah!"

"No, Jeanne! Not in the least should you feel contempt for a man who honestly changes belief. To turn from error, is not that always wisdom?"

But Jeanne only shrugged her shoulders and held out her hands for the baby. "It is naught to me," said she. "We are happy here under this roof, are we not?"

"Precisely. We are safe here. That child yonder is safe here. But how long shall we be safe if there are not those to keep this roof protected? The law, Jeanne—the justice, back of the law. Are these things of no interest to you?"

"At least when it comes to roofs," reiterated Jeanne. "M. Dunwodee has pulled down his roof about his ear. If madame should wish to explore the matter for herself that is quite possible. This night, perhaps tomorrow, M. Dunwodee himself comes to St. Genevieve. He is to meet the voters of this place. He wishes to speak, to explain. I may say that even he will have the audacity to come here to advocate the cause of freedom and the restriction of those slavery for which hitherto he has labor' so valiant."

Josephine made no immediate reply. A tall mirror with pretentious golden frame hung opposite to her across the room. A few moments later, with a start, she suddenly pulled herself together, discovering that she had been gazing steadfastly into the glass.

It was late in the sunlit afternoon when there rode into the head of the street of old St. Genevieve a weary and mud stained horseman, who presently dismounted at the hitching rail in front of the little inn which he favored with his company. He was a tall man who, as he turned down the street, walked with just the slightest trace of a limp.

This traveler did not turn into the inn, did not pause indeed at any of the points of greater interest, but sought out the little cooper shop of Hector Fournier. That worthy greeted him, wiping his hands upon his leathern apron.

"It is M. Dunwodee! Come in! Come in! I'll been glad for see you. There was those talk you'll would not came."

"Yes, I have come, Hector," said Dunwody, "and naturally I have come to see you first. You are one of the few political allies that I have left. At least if you don't believe the way I do you are generous enough to listen."

"But, monsieur, believe me, the situation here is difficult. I had a list here of twelve citizen of St. Genevieve who were willing for listen to M. Dunwodee tonight in a grand mass meeting, but now talk has gone out. There is much indignation. In fact, it is plan'"—

"What do you mean? What is going on?" demanded Dunwody.

"Alas! Monsieur, it is with regret I announce that the majority of our citizens, who so dislike Monsieur Benton and his views, are much in favor of riding upon a rail, after due treatment of the tar and the feather, him who lately was their idol; that is to say, yourself, mousieur!"

Dunwody, his face grim, leaned against the door of the little shop. "We will hold the meeting here just the same. We do not run away! Tonight, in front of the hall there. But why trouble about that? What comes, comes. Now, as to yourself and your mother—and your wife?"

"And those baby!" exclaimed Hector. "Assuredly monsieur does not forget the finest baby of St. Genevieve? Come, you shall see Josephine St. Auban Jeanne Marie Fournier—at once!" Hector was rolling down his sleeves and loosening the string of his leathern apron. Suddenly he turned.

"But, monsieur," he said, "come, I have news! It is a situation a little difficult, but it cannot be concealed, and what cannot be concealed may best be revealed. Monsieur remembers that lady, the countess?"—

"Countess? Whom do you mean?"

"Who but our madame, the Countess St. Auban in her own right? She who gave me my Jeanne—at Tallwoods, monsieur! Have you not known? She is here. She is here now. Of wealth and distinction, yes, she has traveled in this country merely for divertisement—but the Countess St. Auban, yes, she pauses now with the cooper, Hector Fournier!"

"When did she come?" demanded Dunwody quietly.

"But yesterday, upon the boat; without announcement. She is at this very moment at my house yonder, busy with that baby, Josephine St. Auban Jeanne Marie Fournier, named for a countess! But do not turn back! Monsieur himself has not yet seen the baby. Come!" For one moment Dunwody paused; then, quietly, he accompanied Hector, making no comment. He limped just slightly. He was older—yes, and graver.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Turncoat.

THE mother of Hector met them even before the gate was opened. Her voice called to the door her daughter Jeanne, who was shaking hands with Dunwody before he was half way up the walk. The ejaculations of Jeanne attracted yet another ear farther within the house. A moment later Dunwody saw pass before the door a figure which he recognized, a face which called the blood to his own face. An instant later, forgetting everything, he was at the door, had her hands in his own.

"It is you!" he exclaimed. "How does it happen? It is impossible!"

Her face had more color than for days. "Yes it is unexpected," she said simply, at last. "Everything is unexpected. But of all things possible, this it seems to me is best—to come here, to rest for a time."

"You are passing through to St. Louis?"

"Perhaps," she said. "My plans for the moment are somewhat unsettled. I stopped off here, as no doubt you know, to serve as godmother to this baby of Jeanne's. It is an important errand."

In some way, a moment later, they found themselves alone in the special apartment reserved for guests of distinction. An awkward moment ensued. Josephine was first to break the silence.

"I was talking with Jeanne this very morning," she said. "She was telling me some story that you have been unfortunate—that there have been—that is to say—political changes"—

He said, smiling: "Just to show you the extent of my downfall, I have heard that they are intending to tar and feather me tonight—perhaps to



"It is you!" he exclaimed.

give me a ride upon a rail. Not that it terrifies me. The meeting is going to be held."

"Then it is true that you are to speak here tonight—and to uphold doctrines precisely the reverse of what"—

"Yes, that is true." He spoke very quietly.

"I had not thought that possible," she said gently.

"Of course," she added, "I have been in entire ignorance of all matters out here for a year past. I have been busy."

"Why should you follow the political fortunes of an obscure Missourian?" he asked. "On the contrary, there is at least one obscure Missourian who has followed yours."

As usual, she hung on the main point. "But tell me," she demanded of him presently, a little added color coming into her cheeks. "Do you mean to say to me that you really remember what we talked about?"

He nodded, smiling. "Don't you remember we talked about faith and how to get hold of it? And I said I couldn't find it? Well, I have no apologies and no explanations. All I have to say is that I fought it out, thrashed it all over, and then somehow, I don't know how—well, faith came to me—that is all."

"And it cost you everything."

"Just about everything in the world, I reckon, so far as worldly goods go. I suppose you know what you and your little colonization scheme have done to me?"

"To you—what do you mean?"

"Why, didn't you know that? Weren't Carlisle and Kammerer your agents and didn't Lily, our late disappearing slave and also late lecturing fugitive yonder, represent them? Don't you really know about that?"

"No. I had nothing to do with their operations."

"Lily or these men, or people like them, took away every solitary negro from my plantation as well as from two or three others neighboring me. They didn't stop to buy my property. They just took it. You see, madam"—he smiled rather grimly—"these northern abolitionists remain in the belief that they have all the virtue and all the fair dealing in the world. It has been a little hard on my cotton crop. I will not have any crop this fall. I had no labor. I will not have any crop next summer. With money at 12 per cent and no munificent state salary coming in, that means rather more than I care to talk about."

"And it was I—I who did that for you. Believe—believe me, I was wholly innocent of it. I would not have done that to my worst enemy."

"No; I suppose not. But here is where we come again to the real heart of all of these questions which so many of us feel able to solve offhand. What difference should you make between me and another? If it is right for the north to free all these slaves without paying for them why should there be anything in my favor over any one of my neighbors? And, most of all, why should you not be overjoyed at punishing me? Why am I not your worst enemy? I differed from you, I wronged you, I harmed you, I did everything in the world I could to injure you."

"I never meant it! I never intended it! It was done wholly without my knowledge! I am sorry!"

"You need not be sorry. It is only one of the consequences of following one's faith. Anyhow, I'm just a little less inconsistent than Mr. Benton, who had always been opposed to slavery, although he still owns slaves. The same is true of Mr. Clay. They both have been prominent politically. Well, set them free of their slaves and they and I would be about even, wouldn't we? It comes to being pretty much the same, I must confess."

"I can understand that," said she. "For that matter, we are both ruined; and for the same reason."

"What do you mean? And tell me, once more, who are you? You certainly have stirred things up!"

"As to the latter, it makes little difference," said she. "I will confess to being a revolutionist and a visionary reformer; and an absolute failure. I will confess that I have undertaken things which I thought were within my power, but which were entirely beyond me. Well, it has ruined me also in a material way."

"How do you mean?"

"This colonization work was carried on by my own funds. It is not long ago that I got a letter saying that my funds were at an end. I had some small estates in the old country. They are gone—confiscated. My last rents were not collected."

She, in turn, smiled, spreading out her hands. "You see me here in St. Genevieve, perhaps on my way to St. Louis. Tell me, is there demand for persons of foreign experience, who understand a little French, a little English, perhaps a little music?"

It was his turn to show consternation. "Is it indeed true?" he said. "Now it is time for me to say I am sorry. I do not understand all about it. Of course I could see all along that an immense amount of money was being paid into this colonization folly. And it was your money, and you are ruined. It's a shame, a shame! I'm a man. I can stand it. But you—you ought to have ease, luxury, all your life. Now look what you have done!"

There came a sudden knock at the door, and without much pause, Hector entered, somewhat excited.

"Monsieur—madame!" he exclaimed. "One comes."

"Who is it?" demanded Dunwody, frowning.

"My father! He is come but now from Tallwoods, monsieur."

"What is wrong out there? Tell him to come in."

"I go."

A moment later Dunwody had left the room to meet old Eleazar, who made such response as he could to the hurried queries. "Monsieur," said he, "I have ridden down from the hills. There is trouble. In the neighborhood are some who are angry because their negroes have disappear'. They accuse M. Dunwodee of being the cause and say that he is a traitor, a turncoat. This very night a band are said to plan an attack upon the house of monsieur. I have met above there M. Clayton, M. Bill Jones, M. le Docteur Jamieson and others, who ride to the assistance of M. Dunwodee. It is this very night, and I—there being no other to come—have come to advise. Believing that monsieur might desire to carry with him certain friends, I have brought the large carriage. It is here!"

"Thank God!" said Dunwody, "they don't vote with me, but they ride with me still—they're my neighbors, my friends, even yet!

"Hector," he exclaimed suddenly, "come here!" Then, as they both listened, he went on: "Tell the people there cannot be a meeting after all. I am going back to my house, to see what is on up yonder. Hector, can you get a fresh horse? And are there any friends who would go with you?"

The sturdy young cooper did not lack in courage, and his response was instant. "Assuredly I have a horse, monsieur," was his reply. "Assuredly we have friends. Six, ten, seven, h'eight person shall go with us within the hour. But I must tell"—

Jeanne was at his elbow, catching scent of something of this, guessing at possible danger. She broke out now into loud expostulations at this rashness of her spouse, parent of this progeny of theirs, thus undertaking to expose himself to midnight dangers. Hector, none the less, shook his head.

Much of this conversation, loud and excited as it was, could not fail to reach the ears of Josephine, who presently had joined them and who now heard the story of the old man, so fully confirming all Dunwody said.

"There is trouble! There is trouble!" she said, with her usual prompt decision. "There is room for me in the coach. I am going along."

"You—what in the world do you mean? You'll do nothing of the sort," rejoined Dunwody. "Its going to be no place for women up there. It's a fight this time."

"Perhaps not for Jeanne or Hector's mother or for many women, but for me it is the very place where I belong. I made that trouble yonder. It was I, not you, who caused that disaffection among the blacks. Your neighbors ought to blame me, not you. I will explain it all to them in a moment, in an instant. Surely they will listen to me. Yes, I am going."

Dunwody looked at her in grave contemplation for an instant.

"My dear girl, how can you find it in your heart to see that place again? But do you find it? Will you go? If you insist we'll take care of you."

"Of course! Of course!" she replied and even then was busy hunting for her wraps. "Get ready. Let us start."

(To Be Continued.)

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THE SAME OLD SEASONS.

They Are Just About as They Were a Couple of Centuries Ago.

The belief of many people that the seasons are undergoing some kind of change has led Professor Ignazio Galli to examine the weather records of the entire eighteenth century.

The investigations of Professor Galli show fifty-one winters that lasted well into spring, thirty-one warm winters, thirteen unusually early winters, twelve mild winters followed by cold springs, eleven mild winters followed by mild springs, eleven cold autumns, eight very warm springs, eight summers with frosts and five very warm autumns. There was one instance of six consecutive warm seasons. More than three-quarters of the periods of unusual weather occurred between the middle of autumn and the end of spring. Many times during the eighteenth century the same apparent anomalies recurred at the same seasons in several successive years. In every case the seasons regained their normal characteristics.

There have always been persons who imagined that the seasons were becoming warmer or colder than before. There is, however, small foundation for such beliefs. The world has indeed experienced many cold summers and many warm winters, but such seasons are not the rule, but the exception.—Youth's Companion.

NOT AFRAID OF COFFINS.

Among the Chinese They Are Gladly Accepted as Presents.

Some one who knows Chinese people very well once told a tale to show that they do not permit themselves the luxury of nerves. She said she had gone one day, before the Boxer riots, to visit an old lady who lived out in the country far beyond Weihsien. When the American woman arrived the old lady was out, but presently she came in and announced that she had just been out "watching the men dig her grave, but as it began to rain she had told them to wait for a pleasanter day." She did not die for years after that, but she had the comforting assurance that her grave was ready for her without any unseemly haste whenever she cared to occupy it.

The same American had the experience of sleeping in a room with a very large coffin when she was visiting a Chinese friend, and the next morning the old grandfather of the family called her attention to its excellences and explained that his son had made him a present of it. "Isn't the wood fine!" he asked admiringly. "It cost a lot of money." Old people accept such presents as marks of filial love, and not at all as a hint for them to occupy the coffin.—New York Post.

Priceless Tears.

Before General Luke Wright became governor general of the Philippines he practiced law in Memphis. It so befell on one occasion that he was engaged to defend a man for murder, while his son was the state prosecutor.

In his final argument while pleading with the jurors to free his client General Wright wept copiously. As he finished his speech and sat down, wiping his still streaming eyes, the younger Wright rose to close the case for the commonwealth.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "I am overcome with admiration for my father. He has powers which even I, his son, did not suspect he possessed. You behold him shedding tears for his client, who, I am informed, has paid him only a small fee. Gentlemen of the jury, I never before knew my father could weep in court for less than $5,000!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Relax In the Water.

Lew Sarett explains the difficulty which the nonswimmer has in remaining afloat in "The Knack of Learning to Swim," in Outing, as follows:

"The nonswimmer, fearing the water, very naturally tenses his muscles as he struggles to keep his head above the water until he is as hard as a rock, and, like a rock, he sinks, whereas the swimmer, having no fear, relaxes his muscles and hence becomes buoyant. The explanation is a simple physical one. Tense, taut muscles increase the specific gravity of the body and make it sink in water; loose, relaxed muscles (given an ordinary supply of air in the lungs) will make the body float."

A Little In Advance.

A Washington man and his wife, whose domestic complications are frequent, but not serious, had one evening called upon a married couple. On their way home the lady said:

"Now, in the case of the Parkers, I should say it was an ideal marriage. Really, I believe they both think absolutely alike."

"Charming people, charming people!" said hubby. "But about the thinking, Gladys, if you will notice, she generally thinks first."—Lippincott's.

Undesirable Neighbors.

"There's a foreign couple living in the flat next to us, and they are simply torment to my wife."

"Why so?"

"They quarrel incessantly, and she can't understand a word of it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Took Its Place.

"How did they happen to meet?"

"He ran over that poodle of which she was so fond."

"Did he replace it?"

"Looks that way. He and she are now engaged."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Never depend upon your genius. If you have none, industry will supply the deficiency.—Ruskin.

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NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.

TO the heirs-at-law, next-of-kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of

CORA A. SANBORN

late of Weymouth in said County, deceased:

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Albert B. Sanborn and Frank S. Hobart of said Weymouth, and Charles A. Hobart of Lynn in the County of Essex, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bonds;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Brookline in said County of Norfolk, on the twenty-third day of July, A.D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette, a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

7 16-18 JOHN D. COBB, Register.

Moisture of the Eye.

The moisture of the eye is genuine solvent. Many persons have gone to bed troubled with a foreign substance in the eye and have waxed in the morning to find it gone. In many cases of this kind the foreign matter has been dissolved by the moisture of the eye.

Not What She Meant.

"I think the baby has your hair, ma'am," said the nurse girl, looking pleasantly at her mistress.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, glancing up from her novel. "Run into the nursery and take it away from him. What will that child do next?"

Ambitious.

"And is it your expectation to support me in the manner to which I have been accustomed?"

"Indeed it is"—

"Then let's call it off. If you cannot do better than that I may just as well remain where I am."—Houston Post.

This Is It.

Bow—A chap gave me some money yesterday for a joke. Wow—Pretty uncommon sort of joke. Bow—Oh. I don't know. He was editor of a funny paper.—Magazine of Fun.

THE RACING PARSON

By M. QUAD

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Moses Barrows was a well off farmer living on the outskirts of the village of Hartsville.

One day as Farmer Barrows sat on his veranda smoking his pipe a stranger driving a horse and buggy came along. Just opposite the house the horse suddenly halted and refused to go on.

"Seems to be trouble here," said Moses as he walked down to the gate.

"I should say there was!" exclaimed the stranger. "Consarn his pesky hide, but if you'll lend me an ax I'll cave his head in."

"Had him long, stranger?" was asked.

"About three weeks, and this is the third time he has balked on me. Say, now"—

"Purty good lookin' hoss," said Farmer Barrows after he had looked him over. "Where'd you get him?"

"Traded with a feller."

"Mebbe we can swop. I've got a hoss that"—

"Then trot him out. I'll trade you even up for anything with hide and hoofs."

The exchange was made without further words, and the stranger drove off. Farmer Barrows had said that there was a cause for a horse balking. It is generally understood that it is in his training.

The new owner began to practice a system of kindness. The horse did not get a harsh word and was asked to do only light work. In the course of a couple of weeks his sullenness had quite vanished, and he was hitched to a buggy to be driven to town. He took about twenty-eight steps and then stopped. He expected to hear swearing and to feel the whip, but nothing of the sort followed. He was given a lump of sugar and patted on the back as a reward of merit.

The next day he was hitched up again. This time he took a hundred steps before balking. No swearing nor whipping. More sugar and more petting. Farmer Barrows even sung the first verse of the "Sweet By and By" into his left ear. So it went every day for a week, and the farmer then said to his wife:

"That hoss is all right now and will give no more trouble."

"I hope not."

"I have always contended that kindness would do it, and here's a plain case of it. I shan't have a mite of trouble driving to town and back."

On the road to the village and half a mile from Farmer Barrows' house the highway crossed a swamp by a narrow corduroy road. Only one vehicle could pass at a time for a distance of forty rods. The new horse ambled along as if it were a joy to live until he reached the middle of the causeway, and then he stopped as suddenly as if hit by a bullet.

"By thunder!" exclaimed Farmer Barrows.

He gave the horse five minutes and then asked him to please go on.

No use.

Then he descended and gave the animal a lump of sugar and toyed with his ear and asked him as a personal favor to resume his amble. Not a resume; not an amble.

Travelers came up and stopped at either end of the blocked highway and called out:

"Say, you, what in thunder is the matter?"

"Horse has balked on me."

Farmer Barrows used the whip lightly, apologizing to the horse at the same time. No good. He moved his coat and vest, spat on his hands and was preparing to give that horse the licking of his life when the parson of his church drove up with:

"Hello, Brother Barrows. What's the matter?"

"It's this infernal horse! He balked with me!"

The parson got down and gave the new horse a looking over and said:

"Brother Barrows, you've got a sulky at home, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Come on back and hitch that horse to the sulky. I think I know what ails him."

"Can't I kill him first?"

"No—come right along."

"You'll never get him ten feet."

The parson mounted the sulky as if he had been there before, and the horse cheerfully started off at a good trot.

A traveler came along with a good trotter and attempted to pass, but was left in the dust in great shape. The parson overtook two or three well known steppers and beat them to it handsomely.

"Well, how many times did he balk on you?" the farmer asked as the rig came back.

"Brother Barrows, you are a good man, but you have no eye for horses," smiled the parson.

"How do you mean?"

"You've been treating this animal as if he were a plug of a horse and thereby humiliating him."

"But ain't he a plug?"

"My dear brother, he can go a mile in 2:30 this very day."

"You—you mean"—

The parson nodded his head.

"But I'm a church member and can't even go to races."

The parson advanced and laid a hand on his shoulder and whispered in his ear:

"Horse racing is very, very wicked, Brother Barrows, unless—your nag comes in ahead!"

And he came in ahead at the next county fair.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

TIME TRIED WORTH TESTED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administratrix of the estate of GIUSEPPE ZEOLI late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

FILOMENA ZEOLI, Admx.
c/o Carmine Garofalo, 18 Tremont St., Boston.
July 8, 1913. 17-19

NOTICE OF HEARING.

Upon the petition of Everett Loud for a license to maintain a gasoline tank near his place of business Jackson Square, East Weymouth, a hearing will be held by the Board of Selectmen at its office on MONDAY, July 28th, 1913, at two o'clock P. M., for consideration of said petition.

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Weymouth. BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.

17-18

NOTICE OF HEARING

Upon the petition of Raymond Proctor and Ralph Denbroeder to keep and sell gasoline on the premises of Ralph Denbroeder, 304 Pond street, South Weymouth, a hearing will be held by the Board of Selectmen at its office on MONDAY, July 28th, 1913, at two o'clock P. M., for the consideration of said petition.

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Weymouth.

17-18 BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head, 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 8 words to a line

No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

ASHES FOR SALE—Delivered in carload lots by the Bay State St. Ry. Co. Apply to Thomas Gammon, Supt., 954 Hancock street, Quincy. Telephone, Quincy 6. 9 tf

AUTO To Let for parties, weddings, christenings, for long or short trips, 5-pass Buick. Tel. Wey. 245-W. Pine Point Auto and Motor Co., Bridge street, North Weymouth. 29 tf

CLOTHING—Men's and young men's. Handsome patterns. Two hundred suits, $4 to $12. Bargains not to be found elsewhere. Geo. A. Hunt, 78 Front St., Weymouth, 11tf

CAN place a few mortgages, with private parties, and on reasonable terms if property is right. Address Box 553, E. Weymouth. 17tf

FOR SALE—Choice Celery plants in 1 dozen or 100 lots. H. L. Ryan, East Braintree. Tel. 265-5 Braintree. 17-19

TO LET—A tenement of six rooms with bath. Apply Geo. E. Bicknell, 24 Tremont St. 16tf

TO LET—Tenement off Keith street, rent $7.50. Apply M. R. Wright, agent, 57 Commercial street, Weymouth. 9-tf

TO LET—An up-to-date tenement with modern improvements, on Broad street, in East Weymouth. Apply to W. H. Pratt, Broad street, East Weymouth. 11tf

WANTED—A boy for office work. Apply at factory of Alden, Walker & Wilde, East Weymouth. 16tf

WANTED. People to know that it costs only 25 cents to make known their wants in this column.

Real Estate

Do you want to BUILD or BUY?

I have property for sale in Weymouth and vicinity, of all kinds.

Call and see me and make known your wants

Reasonable terms.

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Daniel H. Clancy

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Funeral Director and Undertaker

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Telephone 336W. 31-43

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Warren W. Pope to Henry T. Bicknell, dated July 1, 1879, and recorded with Norfolk Registry of Deeds, book 512, page 19, for the purpose of forclosing the same and for breach of the conditions thereof, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on Tuesday, the twelfth day of August, A.D. 1913, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein bounded and described as follows, namely:

A certain parcel of land with a dwelling house thereon, situated in Weymouth, Massachusetts, containing about one-third of an acre and bounded northerly by a road; easterly by land (formerly) of George H. Bicknell and land of James Hancock; southerly by land now or formerly of Prince L. Thayer; and westerly by land (formerly) of Jacob Loud, or however otherwise bounded. Grantee to maintain fences on northerly and westerly sides. Being the same premises conveyed to said Pope by Jacob Loud by deed dated January 14, 1863, recorded with Norfolk Deeds, book 458, page 270.

$100 will be required to be paid in cash at the time and place of sale. Other terms at the sale.

JOHN O BICKNELL,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
Weymouth, Mass., July 16, 1913. 18-20

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT

TO all persons interested in the estate of

DEBORA J BAKER,

late of Weymouth, in said County, deceased:

Whereas, Andrew W Baker, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the amended first and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dedham in said County, on the third day of September A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, James H Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

18-0 JOHN D. COBB, Register.

WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

—Lawrence Pray, son of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Pray, sustained a broken wrist and other injuries by a fall from a tree fifteen feet to the ground at his home, Monday. He was attended by Dr. N. V. Mullin.

—John B. Hart, head timekeeper at the Fore River ship yard, is having his annual vacation.

—The funeral of William McRea, who was killed by the cars at Somerville last Wednesday, took place from the Church of the Sacred Heart, Saturday morning. Rev. J. B. Holland celebrated Mass. The interment was in the family lot at St. Francis Xavier cemetery.

—Enward McRea of the U. S. Cavalry stationed at Norfolk, Va., is home on a furlough, being called by the death of his brother.

—The Weymouth A. A. baseball team met defeat at the hands of the Scituate's in that town, Saturday afternoon by a score of 7 to 2.

—Superintendent Francis M. Drown of the local post office, Mrs. Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Charles I. Newcomb and son are at Litchfield, Me.

—A daughter was born Friday to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Robins of Lincoln square.

—Joseph Trask of Milford has been in town visiting relatives.

—Miss Lena Costa of Bridewater has been visiting Misses Elizabeth and Mary Backerie.

—Carlton Drown is in camp at Barnstable with the First Corps of Cadets of which he is a member.

—Miss Helen Field is on a visit to relatives in Holyoke.

—Miss Annie Coyle is home from the Carney hospital, where she was successfully operated on a few weeks ago, and is now rapidly regaining her health.

—Charles Crehan has gone to Hingham where he will spend the remainder of his vacation with his grandmother.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Brown of Chicago, Ill,, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Clapp.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Bryant and daughter are at North Jay, Maine, for two weeks.

—Stephen W. Gibson is on a visit to son in Pittsfield.

—Miss Blanche Packard is on a visit to relatives in Abington.

—Mrs. Walter Hutchins (nee Maude C. Tinkham) and daughter, of Chicago, Ill., are here on a visit.

—Edward Nash is on a visit to friends in Bath, Maine.

—Godfred Rondeau has the contract to paint the Christian Science church at Rockland.

—William H. Goodwin was at Peakes Island, Maine, over Sunday. His daughter, Miss Elizabeth Goodwin who has been spending several weeks at that place, returned home with him Sunday.

—Francis O'Connor is spending his vacation in Canada.

—Walter Jordan was home from Portland, Maine, over Sunday.

—Misses Alice Coyle and Agnes Kelley have been spending a few days at Hough's Neck.

—Oscar K. Wilder is home from his vacation. His itinerary included Provincetown, Malden, Revere and Nantasket Beaches.

—Dr. and Mrs. G. D. Bullock are in New Hampshire, for a few weeks, where it is hoped good physical results will come to the doctor.

—Miss Priscilla Warner is visiting her sister in Wollaston.

—Miss Lillian Guertin of Bryant avenue has been entertaining Miss Theresa McNeal of Westboro.

—Miss Mary Sullivan of Broad street is having her vacation.

—Mrs. Susannah Taylor died at her home, corner of Main and Winter streets Wednesday. She was born February 7, 1838 Her husband and a daughter survive her.

—Miss Lillian Fryer is home from Wellesley on a months' visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fryer of 49 Phillips street.

—Miss Marjory Eaton of Nashua, N. H., is visiting Miss Evelyn Floyd.

—D. D. G. S. Ryermack and suite of Wollaston raised the newly chosed chiefs of Nahatan Tribe 81, Red Men, last evening. Delegations attended from Tribes in Boston, Brockton, Quincy and Wollaston. A banquet followed the installations.

—A largely attended lawn party and dance was held last evening on the grounds of Walter E. Thompson of Commercial street, under the auspices of the First Universalist Society.

Doubling Human Life.

In 1866 the public health conditions of New York were in so low a state that the average length of life of the inhabitants was 30 years. In 1912 these conditions of life was 66 years. Thus the value of human life, reckoned in terms of time alone, had more than doubled in less than half a century.—Century.

It Would Seem So.

"What do you consider the most important even in the history of Paris?" asked the obsequious landlord of the American tourist. "Well," replied the tourist, who had grown weary of distributing tips, "so far as financial prosperity is concerned, I should say the discovery of America was the making of this town."

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—Notice, you base ball fans! Braintree White Sox vs C. M. A. tomorrow at C. M. A. at 2.30 p. m. Everybody come. Admission 15 cents.—Advertisement.

—Miss Ruth Skinner of South Manchester, Conn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert B. Raymond of Fairmount avenue.

—Mrs. Charles Nolls of Boston was in town the past week renewing acquaintances.

—Robert Powers has returned to his duties in Lynchburg, after a two weeks' visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Powers of Middle street.

—The Bay State Street Railway track gang have been engaged this week in laying new large rails from Jackson Square down Broad street to Commercial Square. The road-bed has been thoroughly repaired also. This section of railroad has been decidely rough for the past few years and the new track is a great improvement.

—J. Henry Moran is in town from Illinois.

—Martin Zeoli is recovering from a badly jammed finger he received while at work in South Weymouth a few weeks ago.

—Daniel H. Clancy, Undertaker, Vine street, Weymouth. Tel. 336 W.—Advertisement.

—George Hunt is breaking in on the local street railway as motorman.

—Miss Beatrice Winslow of Whitman has been visiting friends in town.

—Miss Georgia Cushing is taking a much needed rest at Oak Bluffs.

—Master George Crosby and Miss Mary Crosby of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. M. J. Cummings, Shawnut street.

—Get your Saturday candy at Lebbossiere's, only 29 cents per pound. Advertisement.

—Mr. and Mrs. LaForest Lincoln are visiting their son in Worcester for a few days.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chase and little son are enjoying an outing at Martha's Vineyard.

—Miss Gertrude Moran was the guest over Sunday of Miss Catherine Meuse at her summer home at Nantasket.

—H. K. Cushing has purchased a new up-to-date automobile.

—Ruth Gorman is on a weeks' visit with relatives in Quincy.

—Stuart C. Vinal has gone to Long Island for the summer.

—Miss Gladys Lincoln is having a two weeks' vacation from her duties in Boston.

—Miss Mellissa Chase of the teaching staff at the Jefferson school, left recently for a two months' trip to the northwestern part of the United States and California.

—Miss Bertha Cunningham and Miss Irene Fraser are on an outing at Lake Sebec, Maine, with a party of Mt. Holyoke graduates of the class of 1910. The party expect to be gone about two weeks.

—Lester Cushing entertained a party of friends at his home on Middle street on Wednesday evening. A musical program and refreshments served by Mrs. John Cushing made the evening a most enjoyable one for all.

—Miss Florence Lincoln has gone to Martha's Vineyard on a visit with friends.

—Leo Fraher, who is on the trip through Nova Scotia with the Dewey baseball nine, has caught every game thus far on the trip and has played excellent ball. He has been to the bat eighteen times and has secured seven hits, giving him an average of 389.

—The new grocery store opened by J. A. Simeone, 688 Broad street, in the Nesson Block, completes the block and makes a decided improvement in the appearance, especially when lighted at night.

—Mrs. George M. Keene is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. A. L. Tyler of Milford. As Mrs. Keene is slowly convalessing from a long and severe illness the trip was made by auto.

—Bates-Street Shirts, sale now on at C. R. Denbroeder's. $1.50 shirts at $1.15. —Advertisement.

—Two large automobiles containing suffragettes and friends passed through East Weymouth at noon on Wednesday bound from Boston to Plymouth. A stop was made in Jackson square and a short address given by one of the women.

—It is reported that the directors of the Weymouth Light & Power Co. have voted to purchase the lot at the corner of Jackson square and Pleasant street, on which to erect a building for the use of the company.

—By winning from the Bradley nine of North Weymouth 9 to 7 last night, the Edwin Clapp Shoe Co. team is assured the championshin of the Twilight league for the second consecutive year.

Congregational Church Notes.

The annual picnic of the Congregational Sunday school of East Weymouth will be held at the Weymouth Fair Grounds, tomorrow, Saturday, July 19. A special car will leave Jackson Square at nine o'clock on which a special ticket issued by the Sunday school will be good. A series of events, consisting of base ball throwing, sack races, three legged races, half mile walk, peanut race, 50 and 100 yard-dashes, etc., have been arranged by the committee and will take place in the forenoon. Suitable prizes for these events have been donated by different persons. In the afternoon there will be a ball game between the married men and the single men. Watch for the star players on the maried men's team. It is the desire of the committee that all members of the parish, their children and their friends get together on this day and make this picnic the best ever.

SERIOUS ERRORS IN WEYMOUTH.

Weymouth Citizens Will Do Well to Profit by the Following.

Many fatal cases of kidney disease have reached an incurable stage because the patient did not understand the symptons. Even today in Weymouth there are many residents making the same serious error. They attribute their mysterious aches and pains to overwork, or worry, perhaps, when all the time their rheumatic pains, backache and bladder irregularites are most probably due to weak and ailing kidneys. If you are ill, if your kidneys are out of order, profit by this Weymouth resident's experience.

Asa K. Benney, 112 Broad street, Weymouth, Mass., says:—"I had a severe backache and my kidneys were irregular in action. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills removed the pain in my back and regulated the kidney action. Three boxes entirely relieved me. Others of the family have used Doan's Kidney Pills with benefit."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

BOOTH'S GRIM HUMOR.

The Story of a Bullet the Actor Wore on His Watch Chain.

At times Booth's humor was satirical. When leaving a church in Boston after the funeral of the eminent essayist and critic, Edwin Percy Whipple, obsequies which he attended in company with Lawrence Barrett and at that friend's suggestion and during which he had been annoyed as well as amused by the convulsive facial contortions of the officiating clergyman, he remarked to Barrett:

"I knew Mr. Whipple, but I never expected I should be so sorry to attend his funeral."

When a stagestruck lunatic named Mark Gray attempted to murder him in Chicago, at a performance of "Richard III." (April 23, 1879, at McVicker's theater), firing at him twice with a pistol from a place in the second balcony. Booth calmly advanced to the front of the stage and, pointing at the madman, directed that he be seized and then, after a brief absence from the scene, to reassure his wife, composedly finished his performance. Later he caused one of the bullets to be extracted from a piece of scenery where it had lodged and had it mounted as a charm for his watch chain, inscribed, "To Edwin Booth from Mark Gray." That sinister relic he customarily wore.—William Winter in Collier's Weekly.

THE DANGEROUS AGES.

Times In Our Lives When Grim Death Eyes Us Enviously.

There are certain ages wherein death is very imminent, and of all these ages the most perilous is the age of an hour or two. Yes, it is just after birth that we are in most danger of death, and the next most perilous age to this is seventy-one years.

The age of three is the next most dangerous age. Almost one-fourth of all the babies born die during the third year.

From three on to the age of forty-five life is comparatively safe, but forty-five, especially for women, is a trying time, and many are carried off.

After passing forty-five in safety men and women may reasonably hope to reach seventy-one. Here again they are in great danger—the greatest save for the first few hours after birth.

Longevity is a hereditary quality. It passes from father to son and from mother to daughter. He who had an octogenarian father may hope to become an octogenarian himself, and she who had an octogenarian mother may hope to become an octogenarian herself. But a father's longevity does not pass down to a daughter, nor does a mother's pass down to a son.—New York Tribune.

Illegible Writers.

The illegible letter upsets the saintliest temper. We all know people who fill reams with their ideas or their facts and take it for granted that our leisure permits us to unravel the riddle of the writing. Perhaps they are proud of a hand microscopically minute. Perhaps they cultivate a defiant eccentricity that spurns the formal precept of the copybook and fashions its own weird and novel system of shorthand. There are society women who appear to think it a point of breeding to make chaotic messes of cubist and futurist dashes that seem to bear about the same relation to conventional chirography that a baby's "googoo" does to speech. Why should the spirit of mortal ever be proud of such tortured and twisted penmanship? —Philadelphia Ledger.

Use for Aniline Colors.

That aniline colors have a marked action upon various kinds of microbes appears to be established. It is discovered that aniline compounds in general act to destroy microbes, even in greater degree than does phenic acid. Of the different bacteria examined the typhus bacillus is the most readily affected.

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Now located in its new school building, 334 Boylston Street, a most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of well known and experienced teachers.

COURSES—General commercial course, Stenographic course, Secretarial course, Civil service course, Commercial teachers course.

Every possible requisite is afforded for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings.

This school does not employ agents, solicitors, canvasers or runners.

Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail. Will reopen September 8th.

H. E. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 Boylston Street, Boston.

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HANCOCK STREET QUINCY CENTRE

HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE REFINED MOVING PICTURES

Daily Matinee 2.30 P. M. Prices 5c, 10c, 15c. Evenings at 7.45, 10c, 15c, 25c.

QUINCY and ATLANTIC FOURTH of JULY PARADE PICTURES

All the Features of both parades. Don't miss seeing it. The KINCAIDE PLAYERS in a Side Splitting Comedy Playlet "UNWRITTEN JUSTICE."

EZRA KENDALL, JR. In impersonations of his father. | SAM DAVIS Ethiopian Dancing Marvel

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Women Who Take

this universally popular home remedy—at times, when there is need—are spared many hours of unnecessary suffering—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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REAL ESTATE

—AND—

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Central Square East Weymouth

Golden West

Furniture Dressing.

WHEN YOUR FURNITURE LOOKS DULL *and* NEEDS BRIGHTENING *and* CLEANING UP use the

GOLDEN WEST FURNITURE DRESSING

(Not a Polish.)

J. H. MURRAY, dealer in Paints, Oils and Hardware, East Weymouth, Agent.

Prepared by OLIVER BURRELL, East Weymouth, Mass. Price 25 cents. 14-tf

Then Few Men Have It.

"Pop, what's 'poise?'" "Poise, my son, is when a man can pick up a pretty woman's handkerchief in a street car and then look at the other passengers without feeling and acting like a fool."—Judge.

TUFTS LIBRARY, WEYMOUTH.

Weymouth Gazette AND TRANSCRIPT

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1913. VOL. XLVII. NO. 19. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tufts Library free

ANNUAL PICNIC.

East Weymouth Congregational Church Sunday School Enjoys Outing at Fair Grounds, Last Saturday.

The annual outing of the Sunday school of the East Weymouth Congregational church was held last Saturday at the Fair grounds in South Weymouth. The committee in charge of the affair was John A. McFaun, E. R. Dizer, William Rix and Rev. W. H. Commons.

In the morning an interesting list of sports was held with the following results:

Baseball throwing, boys over 15, Elbridge Gardner, first; William Rix, second. Prizes, baseball and compass.

Baseball throwing, girls over 15, Mildred Newcomb, first; Adella Rix, second. Prizes, boxes of candy.

Baseball throwing, boys under 15, Paul Humphrey, first; Merton Rix, second. Prizes, baseball and necktie.

Baseball throwing, girls under 15, Sarah Rix, first; Esther Leonard, second. Prizes, drinking cup and wrist purse.

50 yd. dash, boys 15 and under, Paul Humphrey, first; Stanton Newcomb, second. Prizes, boy scout knife and baseball.

50 yd. dash, girls over 15, Mildred Newcomb, first; Adella Rix, second. Prizes, bottle of perfume and box of candy.

50 yd. dash, girls 15 and under, Sarah Rix, first; Esther Leonard, second. Prizes, boxes of candy.

100 yd. dash, boys over 15, Emerson R. Dizer, first; John Dizer, second. Prizes, jack knife and box of candy.

Sack race, 50 yds., boys 15 and under, Stanton Newcomb, first; Paul Humphrey, second. Prizes, baseball and drinking cup.

3-legged race, 50 yds, boys under 15, Charlie Gibson and Stanton Newcomb, first; John Bleakney and A. Russo, second. Prizes, 2 knives and 2 boxes of candy.

Peanut race, girls over 15, Adella Rix, first; Grace Mitchell, second. Prizes, boxes of candy.

Peanut race, girls 15 and under, Margaret Libby, first, Sarah Rix, second. Prizes, pencil and box of candy.

Sack race, boys over 15; William Rix, first; E. R. Dizer, second. Prizes, whistle and box of candy.

½ mile walk, open for boys, William Rix, first; Everett Wise, second. Prizes, Compass and harmonica.

¼ mile walk, open for girls, Adella Rix, first; Mildred Newcomb, second. Prizes, knife and drinking cup.

Running broad jump, boys 15 and under Paul Humphrey, first; Merton Rix, second. Prizes, baseball bat and whistle.

Running broad jump, boys over 15, John Dizer, first; Elbridge Gardner, second. Prizes, knife and box of candy.

Peanut race, children under 10, Louise Wing, first; Louis Hollis, second. Prizes, boxes of candy.

The referee of the events was Rev. W. H. Commons; E. A. Smith was clerk of course; John McFaun, starter and Norman Dizer and Elbridge Gardner, timers.

Special cars conveyed the merry makers to and from the grounds, while during the day refreshments were served in the grove by John A. McFaun, Miss Grace Mitchell, Frank Rand, Rev. Mr. Commons and E. A. Smith.

At one o'clock the boys baseball nine of the school played the girls' nine. The two teams lined up as follows: girls—Mrs. Belle Whitmarsh, c; Mildred Newcomb. p; Grace Taylor, ss; Adella Rix, 1b; Caroline Faber, 2b; Susie Humphrey, 3b; Mary Mathewson, lf; Ruth Skinner, cf; Helen Lincoln, rf. Boys—E. R. Dizer, c; J. Dizer, p; P. Humphrey, ss; Wm. Rix, 1b; E. Wise, 2b; E. Rosnald, 3b; C. Gibson, lf; S. Newcomb, lf: N. Dizer, rf. No official score was kept of the game but it is said the girls won out 9 to 5. How about it boys?

At three o'clock the married men played the single men and the former won 6 to 3.

Samuel Stevenson. Dead.

Mr. Samuel Stevenson, aged 70, passed away after a short illness, at the home of his son, George Stevenson of Church street, Friday, July 18.

Mr. Stevenson was born in Boston, July 3, 1843 and at the age of seventeen took up railroading with which he was connected as locomotive engineer for 53 years. A year and a half ago, he retired from the service and made his home with his son, George Stevenson, where he endeared himself to all the neighborhood.

The funeral services were held at his late home, Sunday afternoon, Rev. Edward J. Yaeger officiating. The interment took place at Newton on Monday.

Mr. Stevenson is survived by four sons, Eugene Stevenson of Allston, George Stevenson of Weymouth Heights, Bertram Stevenson of Springfield, and Fred Stevenson of Charlestown, also five grandchildren.

GROCERS' OUTING.

The Twenty-First Promises to Be the Best.

On Wednesday next, the Old Colony Grocers and Provision Dealers Association will toke its twenty-first annual outing and the committee in charge have planned to make this event the very best in their history.

Newport is the objective point and for it a special train will leave Quincy at 8.15; Quincy Adams, 8.20; Braintree, 8.25; South Brainrree, 8.28; South Weymouth, 8.35; North Abington, 8.41; Abington, 8.46; Whitman, 8.53; East Bridgewater, 9: and Bridgewater, 9.07.

The train will arrive at Fall River at 10. On arriving at the latter place the party will take the celebrated sea-going steamer "Warwick" which has been chartered for the day and proceed to Newport where a day of sight seeing, banqueting and games have been mapped out.

The boat leaves Newport at 5.15 and will take the Association and its guests around Newport Harbor including the Torpedo Station, Naval Academy and other points of interest, arriving at Fall River for the home ride at 7 o'clock.

For further information see the following committee of arrangement:—O. A. Bridgham of South Braintree, chairman; A. W. Ames, Rockland; Everett Loud, East Weymouth; J. A. Radcliff of Rockland; W. H. Sims of Braintree and H. W. Mansfield of South Braintree.

TUFTS LIBRARY.

The books will be ready for delivery MONDAY, JULY 28, following the issue of the Gazette and Transcript containing the list.

Barbour, R. H. Peggy-in-the-rain B2314.27
Benson, E. F. The Osbornes B443.1
Churchill, Winston. The inside of the cup C476.8
Civil war stories, retold from St. Nicholas. 1911 j 615.95
Colonial stories, retold from St. Nicholas. 1910 j 612.146
Cooke, Mrs. G. M. The joy bringer C771.2
Cutting, Mrs. M. S. Little stories of courtship. [Short stories] C985.4
Little stories of married life. [Short stories] C985.5
More stories of married life. [Short stories] C985.6
The suburban whirl. [Short stories] C985.7
Douglas, A. M. The red house children at Grafton j D746.58
Dowd, E. C. Polly of Lady Gay cottage j D753.2
Ferber, Edna. Roast beef, medium F372.2
Garland, Hamlin. Other main-travelled roads. [Short stories] G184.13
Glass, Montague. Potash and Perlmutter G465.1
Grey, Zane. Desert gold G868.5
Harrison, H. S. V. V's eyes H2462.2
Howells, W. D. New Leaf mills H837.40
Indian stories, retold from St. Nicholas. 1909 j 615.92
Johnson, Owen. The prodigious Hickey. j J632.5
First published as "The eternal boy"
Kester, Vaughan. John o' Jamestown K487.2
Kingsley, Mrs. F. M. Veronica K615.17
Lincoln, J. C. Mr. Pratt's patients L632.13
Long, J. L. War; or, What happens when one loves one's enemy L854.4
Marshall, Archibald. The eldest son M355.1
Norton, C. L. A medal of honor man j N824.3
O'Connor, Mrs. E. P. (Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.) Little Thank You O183.1
Oppenheim, E. P. The mischief-maker O624.22
Page, T. N. The land of the spirit. [Short stories] P145.16
Pasture, Mrs. E. B. de la. Michael P268.12
Porter, Sydney. (O. Henry). The four million [Short stories] P838.2
The trimmed lamp. [Short stories] P838.3
The voice of the city. [Short stories] P838.4
Revolutionary stories, retold from St. Nicholas. 1910 j 615.94
Richmond, Mrs. G. L. S. Mrs. Red Pepper. R413.8
Published in The Ladies' Home Journal as "The country doctor"
Rolt-Wheeler, F. W. The boy with the U. S. census j R6554.4
Sheldon, M. B. Coffee and a love affair S5444.1
Sinclair, B. M. (B. M. Bower) Uphill climb S6162.3
Stewart, C. D. Finerty of the sand-house S849.4
Whitechurch, V. L. A down-land corner W5863.5
Williamson, C. N. & Mrs. A. M. L. The port of adventure W6791.14

ABBIE L. LOUD, Librarian.

July 25, 1913.

Happiness.

My creed is this: happiness is the only good. The place to be happy is here. The time to be happy is now. The way to be happy is to help make others so.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Clapp M. A. 5, Braintree W. S. 4.

In a well played game at the Clapp Memorial field, East Weymouth, last Saturday afternoon, the C. M. A. nine planned defeat on the Braintree White Sox 5 to 4. The features of the game were contributed by McCarthy, Sullivan and Ross. The score:

CLAPP MEMORIAL

	bh	po	a	e
Scudder, 2b	1	1	0	0
McCarthy, ss	0	2	5	0
Hoyt, cf	1	1	0	0
Sullivan, p	0	0	2	1
Gloster, 3b	0	0	2	0
Drinkwater, rf	1	0	1	0
Casey, 1b,	0	12	0	0
Humphrey, lf	1	0	0	0
Wall, c	0	11	1	0
Totals	4	27	11	1

BRAINTREE W. S.

	bh	po	a	e
Reilly, ss	1	1	1	0
Taylor, 3b	1	1	0	0
Denbroeder, 1b	1	5	0	0
Moralles, 2b	0	1	1	1
Moore, rf	0	2	0	0
Pratt, cf	1	2	0	0
Allen, lf	0	1	0	0
Burrell, c	1	11	0	0
Ross, p	2	0	1	0
Totals	7	24	3	1

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Clapp M. A.	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	1		—5
Braintree White S.	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—4

Runs made by—Scudder, McCarthy, Hoyt, Drinkwater, Humphrey, Pratt, Allen, Burrell, Ross. Two base hit—Reilly. Three base hit—Drinkwater. Stolen bases—Scudder 2, McCarthy, Hoyt, Humphrey, Reilly, Taylor Base on balls—by Ross 2. Struck out—by Sullivan 9, by Ross 11. Sacrifice hit—McCarthy. Time—1 h. 40 m. Umpire—Fitzpatrick.

Reception and Entertainment.

On Tuesday evening, at the resident of A. N. Gardner, 76 Cedar street, Miss Ruth H. Gardner tendered an informal reception to her guest of the past week, Miss Gladys M. Hall of Springfield. After the introductions were over, games were indulged in, both out doors on the lawn and in the house which together with vocal and instrumental music made the evening pass all too quickly.

Refreshments were served and more games were played after which the guests departed, wishing Miss Hall all the compliments of the season.

The young people present were Misses Mildred Newcomb, Helen Lincoln, Doris Cushing, Lily Taylor, Adella Rix, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Fulton, Elbridge Gardner, George Baker, Emerson Dizer, Norman Dizer and William Rix

Miss Hall left East Weymouth on Thursday for Lynn and vicinity, where she will spend a part of her vacation.

Successful Lawn Party.

The lawn party held Thursday evening at the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Thompson, Commercial street, East Braintree, under the auspices of the Universalist church of Weymouth was a grand success and a good sized sum was netted. The grounds, booths and tables were decorated with colored electric lights, bunting and flags. There was an entertainment consisting of violin solos by Ashton Wilbur, cornet solos by Miss Theodora Keith and a dutch song and dance "Under the Anheauser Bush" by Clifton D. Harlow. A dance in the barn followed under the direction of W. H. Baldwin and Harry A. Bailey.

The various booths and tables were in charge of the following: candy, Mrs. Charles A. Clapp, Mrs. F. P. Whitten, Miss Agnes Baldwin; ice cream, Mrs. Lyman C. Williams, Ellis Williams; punch and tonic, Franklin P. Whitten; cake, A. W. Davis, Mrs. George P. Niles; grab basket, Mrs. Lyman Williams, Mrs. Maude Wilbur, Mrs. Walter Richards, Mrs. Arthur Evans; African dodger, Lovell Edson, Porter Thompson. The committee in charge was Rev. Rufus H. Dix, Walter C. Edson, Lyman C. Williams, Francis H. Cowing, William H. Baldwin, J. Thomas Baldwin and the ladies of the various tables.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Cullen Sail.

In connection with the extension work of the Johnson Educator crackers and foods, E. Fred Cullen, vice-president and manager of the Johnson Co., sailed for London last Wednesday on the steamship, Amerika of the Hamburg-American line.

While abroad, Mr. Cullen will look after the final details of an elaborate plan of expansion which the Johnson Education Food Co. now has under way. Mr. and Mrs. Cullen will visit Paris and other continental cities and expect to return to Boston about September 1.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Cullen are well-known in this town, Mr. Cullen being a native of this place and until recently lived in East Weymouth.

—Mr. and Mrs. Cullen carry with them the best wishes of a host of friends for a most delightful and successful trip.

NINETY YEARS OLD.



WILLIAM W. RAYMOND

Yesterday, William W. Raymond of East Weymouth passed out of the octogenarian class and passed into the nonagenarian and while "not as young as he used to be" he is still in a fair degree of health and able to entertain friends with instrumental musical selections.

Mr. Raymond is the last but one of a large family of sons and daughters of Deacon Alvah Raymond with the Bates blood on the other side of his ancestry.

The 90th anniversary of his birth was spent quietly at his home on Shawmut street but many friends an relatives called with greetings and tokens of regard.

Opening of Board of Trade.

Plans have already been made for the opening meeting of the Board of Trade in September. The special committee named at the last meeting has arranged for a Harvest Auto parade to cover all parts of Weymouth.

Suitable prizes will be given for best decorated autos. Three well known men will judge this parade from the Grand Stand at the Agricultural grounds during the afternoon of the first day of the Weymouth Fair.

The business meeting, collation and other entertainment will take place in Fogg opera house in the evening.

The parade will not be confined to members of the Board of Trade. Any owner of an auto may enter the parade and be supplied with guests' tickets for the collation and fair grounds on application to the secretary of the Board of Trade, East Weymouth.

Troop No. 2 Boy Scouts of Amercia

A meeting of the troop was held at their rooms last Monday evening for consideration of the camp question. A suitable site at North Scituate beach had been obtained and it was voted to camp there from Wednesday, July 23rd to Saturday inclusive, July 26th.

The baseball team went to Winthrop on Saturday, July 12th and defeated the Wintrop scout team by the score of 8 to 5. The feature of the game was a home run by Emerson Dizer in the first inning In the fifth inning the East Weymouth boys scored six runs. Emerson Dizer pitched for the East Weymouth team. This is the second game they have won from Winthrop.

There will be a baseball game on Saturday afternoon, July 26th, at King Oak hill between the scout team and a team from Wakefield.

Scoutmaster Commons leaves on July 20th, for Sunapee N. H., where he will enjoy the beauties of nature for the month of August. The troop all wish him a very pleasant vacation.

—Assistant Scoutmaster MacFaun leaves tomorrow morning (Saturday) for Goffstown, N. H., where he will spend a part of his two weeks' vacation. The remainder will probably be spent at Fairhaven and Buzzard's Bay.

All the boys in the troop who could go camping departed Wednesday morning with smiling faces and anticipating a grand good time, for North Scituate beach. While in camp they will have a chance to demonstrate their ability as cooks as they will cook all their meals while there

Mrs. Harriett P. R. Shaw, Dead.

Mrs. Harriett Pauline Reed Shaw, aged 75, wife of William Shaw, died at her home in South Weymouth on Sunday after a short illness. She was a native of this town and a daughter of Quincy and Lucy (Loud) Reed.

Her life has been spent entirely in this town. She was wellknown in social circles about town and was prominent as a singer in her younger days.

Besides a husband, she is survived by two children, Nathaniel and Helen Shaw, both of South Weymouth. The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon from her home, Rev. A. V. House, pastor of the Union Congregational church officiating. There were many beautiful floral tributes. Interment was in Highland cemetery.

Mrs. Margaret Loud Dead.

After some time of declining health, incident to advanced years and a heart difficulty, Miss Margaret Loud passed away at her home on Station avenue, Weymouth, Thursday morning at the advanced age of 86 years.

Mrs. Loud was the youngest and last survivor of a family of twelve children of Capt. Thomas Nash, a noted sea captain of his time and with an unbroken Weymouth ancestry of that name extending back to 1628.

She married Richard E. Loud who died in 1865 leaving her with a family of three children who still survive, viz., Miss Abbie E. Loud, librarian at the Tufts Librarian; Edward E. Loud, Middleboro; and R. Harry Loud of Dorchester.

Funeral services will be held at her late home tomorrow, Saturday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock.

Bates Association Inc.

The seventh annual meeting of the Bates Association will be held at the First Parish Congregational church, Harvard Square, Thursday, August 7.

The association will meet at 10.00 a. m. for preliminary business after which points of interest will be visited until noon.

The afternoon session will assemble at 1.30 for the transaction of business and addresses.

The Weymouth line of Bates' begins with Edward Bates 1638. He was elder of the Weymouth church for 30 years, represented the town in the General Court and held many positions of trust; was a large land holder, also had large interest in the corn- mill and saw-mill.

He died in 1686 and was buried at North Weymouth and his descendants in Weymouth and other places now number into the 1,000.

$150,000 BLAZE AT NORTH WEYMOUTH.

Destructive Fire With Many Narrow Escapes at the American Agricultural Chemical Works.

The most destructive and hard to conquer fire which Weymouth has seen in many a day took place at the so called Bradley Works, North Weymouth, Tuesday afternoon.

A number of lighters were engaged at the wharf discharging niter which had been brought from the Pacific coast of South America, when fire was discovered in the freight on one of the lighters and an explosion immediately followed.

How the fire aboard the lighter started was a mystery to the men aboard the craft. The lighter, carrying 400 tons of niter brought from Chile to Boston and then transferred here, was about half unloaded when suddenly bags on the deck burst into flames. Some of the men thought sparks might have been blown from a piledriver at work a short distance away.

There were other lighters at the wharf and in the river, one of which was towed out of danger, but the explosion reached one more unfortunate which resulted in a second explosion and a spread of the fire which raced through the main mill, a mammoth wooden structure 300 feet square, with such rapidity that there was not an uncharred board remaining inside a half-hour, every one of about 250 men at work in the structure escaped uninjured.

The flames had passed all control in the main mill before the firemen reached the scene, and they turned their attention to the thirty-five cottages of the employees located on what is known as the Island, directly in the path of the fire.

Although the fire brigade of the company, comprising two-thirds of the employees, made a ready response to the first call of the fire, their work was entirely ineffective fifteen minutes after the start of the fire from the fact that the engine room was fireswept, the engineer and his helpers driven forth by the flames.

Not only the Weymouth fire alarm was rung in but assistance called for from Quincy, Hingham and Boston and responses came from all quarters, in fact there was more fire apparatus and men than there was of water pressure, which difficulty was greatly relieved when the Fireboat 44 from Boston arrived and began pumping in salt water from Weymouth Back River.

There were many daring deeds and narrow escapes in the three hours' fight before the danger line was passed. In addition to the main building burnt, two of the tenement houses had gone up in flames and the occupants were homeless.

Late at night nearly 100 people, including many fire men, had fallen ill as the result of inhaling the niter gas fumes, and Superintendent A. J. Ward of the company issued strict orders for the removal of all the homeless families from the locations on the beach and river banks where they had taken refuge for the night, as the wind was sending great volumes of smoke from the smoldering mass directly over them.

When looked back upon at the heated conflict with fire blazing around chemicals and combustables the wonder is that there were no fatalities. At the first explosion the wife of the captain of one of the lighters was blown with several men into the river but all were rescued.

The home fire department of the Company got in early work but shortly found themselves, by a changed wind, shut in close quarters, with no escape, but to crawl through blinding smoke and suffocating gas.

In less than three minutes from the explosion, the main building in which were over 200 men, was shooting a dense smoke and flame two hundred feet in the air and the whole interior, a blaze but every man was gotten out in safety.

As the fire reached the tenements, two of which were consumed, panic reigned, but every woman and child was gotten out in safety.

The firemen of Weymouth, Quincy and Hingham took many hazardous risks and several were overcome by the gases in which they labored but were rescued and shortly restored to comparatively normal conditions although it took several until the next day to entirely recover from the ill efferts.

At one time it was feared that there would not be enough of the plant left to justify its re-building but when compared with the great whole the loss is much less than it was feared it might be. The machine shop and hot houses are left, the tenements are nearly all left, the wharfage and most of the navigation facilities are comparatively little damaged.

The insurance on the particular property burned was $131,000 and $55,000 on machinery contained in the same.

Present indications are that there will be but little, if any suspension of business and the work of rebuilding will be begun at once.

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CHARLES T. CRANE, Treasurer.

VICE PRESIDENTS:
Francis H. Cowing, Henry A. Nash.

BOARD OF INVESTMENTS:
CHARLES A. HAYWARD, FRANCIS H. COWING,
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Bank Hours—9 to 12 A. M., 1.30 to 5 P. M. 6.30 to 8 Monday Evenings, and 9 to 12 A. M Saturdays.

Deposits placed on interest on the **First Monday** of January, April, July and October.

MEETINGS OF THE

Selectmen & Overseers of the Poor

SELECTMEN

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Williard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

Meetings Savings Bank Building, East Weymouth, Every Monday.

during the municipal year, from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR

Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Williard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

Meet at the Town Home every first Tuesday of the month and at the Town Office, East Weymouth, every third Tuesday from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m.

Weymouth, March 14, 1913.

One Minute Cough Cure
For Coughs, Colds and Croup

ON THE FARM

Read this column and you can have it delivered at your house with something new every week for a full year by sending $2.00 to this office now.

Girding a grapevine is to remove a ring of bark about 1-4 of an inch from the bearing branch near the junction with the main stem. The effects show very plainly that the sap ascends in the wood and descends in the bark and must go to the fruit. It must be done when the fruit is the size of a small pea The fruit is much larger and ten or fifteen days earlier.—F. S. Torrey.

Raw onions, chopped fine and mixed with the food twice a week, are said to be a preventive of chicken cholera.

A good garden and a good cow are two chief sources of wholesome and economical living for suburban and village folk

A Main farmer is of the opinion that, besides being a waste of seed, planting whole potatoes gives an excess of vines and produces an excess of small potatoes.

When the fruit buds come very thick most people take it as a sign of a big yield, but when fruit grows too thickly it must necessarily be very small. It is not too late to thin out fruit.

Set celery plants in low trenches, but do not bring the soil up to the plants till after they have made full growth. They need all the air and light possible during the growing period. Never work with celery immediately after a rain or when the dew is on, as this is apt to bring on disease.

We have in mind a field planted to corn; it was well plowed, thoroughly manured, and the planting properly attended to, but the crop was hoed only once. The early growth was vigorous and promising, but the failure to hoe the second time caused a partial failure in the earing.

Whenever possible, it is much better to have two small silos than one large one. Silage is similar to canned vegetables in keeping qualities. If the can leaks air, the food may spoil, especially in warm weather, and the less it is disturbed the better will the contents keep.

Where land that has not been planted in an early crop is to be used for some late crop, it is well to plow the land early and then replow and work down before the late crop is planted. If such ground is not plowed till late it is apt to become very dry and hard.

No farm home should be without a good garden. All farm boys and girls should learn the art of gardening. To become an expert in growing vegetables and fruit is worth more to any man or woman than the mastering of ancient language and literature. The work is fascinating, educating and an excellent means of diversion, as well as a good way of obtaining the best foods cheaply.

Some farmers claim making hogs weigh 250 pounds at from 8 to 10 momths of age. It takes good breeding, care and feeding, especially feeding, to do this. It is impossible to make a hog weigh 200 pounds or more at 10 months of age unless the animal is fed very well when young and never allowed to go hungry at any time. Abundant feeding of young animals is where the profits come in.

The automobile on the farm is not only proving valuable for running to town in busy times and saving the teams, but it is proving of incalculable value to the women and children of the farm. The tired farm woman with a baby in her lap can get far away from the hot kitchen and house on Summer evenings to forget household duties and become thoroughly rested. Through the easy swing of the cushioned seats in the cool evening air on the road, the baby is soon asleep. The mother is completely rested.

One who has no other appreciation of value than that measured by mere weight and bulk would invariably choose a lump of silver in preference to a lump of gold half as large and heavy, but worth ten ten times as much. And so, the farmer whose only estimation of the value of hay is its bulk and weight, will let his grass stand until overripe and secure a larger and heavier crop of far less feeding value than a lesser quantity cut and cured at the proper time.

While looking over your stock don't forget that your result will be greater if you begin to cull your growing stock. The delay in doing this has caused many troubles among chickenmen, overcrowding being the principal cause of lack of vitality in growing chicks. As has been said many times in this column, it is better to have a good, healthy stock, small in number, than a large stock lacking in vigor.

Subscribe now for the Gazette and Transcript. It will cost you less than four cents a week to get this department.

Not His Air.

It was a very fashionable concert, and the artists were very well known ones, but the two young things were too busy with picking out their peculiarities to hear the music.

In the midst of a beautiful selection the pianist suddenly lifted his hands from the keys, and one of the young things was heard to say clearly:

"I wonder if that hair is his own?"

The old man who sat beside her was slightly deaf, but he turned with a benevolent smile.

"No, miss," he imparted pleasantly; "that is Schubert's."—Philadelphia Times.

With Muscle and Brain.

The boy who can master the science and art of the higher craftsman will hold just as responsible place in the world as the practitioner at the bar, the occupant of the pulpit or the physician. Indeed, the wholly competent artisan, the worker with muscle and brain who knows how, is the backbone of the nation. If it were not for him there would not long be need for the specialized professions. He is the weaver of the larger social fabric, the mason who sets the foundation stones of the country's industrial structures, and many a man who is now a doctor, lawyer or preacher would not only be happier and better off, but enjoy more real dignity, if he, too, were one of the "sincere artisans" of the day.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Quaint Description.

You get some swift conversations without intentional listening, says the London Chronicle. Two alert young women sat side by side in one of those cozy armchairs for two thoughtfully provided by the Tube Railway company. Mutual interests were discussed. "What do you think of that new girl in your office?" asked the one. "Oh," replied the other, "she's not bad, but—well, she's the sort of girl whose sister marries a policeman and then doesn't live with him."

The Important Thing.

An American mother was trying to instill in her seven-year-old daughter a spirit of patriotism while they were traveling in Mexico.

"Doris," she said, "this is George Washington's birthday!"

"Is it?" Doris queried indifferently. "What'd he get?"—Everybody's.

She Didn't Get Angry.

"If your wife were to die would you remain a widower?" she asked.

"Not if your husband were to pass away," he replied without making her at all angry.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The greatest aid in overcoming mistakes is acknowledging them.

Samuel Pepys and Nell Gwyn.

After dinner with my wife to the king's house to see "The Mayden Queene," a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit, and the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The king and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell does this, both as a mad girle, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.—From the Diary of Samuel Pepys.

Taming a Fox.

Foxes as a rule are treacherous and shy, yet I soon found that they responded to gentle treatment and affection. I became quite friendly with four foxes and used to go in and out of their cage several times a day and invariably took with me a handful of raisins. I found they were very fond of any sweet fruit, especially raisins, and it was not long before they would eat them freely from my hand. At first I had to approach cautiously and not dare to attempt to place my hand on them. But by and by I petted them almost as freely as I would a dog, and they ceased to show any fear in my presence. It was the same with the coyotes and the lynxes or wildcats.—Detroit Free Press.

Metals and Metaphors.

"It is most amazing," said a metallurgist, "how the world relies on metals for its metaphors and similes. Thus an orator is silver tongued or golden mouthed. An explorer is bronzed by African suns. A resolute chap has an iron will. A sluggard moves with leaden feet. An ostrich has a copper lined stomach. A millionaire has tin. A swindler is as slippery as quicksilver. A borrower has brass."

Amicable Adjustment.

"I want you distinctly to understand, Emil, that when your colleague's wife has a new hat I want one too."

"Calm yourself, my dear. We've settled it between us. You're neither of you going to get one."—Fliegende Blatter.

The Lesser Evil.

"I hate a barber that talks politics all the time, don't you?"

"Can't say I do. I'd rather have him talk politics than hair tonic."—Washington Herald.

Rare Freak.

"Funny, isn't it, about the blowing up of a manhole?"

"How's it funny?"

"Because a man generally blows up in pieces."—Baltimore American.

SERIOUS ERRORS IN WEYMOUTH.

Weymouth Citizens Will Do Well to Profit by the Following.

Many fatal cases of kidney disease have reached an incurable stage because the patient did not understand the symptons. Even today in Weymouth there are many residents making the same serious error. They attribute their mysterious aches and pains to overwork, or worry, perhaps, when all the time their rheumatic pains, backache and bladder irregularites are most probably due to weak and ailing kidneys. If you are ill, if your kidneys are out of order, profit by this Weymouth resident's experience.

Asa K. Benney, 112 Broad street, Weymouth, Mass., says:—"I had a severe backache and my kidneys were irregular in action. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills removed the pain in my back and regulated the kidney action. Three boxes entirely relieved me. Others of the family have used Doan's Kidney Pills with benefit."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Collective.

At a regular mass meeting of the Scandinavians in South Minneapolis a few nights since, the pastor having heard that one John Johnson wanted to join the church, said, "Will John Johnson, if present, please stand up?" Nearly all the men present stood up. The bewildered preacher looked around awhile, and then said: "You may sit down, Mr. Johnson, I will call a meeting of you some time next week."

Real Heroism.

To live well in the quiet routine of life; to fill a little space because God wills it; to go on cheerfully with a petty round of of little duties, little avocations; to smile for the joys of others when the heart is aching—who does this, his works will follow him. He may not be a hero to the world, but he is one of God's heroes.—Dean Farrar.

Golden West
Furniture Dressing.

WHEN YOUR FURNITURE LOOKS DULL *and* NEEDS BRIGHTENING *and* CLEANING UP use the

GOLDEN WEST FURNITURE DRESSING
(Not a Polish.)

J. H. MURRAY, dealer in Paints, Oils and Hardware, East Weymouth, Agent.

Prepared by OLIVER BURRELL, East Weymouth, Mass. **Price 25 Cents.** 14tf

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of MARY C. TOBIN, late of Weymouth in the County of Norfolk, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

THOMAS S. TOBIN, Administrator.
(Address) Care of D. W. Haggerty, Atty. 404 Barristers Hall, Boston, Mass. Boston, July 16, 1913.
18-20

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

NORFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.

TO all persons interested in the estate of

DEBORA J. BAKER,

late of Weymouth, in said County, deceased:

Whereas, Andrew W. Baker, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the amended first and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dedham in said County, on the third day of September A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks, in the Weymouth Gazette a newspaper published in said Weymouth, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, James H. Flint, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

18-20 JOHN D. COBB, Register.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Warren W. Pope to Henry T. Bicknell, dated July 1, 1879, and recorded with Norfolk Registry of Deeds, book 512, page 19, for the purpose of forclosing the same and for breach of the conditions thereof, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on Tuesday, the twelfth day of August, A.D. 1913, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein bounded and described as follows, namely:

A certain parcel of land with a dwelling house thereon, situated in Weymouth, Massachusetts, containing about one-third of an acre and bounded northerly by a road; easterly by land (formerly) of George H. Bicknell and land of James Hancock; southerly by land now or formerly of Prince L. Thayer; and westerly by land (formerly) of Jacob Loud, or however otherwise bounded. Grantee to maintain fences on northerly and westerly sides. Being the same premises conveyed to said Pope by Jacob Loud by deed dated January 14, 1863, recorded with Norfolk Deeds, book 458, page 270.

$100 will be required to be paid in cash at the time and place of sale. Other terms at the sale.

JOHN O. BICKNELL,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
Weymouth, Mass., July 16, 1913. 18-20

The Hingham National Bank
Established 1833

Solicits Individual and Business Accounts

(Interest is paid on accounts of $500 and over)

The officers of the Bank are always ready to give their personal attention to the needs of the depositors, and to advise in business matters

THE HINGHAM NATIONAL BANK

B. A. Robinson, *President* — E. W. Jones, *Cashier*

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Beef, Lamb, Pork, Ham, Bacon and Fowl
Fresh Vegetables as fast as they are in the Market.
Choice Dairy Butter and Fresh Home Laid Eggs
Pure Food Canned Goods from the Best Packers
High Grade Teas, Coffee, Spices and Groceries of all kinds

F. H. SYLVESTER

Broad St., Telephone 121 W. East Weymouth.

Do Not Fail

TO READ THIS

Any sick person without means residing within our delivery district who is in need of ice will be snpplied without charge upon the simple request of any physician. We give the same service in these cases as we do to our regular trade, and only ask that the service be stopped as soon as the actual need is gone.

Wood — Clean Coal — Ice

J. F. SHEPPARD & SONS, Inc.

EAST BRAINTREE — QUINCY
Telephone: Braintree, 25. — Quincy, 232 W. 323 R.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

10c and 25c sizes. Black, White, Tan.

Also Brush and Dauber Combinations

25 Cents

LATEST STYLES IN LADIES'

Black and White Pumps

W. M. TIRRELL

771 BROAD ST — TELEPHONE 66 WEYMOUTH — EAST WEYMOUTH

Right Now Is Your Time

We can show you what you want in

House, Camp, Lawn or Piazza Furniture

Are you looking for Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Curtains and Fixtures, or Paper Hanging? If so, see our stock. Carpets Laid, Curtains Hung, Upholstering and Repairing by experts. Do you need a Summer Cooking Stove? We have the best. How about taking the baby out! We have the carriages.

FORD FURNITURE CO.

Broad St. — Tel. Con. — East Weymouth

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— DEALER IN —

STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS

GLOVES and HOSIERY
UNDERWEAR and NOTIONS
New and Seasonable Goods added Every Week

Charles Harrington,

Commercial Street, near Jackson Square. — East Weymouth

The Particular Customer...

requires Complete Assortment of Goods,
Reasonable Prices and Courteous Service

TO SATISFY is our aim

J. H. MURRAY

759 Broad Street - East Weymouth

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NEW APARTMENTS

AT 688-698 BROAD STREET, EAST WEYMOUTH

Eight new houses, entrances 686 Broad street. Apartments of 4 rooms, all rooms facing the rising sun. Each apartment has 4 rooms and bath, gas and electric lights, hard pine floors, open plumbing. Rent $12 and $14 per month.

CALL AT ONCE!

Apply on premises or to

I. NESSON

101 Tremont street Boston

TELEPHONE 6129 MAIN

SEE OUR LINE OF

Rogers Bros. 1847 Silver that wears, Knives, Forks, Spoons, and other Pieces, Carving Sets.

Fine rich American Deep Cut Glass Ware, the latest designs. Quality guaranteed. (not pressed)

Extra Quality Quadruple Silver Plated Coffee Sets in 4 pieces Coffee Percolators made of copper and nickel.

Chafing Dishes in nickel or solid copper, ebony handles. Tea Strainers in sterling silver.

The Leading Jewelry Store in the Weymouths

JOHN NEILSON,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, Telephone 272W EAST WEYMOUTH

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The New England Lines are OWNED and DIRECTED by New Englanders.

The railroad has the greatest stake of all in the future of New England.

It has invested $140,000,000 that it may be efficient in its work of upbuilding New England.

To prosper, your railroad must always LEAD the fight for YOUR prosperity.

THE NEW ENGLAND LINES
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BEST QUALITY OF ALL KINDS. ALL-RAIL ANTHRACITE IS SUPERIOR

CHARLES T. LEAVITT, H. M Successor to CURTISS COAL Co

Yard, Wharf St., EAST WEYMOUTH. Tel .21-2

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NURSERY STOCK

A full line of Trees, Shrubs, and Vines, Fruit and Ornamental. Asparagus, all best selected stock at reasonable prices. First Class Spray Pumps and Solutions.

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CHICHESTER S PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND



Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutions.

LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in RED and GOLD metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

TIME TRIED WORTH TESTED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administratrix of the estate of GIUSEPPE ZEOLI late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

FILOMENA ZEOLI, Admx.
c/o Carmine Garofalo, 18 Tremont St., Boston.
July 8, 1913. 17-19

WEYMOUTH FIRE ALARM BOXES.

12—Pole, River and Parnell Sts
13—Bradley Fertilizer Works.
14—Pole, Wessagusset Road.
114—Pole, Wessagussett & Hobomac St.
15—Pole, Bicknell square
115—Pole, Pearl and Norton Streets.
16—Pole, Bay View Street.
116—Pole, Bridge and Saunders Sts.
17—Pole, Sea and North Sts.
18—Pole, Lovell and Bridge Sts
19—Pole, Church and North Sts
21—Pole, Grant and High Sts.
221—Pole, Wharf St.
23—Pole, Jackson Square.
223—Pole, Commercial and Putnam Sts
24—Pole, Electric Station, private
224—Pole, Charles St.
25—Pole, Central square.
225—Pole, Middle St., near Lake.
26—Pole, Broad St., near Essex.
226—Pole, Cedar and Hawthorne Sts.
27—Pole, Broad St. and Bates Ave.
28—Pole, Shawmut St.
29—Pole, Strong's Factory, priv.
31—Pole, Summer and Federal Sts.
32—Pole, Congress and Washington Sts
34—Engine House No. 3.
35—Pole, Prospect and Granite Sts
36—Pole, Garfield Square
38—Pole, Washington Square.
39—Pole, Commercial Street, opposite Wharf.
41—Pole, Lovells Corner
42—Pole, Elm and Pleasant Sts.
43—Pole, Nash's Corner.
45—Pole, cor. Park Ave. and Main Sts.
46—Pole, Middle and Washington Sts.
47—Pole, Pleasant and Canterbury.
48—Lake View Park.
49—Pole, opp. Pratt School, Pleasant St.
51—Pole, Pleasant, opp. Otis Torrey's.
52—Engine House No. 5.
53—Pole, Independence Square.
54—Pole, near Depot.
55—Pole, Pond St., near Robinson's
56—Pole, Thicket and Pond Sts
57—Pole, May's Corner, Union St.
58—Henry Chandler's, Union Street,
61—Corner Randolph and Forest Sts.
62—Pole, E. C. Staples, Main St.

NO SCHOOL SIGNALS.

2—2—2. Repeat once.

At 7.30 o'clock a.m., no school in any grade during a.m. The same signal at 8 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during a. m. The same signal at 11.45 o'clock, no school in grades 1 to 4 inclusive during p. m. The same signal at 12.45 o'clock p m., no school in any grade during p. m

Following Are a Few of the Items Which Appeared in the Gazette Years Ago This Week.

TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO.

The comptroller of the currency at Washington has extended the corporate existence of the Union National Bank of Weymouth, to July 26, 1904.

* * *

At time of writing $125 had been raised towards improving Jackson square. To do the work as intended will require about $80 more. The soliciting paper can be seen at Gay's drug store.

* * *

The Board of Commissioners for the Weymouth water-works held a meeting this week, in conference with the contractors, and meet again tomorrow, when the details of arrangements will probably be completed.

TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO.

Base hits.—The East Weymouths play the Bijous of Boston, Saturday. Burrell will catch.

* * *

A meeting of the Monatiquot Yacht club was held last Wednesday evening, when the arrangements for a ladies' day and dedication of the Club house, were made, to occur next Wednesday afternoon and evening.

* * *

Up to the present time the following is the number of service pipes in each ward: 1, 228; 2, 441; 3, 307; 4, 143; 5, 173, making a total of 1293 in the town, which is more than half the number of families, and is a remarkable increase.

* * *

Never in the history of this ancient section of Weymouth has there been such a boom as enlivens the whole community at the present time. Parties attracted here from all parts of the country declare that North Weymouth is one of the most delightful and healthy places they have ever seen.

* * *

T. A. Watson has finished and furnished the interior of the building on his estate on Quincy avenue, formerly occupied as a machine shop, for educational purposes, the scholars to comprise children under the usual school age, without regard to race or color, who will be instructed, free of expense, by a competent teacher.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

The Weymouth Water works and the Braintree works are to be connected in the square.

* * *

Chief Oliver Houghton is on the war path for unlicensed dogs. Owners take notice. The owners of unlicensed dogs smile when they see an item like this.—Ed.

* * *

The Gen. Bates Engine has come to the front again by taking first prize at Lisbon Falls at the Firemen's Muster on July 4, playing 215 feet.

* * *

Edgar keeps the streets in Ward 5 smooth as a house floor. A man hunted all over the Ward one day last week to find a stone to throw at a dog, but could not get one.

* * *

A class in one of the schools enjoyed themselves in what they term a "hay ride." It is doubtful if they could tell what kind of hay they rode on, herdsgrass, clover, red top, or rye straw.

* * *

The horny fisted grangers composing the board of directors of the Weymouth Agricultural and Industrial Society met with John A. Cushman at the Cushman Farm, East street, North Weymouth, Wednesday to discuss the forthcoming annual fair of the society; a genuine farmer's dinner was prepared by Mr. Cushman's household for enjoyment of the party. There were just twenty-five plates covered by the guests, twenty-four of whom were members of the board and the other was the Agricultural editor of the Gazette.

After a Bad Dinner.

Tommy—"Papa, what is it that the Bible says is here today and gone tomorrow?" Papa—"Probably the cook, my son."

Would Leave Nature Alone.

"When Nature has decided on the color of an eye, it is not for man to alter it," remarked Mr. Plowden at Marylebone in fining a man for blackening another man's optic.—London Chronicle.

Had to Be Watched.

"Woa, dar, Politician!" shouted old Brother Bogus to the animal he was endeavoring to drive in the way it should go. "Woa, dar, dad-souse yo' ornery picter, or I'll—Sah" W'y—uh-kee! hee—sah, I calls dis yuh mule Politician uh-kaze de minute yo' takes yo' eye off'n de bodacious scoun'el right den he's into devilbent. Uh-yaw! haw! haw!"

"Impressionless" Paintings.

Dorothy had been with her aunt to an exhibition of modern paintings, and she was describing what she had seen. "What kind of paintings did you say they were, dear?" asked her mother. "They were those impressionless paintings," said the child.

Home, Sweet Home.

Home, sweet home! How many men
Have sung that song the world around,
And longed to find themselves again
Upon that sweetly hallowed ground!
The sailor on the distant sea,
The hunter high upon the hill,
Each of them dwelling tenderly
Upon its sweet relations still!

The love of kindred fills the place,
To keep it beautiful and sweet
Through all the years that come apace,
And whatsoever we may meet,
Nor ever man so base but tears
Have dimmed his eyes the way along
For knowing through the long, long years
The truth of that immortal song.

Home, sweet home! The world grows old,
But that sweet song is ever young,
And will retain its tender hold
So long as ever songs are sung
There is no other place the same,
Wherever human feet may wend,
And in that song we shall acclaim
Our great love for it to the end.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Say the Kind Word Now.

Oh, my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of these men was dead tomorrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve till you hear that he is dying of starvation or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give him some day—if you only could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, that the time is short, how it would break the spell, how you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do!—Phillips Brooks

A Gigantic Neptune.

At Monterossa, near Spezia, Italy, there is an architectural curiosity, a gigantic figure of Neptune, constructed of cement and used to support the extreme end of a terrace for a seaside villa. The house is the Villa Pastine, says the Wide World Magazine, and the statue is the work of the Signor Arrige Minerbi, a talented sculptor of Rome. The small promontory on which the villa is built presented many difficulties to the architect, but he finally succeeded in building there a very commodious and comfortable villa. The statue is wonderfully lifelike and is eleven meters in height. The body, which, like the head, is built of reenforced cement, is hollow and contains a spiral staircase. Considering the nature of the material with which Signor Minerbi had to work, he is to be congratulated on the result of his labors.

The Navy of Today.

The transformation from the sail propelled man-o'-war to the complicated mass of machinery known as the modern battleship is not one bit more pronounced than the improvement which has taken place in the personnel of the men who compose the human working parts of these great machines. Time was when the navy was looked upon by many as a sort of reform school, a last resort to which young men could be sent who were not quite bad enough to be put in jail and not good enough to roam at large. Such conditions have, fortunately, passed away, and the American navy today is composed of brains and muscle of the highest order and a personnel of which the country can well be proud.—Popular Mechanics.

Customs at Eton.

In no other community are so many sumptuary laws stringently enforced as among the boys of Eton college, England. As a rule, they wear Eton jackets or tailcoats, the latter being allowed only on boys who have attained the height of five feet five inches. Then the trousers must always be turned up and the bottom button of the waistcoat undone. Should an Etonian carry an umbrella he must never venture to roll it up.

Wanted Information.

Harold, aged five years, was visiting his aunt. While at dinner the grown-ups were talking and paying little or no attention to Harold. He was ready for dessert, and to attract the others' attention he said:

"Please, Aunt Mame, is that pie an ornament?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Base Suspicion.

Guest (in cheap restaurant)—That's queer. I ordered three dishes and you are out of all. Waiter—It's very late, sah. Guest (suspiciously)—Not saving 'em for yourself, eh? Waiter (haughtily)—I don't eat here, sah!—Yonkers Statesman.

Evil of Untruth.

Truth is cleverer and healthier than falsehood. It is more aristocratic. Like self-control, it is one of the hall marks of a lady. Lies are a malaria that eats into character like a disease and breaks down its citadels against the approach of evil.

Sick-Room Light.

If there are electric lights in the sick room they will generally be found too brilliant, hurting the eyes of the patient, and not every sick room has the electric lights that can be turned up or down. Make a little green silk bag and fasten it over the incandescent bulb and it will give a good but subdued and harmless light

Town Officers of Weymouth and their Post Office Address.

TOWN CLERK.
John A. Raymond, East Weymouth.

TOWN TREASURER.
John H. Stetson, South Weymouth.

SELECTMEN.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
Henry E. Hanley, East Weymouth.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.
Edward W. Hunt, Chairman, Weymouth.
Bradford Hawes, Secretary, East Weymouth.
George L. Newton, North Weymouth.
Willard J. Dunbar, East Weymouth.
A. Francis Barnes, South Weymouth.

ASSESSORS
John F. Dwyer, Chairman, Weymouth.
Frank H. Torrey, Clerk, North Weymouth.
Waldo Turner, East Weymouth
Warren T. Simpson, South Weymouth.
Edward I. Loud, South Weymouth.

Regular meeting of Board first Wednesday evening of each month at Town Office Savings Bank building, East Weymouth.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.
Clarence P. Whittle, Chairman, Weymouth.
A. Lillian McGregor, Secretary, E. Weymouth.
E. E. Leonard, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Alden, North Weymouth.
Theron L. Tirrell, South Weymouth.
Prince H. Tirrell, South Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Parker T. Pearson. East Weymouth At close of school on Monday will be at the Athens building; Tuesday at Jefferson; Wednesday at Howe Thursday at Hunt.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.
Frank H. Torrey, Chairman North Weymouth
George E. Bicknell, Clerk, Weymouth.
Robert S. Hoffman, East Weymouth.
John H Stetson, South Weymouth
Edward W. Hunt, Weymouth.

BOARD OF HEALTH.
George E. Emerson, Chairman, So. Weymouth.
Nelson B. Gladwin, Clerk, North Weymouth.
John S. Williams, Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF WATER WORKS.
Ivers M. Low, East Weymouth.

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.
John L. Maynard, East Weymouth.

TAX COLLECTOR.
Winslow M. Tirrell, East Weymouth

FIRE ENGINEERS.
M. O'Dowd, chief, South Weymouth
W. W. Pratt, clerk, East Weymouth.
J. Q. Hunt, East Weymouth.
Charles W. Baker, Weymouth.
Philip W. Wolf, North Weymouth

TREE WARDEN
Charles L. Merritt, South Weymouth.

POLICE OFFICERS.
P. Butler, chief, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
A. H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
Geo. W. Nash, North Weymouth.

CONSTABLES.
Isaac H. Walker, North Weymouth.
George W. Nash, North Weymouth.
Patrick Butler, East Weymouth.
Arthur H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
Thomas Fitzgerald, Weymouth.
John D. Walsh, Weymouth.
George B. Bayley, South Weymouth.
Elbert Ford, South Weymouth.
George W Conant, South Weymouth.
Willard F. Hall, East Weymouth.

AUDITORS.
William H. Pratt, East Weymouth.
John P. Hunt, Weymouth.
Frank N. Blanchard, East Weymouth.

PARK COMMISSIONER.
William H. Clapp, Weymouth.
Louis A. Cook, South Weymouth.
W. E. Bean, North Weymouth.

SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.
Frank D. Sherman, Weymouth.

REPRESENTATIVE TO GENERAL COURT.
(From Seventh Norfolk District.)
John F. Dwyer, Weymouth, Mass.

SENATOR.
(First Norfolk District.
John J. McDevitt, Quincy.

County Officers.

OFFICES AT DEDHAM.

Judge of Probate and Insolvency, James H Flint of Weymouth.
Register of Probate and Insolvency, John D Cobb.
Assistant Register, J. Raphael McCoole.
Clerk of Courts, Louis A. Cook of South Weymouth.
Assistant Clerk, Robert B. Worthington.
Second Assistant, Louis A. Cook, Jr., of South Weymouth.
Register of Deeds, John H. Burdakin.
Assistant Register of Deeds, Edward L. Burdakin.
County Treasurer, Henry D. Humphrey.
Sheriff, Samuel H. Capen.
Special Sheriff, Edward E. Wentworth, Cohasset
County Commissioners, John F. Merrell of Quincy, chairman. Evan F. Richardson, of Millis Everett M. Bowker, Brookline. Session every Tuesday at 10 a. m.
Special Commissioners, Fred L. Fisher, of Norwood; Henry A. Whitney, of Bellingham.
District Attorney, (Southeast District, Norfolk and Plymouth), Albert F. Barker, of Brockton Assistant, D. A., Fred L. Katzman, of Hyde Park
Clerk of Dist. Court, (East. Norfolk), Lawrence W. Lyons, of Quincy.

Calendar of County Courts.

Supreme Judicial Court Jury Sitting, third Tuesday of February.

Superior Court, Civil Sessions—For work with Juries—First Monday of January, first Monday of May, and first Monday of October. For Court work—First Monday of February, first Monday of April, first Monday of September, and first Monday of December.

Superior Court, Criminal Sittings—First Monday of April; first Monday of September; first Monday of December.

Probate Court—At Dedham, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, except August. At Quincy, on the second Wednesday of every month, except August. At Brookline, on the fourth Wednesday of every month, except August.

County Commissioners' Meetings—Third Tuesday of April; fourth Tuesday of June; fourth Tuesday of September; last Wednesday of December. By adjournment: On Tuesdays, except during August.

District Court of East Norfolk. Jurisdiction Randolph, Braintree Cohasset, Weymouth, Quincy, Holbrook and Milton. Court held at Quincy for criminal business every week day except legal holidays, and for civil business Tuesdays at 9 a. m. Justice, Albert E. Avery, Braintree. Special Justices, E. Granville Pratt, Quincy; Louis A. Cook, Weymouth. Clerk, Lawrence W. Lyons, Asst. James McDonald. Probation Officer, Francis A. Spear, 25 Thayer Street, Quincy. Court Officer and Bail Commissioner, William Marden, 24 Coddington Street, Quincy.

J. L. WILDES

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RESIDENCE:

522 Commercial St., Weymouth Heights

Weymouth Gazette
AND TRANSCRIPT

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE

Gazette and Transcript Publishing Co.

WEYMOUTH, - MASS.

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FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1913.

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All communications must be accompanied with the name of the writer, and unpublished communications cannot be returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed

Notices of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 10 cents per line in the reading matter, or regular rates in the advertising columns.

Dogs in Weymouth have as much audacity as boy fruit thieves: they will play and frolic, unhampered by collars or license, in the yards of officers authorized to kill them, attach their cards to his corner post, flowers and shrubs then go on their way to other scenes of enjoyment and devastation.

Inflammatory.

At a dinner of firemen recently the following sentiment was proposed: "The Ladies! Their eyes kindle the only flame which we cannot extinguish, and against which there is no insurance."

Contagious.

"'Tis strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

The Coach and Four Came.

Among the many records of Harrow school is that of a boy, the son of a poor local tradesman in a very small way of business. His schoolfellows often taunted him about his family poverty. Their thoughtless jeers, although hurting his feelings, drew from the lad the retort, "I intend before I die to ride in a coach and four." The years sped by, and, lo and behold, the poverty stricken youngster of Harrow had developed into Dr. Parr, the greatest scholar of his time, whose customary and favorite means of locomotion was a coach and four!—London Mail.

Came Near It.

A New England farmer was once describing in the presence of a very humane person the great age and debility of a horse that he formerly owned and used. "You ought to have killed him," interrupted the humane person indignantly. "Well," drawled the farmer, "we did—almost."

A Mean Dig.

Myrtle—Look what a lovely diamond engagement ring George has given me. Estelle—Yes; it's lovely. It nearly broke my heart when I sent it back to him.

TUFTS LIBRARY.

Art Exhibition.

Pictures for children—Art for the Nursery, by Walter Crane; No 2—from Library Art club are now in the Reading Room, where they are to remain until Aug. 11.

"Walter Crane shares with Randolph Caldecott and Kate Greenaway the distinction of having been called an 'Academition of the Nursery.' Nothing could be more appropriate, and one could go even further and speak of him as the founder of the Nursery Academy."

Art of Walter Crane. Konody.

On Saturday, the 26th, the library will not open until 3.30 o'clock on account of the funeral of Mrs. Margaret Loud, mother of the librarian.

INSTINCT IN PLANTS.

Actions That Seem to Indicate Some Sort of Nervous System.

Plants sometimes appear to possess reasoning power. Charles Darwin instanced the case of the rootlet, which, piercing its way through the soil and detecting a stone or lump of hard clay in its path, will go round it without touching it. "How does the rootlet or plant know that the stone is there?" he asks. "Certainly it cannot see it and as it does not touch it cannot feel it. The avoidance therefore seems to be in the nature of perception of some kind which is a mental operation."

The species of mimosa known as the sensitive plant will contract its leaves even at the sound of a footstep, and when such a plant is being transplanted it crumples up during the process in such a way that it really appears to be suffering from fear. Afterward it recovers and resumes its ordinary mode of life.

Plants undoubtedly possess consciousness of a kind which enables them to carry out certain operations necessary to their preservation, and this can only be done through the possession of some sort of nervous system.—London Standard.

Disraeli's Nuptial Joke.

There was a little joke between them (Disraeli and his wife) which I heard from the late dean of Salisbury. "You know I married you for your money," Disraeli would say to her. "Oh, yes, but if you were to marry me again you would marry me for love," was the regular reply. "Oh, yes!" her husband would exclaim, and the little nuptial comedy ended.

But what Disraeli said to Bernal Osborne once about his marriage is much better worth the telling. It was at a dinner party after dinner when the men were alone. "What did you marry her for?" Osborne asked in his characteristic way. Disraeli twiddled his wineglass in the pause that followed this point blank inquiry. Then he lifted his head slowly and looked the other very expressively in the face. "For a reason," he said, "which you could never understand—gratitude."—From "Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories."

Wagner's Music.

By the study of Wagner's masterpieces a glimpse of the eternal is had, and once the vision of his truth fills the soul counterfeits are detected instinctively. The polyphony of Bach and the music of "Die Meistersinger" prove the spiritual kinship of Wagner with the founder of modern music. A Beethoven symphony and the "Tristan und Isolde" music demonstrate the common genealogy of the composer from Bonn and the maker of music dramas, but listen to the Strauss music from "Salome" when the prophet is being murdered in the well and then hear the mighty tone structure of the last scene from "Gotterdaemmerung" and observe that Strauss shrieks while Wagner chants.—San Francisco Call.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

—Mrs. W. A. Drake and Wallace Drake left this week for their summer home at Lake Penneseewasee, Norway, Maine.

—Miss Elinor Gould has returned home after spending two weeks with her grandmother in Wakefield.

—Ground has been broken for the new house of J. Herbert Libby on North street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bartlett and son, John of Mapleshead, N. J., are visiting Mr. Bartlett's mother, Mrs. J. W. Bartlett of North street.

—Rev. and Mrs. R. H. Dix have been spending a few days with friends in Kenberma this week.

—Henry Clapp and Amory Tyler leave tomorrow to spend two weeks at Intervale, N. H.

—Mrs. James Mester of Green street left on Tuesday for a visit to relatives in England.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Tibbetts of Leonard road welcomed a baby boy to their home on Sunday, July 20.

—Miss Grace Leslie of Woburn has been visiting Mrs. Miles Keene this week.

—Charles F. Koopman of Ocean avenue have been spending the week along the Maine coast, going as far as Castine.

—Herbert Gladwin died at the home of his brother, A. L. Gladwin on Sunday, July 20. Funeral services and interment were at Saginaw, Michigan on Wednesday afternoon.

—Miss Emma Crowe of Westboro and Mrs. Simpson of Brockton have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Rourke

—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sidelinger are sojourning at Nobleboro and New Harbor, Maine. At Nobleboro they will be the guests of Mr. Sidelinger's brother, and at New Harbor of Frank L. Kelley of Brockton who has a summer home there.

—Mr. and Mrs. Willis Keene spent the week end at Beechwoods.

—Among the recent guests at the home of Mrs. A. E. Beals have been Miss Matthews and Mrs. Pingree of Milwaukee, Wis., Mrs. G. H. Franklin of Fall River and Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Bicknell and son, Francis of Swampscott.

—Arthur G. Sampson has entered the employ of R. H. Whiting for the summer.

—Charles H. Thayer died at his home in Somerville on Wednesday, July 16. For a number of years he was a resident of North Weymouth. He leaves one sister, Mrs. Thomas B. Seabury of North Weymouth. Interment was at the North Weymouth Cemetery on Saturday, July 19.

—On account of the serious conflagration at the Bradley Fertilizer Works the dance and whist party which was to have been held in the Bradley Club House was postponed until next week.

—W. T. Seabury spent the week end with his family at Peak's Island, Maine.

—Misses Edith and Marion Tutty are entertaining their cousin, Master Joseph Tutty of Springfield.

—Mrs. Sarah A. Dasha is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Ella Riley.

—Mrs. I. W. Morgan entertained a covered dish party at her home on Standish street last Wednesday.

—Miss Anna Alden is spending two weeks in Provincetown.

—William Nelligan is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Bernard McDermott of Neck street

—J. J. Byrne has been the gnest of friends in Roslindale this week.

He Didn't Mind.

"I suppose Jerry," said the eminent statesman, looking through his pocketbook for a new dollar bill, "like a lot of other people nowadays, you would rather have clean money?" "Oh, that's all right, Senator," said the cabman. "I don't care how you made your money."

Almost Recognized.

Dinah was a product of New Orleans, a big, plump "yaller gal" who could cook the finest dinners for miles around. One day a new butler appeared upon the scene, and Dinah's mistress noticed that she took a great interest in the man. At last her mistress could stand her curiosity no longer and asked:

"Dinah, do you know that new man?"

Dinah took another long and scrutinizing look and then slowly and reminiscently replied:

"Well, I dunno, Miss Alice, but I think he was ma fust husband?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Toboga Island.

Famed for its unfailing springs of pure, sparkling water, the island of Toboga lies about ten miles from the city of Panama, in the Pacific. Here the mail steamers plying between Balboa and San Francisco lie by for their supply of fresh water, as do also the steamers that sail southward from Panama. The island is also famous for its splendid pineapples.

Preoccupied.

The professor had fallen downstairs, and as he thoughtfully picked himself up he remarked, "I wonder what noise that was I just heard?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Just Rebuke.

"Is life worth living?"

"Not if you have nothing better to occupy your mind than such questions as that!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Lack of desire is the greatest riches.—Seneca.

One Regrettable Omission.

The society reporter nearly always omits one important detail in writing up the wedding. She neglects to say whether the happy bridegroom has made any arrangements which will enable him to support a family.—Topeka Capital.

Plain to Observation.

Wife—"Notice that third chorus girl in the first row. She used to go to school with me. Poor thing! She went on the stage because she had nothing to wear." Husband—"So I see."—London Opinion.

$25.00 REWARD

The above reward will be paid for information leading to the arrest of the person who recently took a lady's bicycle, "Humber" make, with new tires, from the office of the undersigned.

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SEE THE KINCAIDE PLAYERS . . . CABARET SHOW . . .

'Twas so good six weeks ago we had to have it repeated to please the people.
COME! ENJOY IT!!

VAUDEVILLE AND PICTURES THE BEST.

Beginning Monday, July 28—Last week of the Kincaide Players in Musical Comedy. Entire program, including vaudeville and photo-plays, changed Monday and Thursday.

A COOL PLACE TO PASS 2 HAPPY HOURS.



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Straw Hats Marked Down One Third
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TO SAVE TIME, TROUBLE AND MONEY
—FOR—
Hardware, Cutlery, Paints and Oils
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COAL
FOR RANCE OR FURNACE
Free Burning White Ash and genuine Lehigh, Franklin or Shamokin
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SAWED and SPLIT
HAY, GRAIN AND FLOUR
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We will install a Gas Range and Water Heater and allow one year to pay for them

Twenty reasons why you should buy a Gas Range:—

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12—Troubles of stopped-up flues, windy days, fire going out, all eliminated.
13—Heat can be regulated to any degree with gas range.
14—Needs no attention. A match and a twist of the wrist does the trick.
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16—A gas range saves space in the kitchen—you can set it up against a wall.
17—A gas range improves the appearance of a kitchen.
18—A gas range is easily kept clean. Does not require polishing.
19—Repairs on a gas range do not amount to one-tenth of those on a coal or wood range.
20—All working parts are removable and can be readily replaced.

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LINCOLN SQUARE . Tel. Weymouth 248

Butter . . .	30c and 32c lb.	Catsup . .	10c size, 4 for 25c
Best Creamery Butter received daily		50c Tea . .	sale price 30c lb.
Eggs . . .	sale price 25c doz.	Shredded Wheat . . .	12c
Coffee . .	35c, sale price 25c	Lenox Soap . . .	7 for 25c
Evaporated Milk all kinds	3 for 25c	Welcome Soap . . .	6 for 25c
Corn . .	7c each, 4 for 25c	American Scouring Soap .	11 for 25c
Sardines . .	10c value, 3 for 25c		

SUGAR, with other goods 4½c. No stamps

FLOUR

MUSKETEER 75c, sale price 72c — CAPITOL 80c, sale price 77c
PILLSBURY'S 85c, sale price 82c — GOLD MEDAL 85c, sale price 82c
SPECIAL PASTRY FLOUR 72c

Kellogg's Corn Flakes 9c Pure Cocoa 22c, sale price 15c
Class Mustard 8c, 3 for 25c

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Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions by mail. Will reopen September 8th.

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White Flannel Trousers---$5

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Men who want separate undergarments will like this Balbriggan Underwear. It's a snug fitter, yet it conforms to every line of the figure and conforms to every change of position or play of the muscles.

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SOUTH WEYMOUTH

—Daniel H. Clancy, Undertaker, Vine street, Weymouth. Tel. 336 W.—Advertisement.

—Warren Simpson and daughter, Miss Helen, have been spending a few days in New York City.

—Warren Bates and Charles Reid are enjoying an outing at Martha's Vineyard.

—The Ladies Social circle of the Universalist church entertained at a lawn party on the church grounds last Thursday afternoon and evening. The grounds were beautifully decorated with flags and Japanese lanterns. A musical program was given. The sales tables were in charge of the following: ice cream, Mrs. Winfield Baker and Mrs. Nathaniel Thomas; cake, Mrs. Josiah Prescott; domestic, Mrs. Lewis Jones and Mrs. Hiram Chase; candy, Miss Florence Howe and Mrs. Warren Simpson; grab box, Mrs. Abbott Howe.

—Mrs. H. D Mason of Tulsa, Okla., is visiting in town.

—Miss A. C. Orcutt is passing the week at Duxbury Beach.

—Letter Carrier Kenneth Brennan is enjoying his annual two weeks' vacation from his duties.

—Miss Madeline Fox of Boston has been visiting in town.

—Miss M. Agnes Holbrook is spending her vacation at Nantasket.

—The executive board of the Old Colony club was entertained last Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Nelson Gay at her home on Pleasant street. After a business session a social hour was held with music and refreshments.

—Mrs. C. J. Grundstrom and children have been on an outing in Maine.

—It is reported that Mrs. Hattie Taylor has purchased the dwelling on Reed avenue owned by Mrs. Rose O'Brien.

—The two-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Prince H. Tirrell is suffering from a fractured leg, he received by a fall recently.

—Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Mooar and Miss May Mooar left the first of the week on an automobile trip through New Hampshire.

—Miss Minnie McHenry of Worcester has been visiting her sister, Miss Lillian McHenry.

—Kenneth Nash, shortstop on the Waterbury, Connecticut nine, was home last Friday and Saturday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mann have returned from their wedding trip and have taken up their residence in Rockland.

—Henry S. Poole is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—The Misses Alice and Eva Derby are visiting in Maine.

—Arthur Vinson has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Vinson in Newark, N. J.

—Mrs. Ernest George is entertaining relatives from Taunton.

—The residence of F. Hayden on Central street has been sold to an out of town party.

—Francis Lowell is spending the summer in camp at Gettysburg, Penn.

—Miss Mary E. Holbrook and a party of friends have been on an automobile tour to the Cape the past few days.

—Miss Helen Bass, clerk at the local post office, is passing a two weeks' vacation at York Beach, Maine, with her brother, Herbert Bass of Concord, N. H., and his family.

—Samuel Robinson who has a position in Onset has been visiting in town for a few days.

—Mrs. N. E. Williams and daughter, Elizabeth are visiting at their former home in Middleboro.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fernald are on a vacation trip to Claremont, N. H.

—South Weymouth grange is arranging for a series of lawn parties the next few weaks. The grange will attend the outing of Mayflower Pomona grange at Mayflower Grove tomorrow.

Universalist Church.

Morning worship at 10.30. Sabbath School at 19.45. We welcome you to this last service for the summer; the church will be closed throughout August. Sermon for Sunday, "The Personal Christ."

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS

—Mrs. James Jones and daughter, Isabel, are spending two weeks at Harpswell, Me.

—Mrs. James Humphrey and the Misses Louise and Mary Humphrey are sojourning at Jackson, N. H.

—Robert Atkinson of Melrose is visiting his aunt, Miss Addie Taylor.

—Miss Edith Bates is enjoying a ten nays' vacation from her duties with the George E. Strong Co. and is at Jackson, N. H.

—Miss Marion Lunt is making a visit with her grandmother in Duxbury.

—Chester Barnard of Roxbury was a week end guest of friends at the Heights.

—Eugene Stevenson of Allston has been stopping with his brother, George Stevenson.

—Frank Hathaway formerly of this place, has been a recent guest of Herman and Edward Bates.

—Albert Hulbert, the Weymouth Heights station agent, is having a month's vacation.

—Mrs. Edwin Murphy has returned from a week's outing at Old Orchard, Me.

LOVELL'S CORNER

—Miss Maria Hawes is to spend the next two weeks at the Narragansett Assembly at East Greenwich, R. I.

—Miss Catherine Kelley spent Sunday as the guest of Miss Alida Gardner.

—Harold Hawes has accepted a position as chauffeur for H. K. Cushing of East Weymouth.

—Thirty from this place enjoyed an auto ride to Minot and Nantasket on last Saturday noon.

—Mr. Richardson of the Park Street Quartette of Boston will sing at the Porter church Sunday morning and evening.

—The engagement is announced of Miss Marion Tisdale to Parker Bates of East Weymouth.

—Mrs. Elmer Whittan of Wollaston spent a few days this week with relatives in this place.

—Miss Marion White spent a few days at Nantasket this week.

When the Truth Is Lost.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—John Ruskin.

Fit Boys for Business.

When a boy undertakes to learn the grocery business in Prague, Bohemia, his employer demands from $20 to $60 a year from him and in return furnishes board and clothes. The lad must attend an advanced business school at least twice a week and on Sundays study an additional language.

Not Triplets.

My little grandson was told by his mother to run across the street and inquire of a lady who was going by with three little babes in a cart if they were triplets. He soon came back, looking much disappointed, and said: "No, they are not triplets. They were born the same day, but two of them are girls and the other one is a boy."—Exchange.

HOW A MOTOR "TALKS."

The Sympathy That May Come Between the Animate and Inanimate.

"One day my chauffeur was taken ill, and I drove myself in, left the car standing in a side street during the day, and drove home at night," said a suburbanite. "Then, for the first time, I began to sense the feeling of mutuality or mutual sympathy, if such an expression may be permitted between animate and inanimate things, between the machine and myself. Several trips by myself confirmed the sensation; then I bought another car for the family and now drive myself regularly in this one.

"I have often thought of the stories told by locomotive engineers in which their great engines are endowed with almost mental faculties. There are enough of them to fill a book, but I never considered them seriously until I began with this car. Sometimes the engine sings; sometimes it purs. I know its 'sing' and its 'purr.' If anything is the matter with it it tells it in a language entirely intelligible to me. It responds to my lightest touch in all its functions, but once," and here his voice became grave, "it refused to run into an unlighted ditch where I was trying to steer it. I looked for half an hour for the trouble with the steering apparatus, but could find nothing wrong."—Suburban Life.

Do As Others Do, Take

this time-tested—world proved—home remedy which suits and benefits most people. Tried for three generations, the best corrective and preventive of the numerous ailments caused by defective or irregular action of the organs of digestion and elimination has been proved to be

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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If you have not tried this matchless family medicine, you do not know what it means to have better digestion, sounder sleep, brighter eyes, clearer complexion, which come after Beecham's Pills have cleared the system of impurities. Try them now—and *know*. Always of the same excellence—in all climates; in every season—Beecham's Pills are

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Directions with every box are very valuable, especially to women.

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Shirts, Ties and Sundries.
Right Goods at Right Prices.

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BASE BALL

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Braintree Athletic Association VS. Clapp Memorial Association.

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DRUGGIST
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WEYMOUTH DIRECTORY.

Men are canvassing for a new directory, which is issued every two years. This town covers a large territory; it is a hard town to canvass, besides being quite expensive. The merchants and residents will appreciate this fact and encourage it. A map of Weymouth will be included, also diagrams of the Boston theatres, street directory, etc. The book will be isuued early in the fall. Union Publishing Co., publishers, Old South Bldg., room 1013, Boston. 19-20

Determining Factor.

Technique, sooner or later, determines the fate of a play.—William T. Price.

Recruit.

"A bad mess," declared the junior partner. "Lot of urgent mail to be answered and the typewriter has just left." "The office boy is always fooling around that machine," suggested the senior partner. "Put him in now, and let's see what he can do as a pinch-hitter."—Pittsburgh Post.

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PIANO TUNER.
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78 Cleverly Court, - Quincy Point.
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OFFICE HOURS, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m
At all other hours at Residence on Hillcrest Road, opp. Catholic Church.
JOHN A. RAYMOND, Town Clerk

HAYWARD BROTHERS
Carpenters and Builders : : :
QUINCY AVENUE,
East Braintree.
P.O. Address, Weymouth.

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Vice-Presidents, T. H. Emerson. E. M. Carter.
Treasurer, John A. Raymond
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From 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M., excepting Saturdays, when the hours will be from 9 A. M. to 12 M. only. Mondays 7 to 8.30 p. m. for deposits only.

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THE PURCHASE PRICE;

OR,

THE CAUSE OF COMPROMISE

By EMERSON HOUGH

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CHAPTER XX.

The Specter in the House.

THE travel stained figures of Dr. Jamieson, Judge Clayton and the Hon. William Jones met the Dunwody coach just as it was leaving at the upper end of St. Genevieve's main street.

They had found fresh horses and in the belief of Dunwody it was quite as well that they rode horseback, in common with the followers of Hector, who presently came trooping after him. The interior of the coach seemed to him more fittingly reserved for this lady and himself. None the less, the Hon. William had abated none of his native curiosity. It was his head which presently intruded at the coach window.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed he. "What? Again? This time there is no concealment, Dunwody! Come, confess!"

"I will confess now as much as I ever had to confess," retorted Dunwody angrily. "If you do not know yet of this lady, I will introduce you once more. She is the Countess St. Auban, formerly of Europe, and now of any place that suits her. It is no business of yours or of mine why she was once there, or cares to go there again, but she is going along with us out to Tallwoods."

Judge Clayton made salutation more in keeping with good courtesy than had his inquisitive friend. "I have been following the fortunes of this lady somewhat attentively of late," he said at length. "At least she has not been idle!"

"Precisely!" ventured Josephine, leaning out of the window. "That is why I am coming tonight. I understand there has been trouble down here—that it came out of the work of our colonization society"—

"Rather!" said Clayton grimly.

"I was back of that. But, believe me, as I told Mr. Dunwody, I was not in the least responsible for the running off of negroes in this neighborhood. I thought, if I should go out there and tell these other gentlemen, that they would understand."

"That's mighty nice of you," ventured the Hon. William Jones. "But if we don't git there before midnight they'll be so full of whisky and devilment that I don't think they'll listen even to you, ma'am."

"It is pretty bad, I'm afraid," said Judge Clayton. "What with one thing and another, this country of ours has been in a literal state of anarchy for the last year or two. What the end is going to be I'm sure I don't see.

"And the immediate cause of all this sort of thing, my dear madam," he continued as he rode alongside, "why, it seems to be just that girl Lily, that we had all the trouble about last year. By the way, what's become of that girl? Too bad! She was more than half white."

"Yes, it is all about that girl Lily," said Josephine slowly, restraining in her own soul the impulse to cry out the truth to him, to tell him why this girl was almost white, why she had features like his own. "That is the trouble, I am afraid—that girl Lily and her problem. If we could understand all of that perhaps we could see the reason for this anarchy."

The group broke apart, as the exigencies of the road traveled required. Silent now in part as to matters present, wholly silent as to matters past, Josephine and Dunwody went on into the night, neither loosing the tight rein on self. Swaying and jolting its way upward and outward into the wilder country, the coach at last had so far plunged into the night that they were almost within touch of the valley in which lay the Dunwody lands. Eleazar, the trapper, rode on the box with the negro driver, who had been impressed into service. It was the old trapper who at length called for a halt.

"Listen!" said he. "What is that?"

Dunwody heard him and as the coach pulled up thrust his head out of the window. The sound was repeated.

"I hear it," cried he. "Rifle firing I'm afraid we're going to be too late Drive on, there, fast!"

Finally they reached the point in the road just below the shut-in, where the hills fell back in the approach to the little circular valley. Dunwody's gaze was bent eagerly out and ahead. "My God!" he exclaimed at length. "We are too late! Look!"

At the same moment there came excited cries from the horsemen who followed. Easily visible now against the black background of the night there showed a flower of light, rising and falling, strengthening.

"Drive!" cried Dunwody; and now the sting of the lash urged on the weary team. They swung around the turn of the shut-in and came at full speed into the approach across the valley. Before them lay the great Tallwoods mansion house. It stood before them a pillar of fire, prophetic, it might be repeated, of a vast and cleansing catastrophe soon to come to that state and this nation a catastrophe which alone could lay the specter in our nation's house.

They were in time to see the last of the disaster, but too late to offer remedy. By the time the coach had pulled up at the head of the gravel way, before the yet more rapid horsemen had flung themselves from their saddles the end easily was to be guessed. The house had been fired in a half score places. At the rear, even now, the long streaks of flame were reaching up to the cornice, casting all the front portion of the house and the lawn which lay before it into deep shadow. The shrubbery and trees thus outlined showed black and grim.

The men of the Tallwoods party dashed here and there among the covering of trees back of the house. There were shots, hastily exchanged, glimpses of forms slinking away across the fields. But the attacking party had done their work and now, alarmed by the sudden appearance of a resistance stronger than they had expected, were making their escape. Once in awhile there was heard a loud, derisive shout, now and again the crack of a spiteful rifle, resounding in echoes against the hillsides.

Dunwody was among the first to disappear in search of these besiegers. For an instant Josephine was left alone, undecided, alarmed, in front of the great doors. Eleazar, to save the plunging team, had now wheeled the vehicle back and was seeking a place for it lower down the lawn. It was as she stood thus hesitant that there approached her from some point in the bushes a disheveled figure. Turning, she recognized none other than old Sally her former jailer and some time friend.

"Sally!" she cried. "Sally, what is it? Who has done this? Where are they? What is it all about? Can't anything be done?"

But Sally, terrified beyond reason, could exclaim only: "Whah is he? Whah's Mr. Dunwody? Quick!" An instant later she, too, was gone.

At the same moment Dunwody, weapon in hand, dashed around the corner of the house and up on the front gallery. Apparently he was searching for some one whom he did not find. Here he was soon discovered by the old negro woman, who began an excited harangue, with wild gesticulations. To Josephine it seemed that Sally pointed toward the interior of the house, as though she beckoned, explained. She heard his deep voiced cry.

By this time the flames had taken firm hold upon the entire structure. Smoke tinged with red lines poured through the great double doors of the mansion house. Yet even as she met the act with an exclamation of horror, Josephine saw Dunwody fling away his weapons, run to the great doors and crash through them, apparently bent upon reaching some point deep in the interior.

Others saw this and joined in her cry of terror. The interior of the hall, thus disclosed by the opening of the doors, seemed but a mass of flames. An instant later Dunwody staggered back, his arm across his face. His hair was smoking, the mustaches half burned from his lips. He gasped for breath, but, revived by air, drew his



He Once Again Dashed Back.

coat across his mouth and once again dashed back. Josephine, standing with hands clasped, her eyes filled with terror, expected never to see him emerge alive.

He was scarcely more than alive when once more he came back, blinded and staggering. This time arms reached out to him, steadied him, dragged him from the gallery, through the enshrouding smoke, to a place of safety.

He bore something shielded, concealed in his arms—something, which now he carried tenderly and placed down away from the sight of others, behind the shade of a protecting clump of shrubbery. His breath, labored, sobbing, showed his distress. They caught him again when he staggered back, dragged him to a point somewhat removed, upon the lawn. All the time he struggled, as though once more to dash back into the flames, or as though to find his weapons. He was sobbing, half crazed, horribly burned, but seemingly unmindful of his hurts.

The fire went on steadily with its work, the more rapidly now that the opening of the front doors had admitted air to the interior. Dunwody ceased to struggle with those who restrained him. He walked apart, near to the little clump of shrubs. He dropped to the ground, his face in his hands.

An hour later Tallwoods mansion house was no more. The last of cornice and pillar and corner post and beam had fallen into a smoldering mass. In front of one long window a part of the heavy brick foundation remained. Some bent and warped iron bars appeared across a window.

Unable to do anything, those who had witnessed such scenes scarce found it possible to depart. They stood about, whispering or remaining silent, some regarding the smoldering ruin. Once in awhile a head was turned over shoulder toward a bowed form which sat close under a sheltering tree upon the lawn.

"He is taking it mighty hard," said this or that neighbor. "Lost nigh about everything he had in the world." But still his bowed form, stern in its sentineiship, guarded the something concealed behind the shadows. And still they dared not go closer.

So while Dunwody was taking that which had come to him, as human beings must, the gray of the dawn crawled up, up over the eastern edge of this little Ozark valley. After a time the day would come again—would look with franker eyes upon this scene of horror. As the light grew stronger, though yet cold and gray, Dunwody, sighing, raised his head from his hands and turned. There was a figure seated close to him—a woman, who reached out a hand to take his scarred and burned ones in her own—a woman, moreover, who asked him no questions.

"Oh, oh, God!" he began, for the first time breaking silence, his burned lips twitching. "And you—why don't you go away? What made you come?"

She was silent for a time. "Am I not your friend?" she asked at length.

Now he could look at her. "My friend!" said he bitterly. "As if all the world had a friend for me! How could there be? But you saw that—this"—

She made no answer, but only drew a trifle nearer, seeing him for the first time unnerved and unstrung. "I saw something, I could not tell what, when you came out. I supposed"—

"Well, then," said he, with a supreme effort which demanded all his courage, as he turned toward her, "it all had to come out somehow. It is the end now."

She had brought with her a cup of water. Now she handed it to him without comment. His hand trembled as he took it.

"You saw that?" He nodded toward the ruins. All she did was to nod in silence. "Yes, I saw you come out—with—that—in your arms."

"Who—what—do you suppose it was?"

"I don't know." Then suddenly: "Tell me! Tell me! Was it she?"

"Send them away," he said to her after a time. She turned, and those who stood about seemed to catch the wish upon her face. They fell back for a space, silent or talking in low tones.

"Come," he said.

He led her a pace or so about the scanty wall of shrubbery. He pulled back a bit of old and faded silk, a woman's garment of years ago, from the face of that something which lay there on a tiny cot scarce larger than a child's bed.

It was the face of a woman grown, yet of a strangely vague and childlike look. The figure, never very large, was thin and shrunken unbelievably. The features, waxy white, were mercifully spared by the flames which had licked at the shielding hands and arms that had borne her hither. Yet they seemed even more thin, more waxlike, more unreal, than had their pallor come by merciful death. Death! Ah, here was written death through years. Life, full, red blooded, abounding, luxuriant, riotous, never had animated this pallid form or else had long years since abandoned it. This was but the husk of a human being, clinging beyond its appointed time to this world, so cruel and so kind.

They stood and gazed solemnly for a time. The hands of Josephine St. Auban were raised in the sign of her religion. Her lips moved in some swift prayer.

"She has been there for years," he said at last thickly. "We kept her—I kept her—here for her sake. In this country it would be a sort of disgrace for any—any feeble person, you know, to go to an institution. Those are our graves over yonder in the yard. You see them? Well, here was our asylum. We kept our secrets. She was this way for more than ten years. She was hurt in an accident—her spine. She withered away. Her mind was gone—she was like a child. She had toys, like a child. She wept, she cried out like a child. Very often I was obliged to play— Ah, my God! My God!"

"This was one of your family. It was that which we heard—which we felt—about the place?" Her voice was very clear, though low.

"My wife! Now you know." He dropped back, his face once more between his hands, and again she fell into silence.

"How long—was this?" at length she asked quietly.

He turned a scorched and half blinded face toward her. "Ever since I was a boy, you might say," said he. "Even before my father and mother died. We kept our own counsel. We ran away, we two children. They counseled me against it. My people didn't like the match, but I wouldn't listen. It came like some sort of judgment. Not long after we were married it came—the dreadful accident, with a runaway team—and we saw, we knew—in a little while—that she simply lived like a child—a plant. That was ten years ago, ten centuries—10,000 years of torture. But I kept her. I shielded her the best I knew how. That was her place yonder, where the bars were—you see. Nobody knew any more. It's all alone, back in here. Some said there was a funeral out here. Jamieson didn't deny it. I did not deny it. But she lived—there! Sally took care of her. Sometimes she or the others were careless. You heard, once or twice. Well, anyway, I couldn't tell you. It didn't seem right—to her. And you were big enough not to ask. I thank you! Now you know."

Still she was silent. They dropped down, now weary, side by side, on the grass.

"Now you see into one bit of a human heart, don't you?" said he bitterly. The gray dawn showed his distorted and wounded face—scarred, blackened, burned—as at length he tried to look at her.

"I did the best I knew. I knew it wasn't right to feel as I did toward you—to talk as I did—but I couldn't help it, I tell you. I just couldn't help it! I can't help it now. But I don't think it's wrong now, even—here. I was starved. When I saw you—well, you know the rest. I have got nothing to say. It would be no use for me to explain. I make no excuses for myself. I have got to take my medicine. Anyhow, part of it—part of it is wiped out."

"It is wiped out," she repeated simply. "The walls that stood there, all of them, are gone. It is the act of fate, of God! I had not known how awful a thing is life. It is all—wiped away by fire. Those walls"—

"But not my sins, not my selfishness, not the wrong I have done! Even all that has happened to me or may happen to me wouldn't be punishment enough for that. Now you ask me if you were not my friend? Of course you are not. How could you be?"

"It would be easier now than ever before," she said. But he shook his head.

"I don't know. There are a heap of things I don't know. But I knew I loved you. It was forever. That was what was meant to be. It seemed to me I owed debts on every hand—to the world—to you. I tried—tried to pay—to pay you fair, ache for ache, if I could for the hurts I'd given you. And you wouldn't let me. You were wonderful. Before the throne of God—here—now, I'll say it, I love you! But now it's over."

"You have courage, the large courage," she answered quietly. "Haven't you been showing it by your very silence? You will be brave. You are just beginning. You have changed many things in your life of late."

"I have never changed very much in some ways."

"You have suffered a great deal," she said simply. "You have lost very much. You are no longer a boy. You are a man now. You've changed because you are a man. And it wasn't done for any reward."

"No, maybe not. In some ways I don't think just the way I used to. But the savage—the brute—in me is there just the same. I don't want to do what is right. I don't want to know what is right. I only want to do what I want to do. What I covet, I covet. What I love, I love. What I want, I want. That is all. And yet, just a minute ago you were telling me you would be a friend! Not to a man like that! It wouldn't be right."

She made no answer. The faces of both were now turned toward the gray dawn beyond the hills. It was some moments before he turned to her.

"But you and I—just you and I, together, thinking the way we both do, seeing what we both see—the splendid sadness and the glory of living and loving—and being what we both are! Oh, it all comes back to me I tell you, and I say I have not changed. What couldn't you and I have done together? Ah! Nothing could have stopped us!"

"What could we not have done?" she repeated slowly. "I've done so little—in the world—alone."

Something in her tone caught his ear, his senses, overstrung, vibrating in exquisite susceptibility, capable almost of hearing thought that dared not be thought. He turned his blackened face, bent toward her, looking into her face with an intensity which almost annihilated the human limitations of flesh and blood. It was as though his soul heard something in hers and turned to answer it, to demand its repetition.

"Did you say, could have done?" he demanded.

She did not answer, and he went on "Listen!" he said in his old, imperious way. "What couldn't we do together in the world, for the world—even now?"

For a long time there was silence. At last a light hand fell upon the brown and blistered one which he had thrust out.

"Do you think so?" he heard a gentle voice reply

THE END.

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143—South Braintree Engine House.
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"Not yet," said Fogarty, the proud father. "We thried to, but afther an hour's lost labor the photygrafter rayferred us to a movin' picture studio."—Lippincott's.

Job Not In It.

Willie—Pa, why do people talk about the patience of Job? Henpeck—Because they don't know your father, my son.—Baltimore Sun.

Appealing to Her Pride.

Weary Willie—When you want to touch a lady always appeal to her pride. Tottering Tommie—I did. I said, "You proud thing, please give me a nickel!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Made Good Her Word.

Black—She said on her wedding day that she would go through everything for him. White—Well, I guess she has. I loaned him a ten spot this morning. —Judge.

I go at what I am about as if there was nothing else in the world for the time being.—Charles Kingsley.

Business Men and Lunch.

There was a conference in London recently under the auspices of the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene to discuss the health of business men. Many of the greatest physicians in England spoke, especially about the diet of the ordinary man of business. The New York Medical Record sums up their conclusions thus:

"Most of the speakers expressed the opinion that but little should be eaten in the middle of the day, and some seemed to think that two good meals in the day were quite sufficient. A man who does not take enough exercise or who does not perform enough manual labor to enable him to digest and assimilate a large quantity of food, and particularly flesh food, should be very careful as to the quality and quantity of food he ingests. Such a man does not require much meat."

Englishman's Tea.

If an Englishman could put his gospel of life into words he probably would say, "Give me liberty and tea, but if I can't have both I'll take the tea."

There are few differences between England and America so marked as in this matter of preference for a hot drink. The United Kingdom uses 6.5 pounds of tea per capita per year. The United States uses only a little over one pound per capita, and probably the bulk of this is consumed by Britons and Canadians living in this country. On the other hand, the American people use 9.5 pounds of coffee per capita in the course of twelve months, while Britishers consume less than a pound each in the same period.

This last is not surprising, however. Any American who has made acquaintance with the stuff that bears the name of coffee in England, especially that served at the breakfast table, will wonder why Britain uses any coffee at all. —Chicago Journal.

A Winter on a Mountain Top.

As one climbs up to the mountain top the danger from lightning increases rapidly, and, as a rule, the observatories located on the mountain tops are rather uncomfortable places of residence, as discovered by the scientific gentlemen who have had the experience of a winter on a mountain top. It is evident that ordinary lightning rods are entirely inadequate to carry off the enormous discharges of the mountain thunderstorms. There are several observatories on Mont Blanc, and at one of them, that of Janssen, there have been a number of bombardments, during which the interior of the place was filled with ribbonlike sheets of electricity and balls of fire which moved silently from point to point.—Exchange.

Queer Egyptian Burial Customs.

The Egyptians have many curious customs in connection with the burial of their dead and the healing of the sick. At every Moslem funeral, for instance, there are hired mourners, varying in number according to the wealth of the deceased. These funerals are always headed by old blind men, carrying long staffs in their hands and wailing loudly. They are followed by the relatives and friends of the deceased, and then comes the coffin. This is succeeded by two or three of the native flat carts common to Cairo, filled with women mourners. Mourning, in fact, is quite a profession among the women. Every day you see groups of them squatting on the ground outside the hospital at Cairo, waiting to be hired for a funeral.—Wide World Magazine.

Birds Foreshadowed Battle.

It is said that in the tower of King Charles VIII. of France, the battle that was fought between the French and the Britons, in which the Britons were defeated, was foreshadowed by a skirmish between magpies and jackdaws.

Stetson Shoe Co. 7, Winthrop Athletes 2.

At Winthrop last Saturday before a large crowd the Stetson Shoe Co. nine defeated the strong Winthrop team 7 to 2.

The feature of the game was batting of Gleason for Stetsons and the fielding of Tewksbury for Winthrops.

STETSON SHOE.

	bh	po	a	e
Blackburn, cf	2	6	0	0
Hendrickson, c	2	2	0	1
Carlisle, 1b	2	10	0	1
Gleason, ss	2	1	4	0
Hanson, 3b	2	3	3	0
Hazelton, p	3	2	1	0
Bates, lf	0	1	0	0
Torrey, 2b	1	2	4	0
Reiser, rf	1	0	0	0
McMahon, rf	0	0	0	0
Totals	15	27	12	2

WINTHROPS.

Verner, lf	0	3	0	0
Belcher, 2b	1	3	3	0
McDonald, c	1	5	3	0
Cox, 1b	1	5	0	0
Monti, ss	1	4	0	0
Tewksbury, cf	0	4	0	0
Smith, 3b	0	1	3	0
Howatt, rf	1	1	0	0
Nelson, p	0	1	1	0
Totals	5	27	10	0

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Stetson Shoe	0	0	0	0	4	0	1	0	2	—7
Winthrops	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2

Runs made by—Blackburn, Hendrickson, Carlisle, Gleason 2, Bates, Reiser, Belcher, Smith. Two base hits—Hanson. Three base hits—Gleason 2. Stolen bases—Hendrickson, Carlisle, Bates. Base on balls by—Hazelton 3, Nelson 5. Struck out by—Hazelton 2, Nelson 3. Sacrifice hits — Gleason, Tewksbury. Hit by pitched ball—Hanson. Umpire—Donahue. Time—2 hours.

VEILED LADIES.

Three Men Who Won Literary Laurels Under Feminine Names.

One of the most famous cases of a man writer winning fame under a woman's name was that of the late William Sharp, who kept his identity with "Fiona Macleod" a close secret during his life, and it was only after his death that the public was made aware that "her" remarkable novels were the work of the well known critic and essayist. Their style seemed so characteristically feminine that even the most astute critics believed that they were written by a woman's hand.

Another famous writer, Laurence Housman, known already as a poet and artist, made a third and most successful appearance before the public as a "veiled lady." A remarkable book appeared entitled "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," which all the critics praised and all the clubs and literary circles talked about. Who was this woman who had laid her heart bare? The critics agreed that, whoever she was, she understood her sex to perfection. The secret was kept very close for a time, and then, to everybody's immense amazement, the real author was revealed as a man after all.

Very few people probably will recall the undoubted fact that one of the greatest of Victorian poets, Algernon Charles Swinburne, hid his identity occasionally under the very matter of fact feminine nom de plume of "Mrs. Horace Manners," while another and much beloved singer on the other side of the Atlantic, the charming Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, used frequently as a pen name the unromantic one of "Margaret Smith."—London Answers.

DOMESTIC DRUDGERY.

No Matter How Burdensome It May Be, Homes Will Always Exist.

No matter how many girls spurn housework, homes will still exist. No matter how many women slink discouraged into hotels and boarding houses, the best of families will always live in separate homes. No matter how many men remain unmarried, the majority will always have wives and children. The millennium itself will not be without the family.

Hotels and boarding houses, even, are merely megatherianized homes, and no matter how much sensible cooperation in washing and sewing, cooking and the care of children and sick folk, may be compassed, even those millennarians will still have beds to be made, floors to be swept, doors to be tended, clothes to be sorted, buttons to be sewed on, papers to be burned, dishes to be washed, errands to be run and windows to be locked.

Folks may live without concerts and trolley cars and books, but they cannot live without sleeping, dressing and eating, sickness, visitors and children, nor can they live without that perpetual disorder that has to be perpetually cleared up, and that perpetual disintegration of the material universe which has to be perpetually swept up. Domestic work there will always be. The family itself may do it, or they may pay some one else to do it, or they may do part and pay some one else to do part, but done it must be.—Annie Winsor Allen in Atlantic Magazine.

Disillusionment.

A woman had three caskets to give to a man. One day she read in his eyes that he could take but the nearest and lowest, and that instant arose from her heart the wailing cry, "The king is dead."—Will Levington Comfort.

The Kind He Liked.

I overheard the following conversation between my little brother and his playmate: Jack remarked: "You said you had a 'bad' cold; did you ever have a 'good' one, Herbert?" Herbert answered: "Sure. Once I had one that kept me home from school."

Avaricious.

Washington, July 18.—William J. Bryan, secretary of state, is money mad. That fact has been known to his intimates for many years. New Englanders know it as well as those in other sections of the country. All money looks alike to William J. ever since his "crown of thorns and bross of gold" speech which won him the presidential nomination at Chicago in 1897, Bryan has been going up and down ann across the country like a circus show orating at so much per head. It makes no difference to him who the people are or what the occasion is, William is out for the old mazuma and seldom fails to get it.

New England democrats will recall his tour of that section of the country a few years ago in the winter months when he toured the country in behalf of Alec Troup's Progressive league. He had big audiences everywhere he showed in New England. He demanded and received his lion's share of the proceeds of the lectures, admission being charged to all of them.

Mr. Bryan's greed for money and power at that time estranged many of his supportors who never realized until then his grasping avaricious nature.—Practical Politics.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the conntry han all the other diseases put together and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses of from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

The Word "Set."

What is the favorite word of the English language? The Germans have their "schlag" and "zug," which cover many meanings. But we beat them in the one word—not "post"—which you might suspect of the supremacy of ambiguity—but "set." One always thought that "post" was the word that meant all things and nothing. The punster should watch the word "set," which has achieved nearly seventy columns in the new English dictionary. It is a small word, but its meanings are almost unlimited. You should set to work on the word, which you use every day in a hundred senses. And it would be a pleasant, popular game to set down the number of ways in which you have used that word during the day. "Set to partners" you might call it.—London Chronicle.

Final Decision.

"I see that Counselor Dedbroke is courting a rich old widow."

"He seems to be up against a court of last resort."—Boston Record.

Accept an obligation without being a slave to the giver or insensible to his kindness.

Stung.

"How soon do you start on your trip to Europe?" asked a man of a friend he chanced to meet one morning.

"I had to give it up," replied the other.

"Why so?" inquired the first.

"Well, you see," said the man, "my wife went and ordered her clothes for the trip, and when the bills were paid there was absolutely no money left to go with."—New York Times.

Horse Laugh.

"Papa," said Willie, "when a horse laughs does he kick up his heels?"

"I guess so. Why?"

"'Cause old Whiley just laughed at brother Tommie, and you'll have to come out and carry him in."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Easy to Guess.

First Broker—Did you win or lose in that big drop in stock? Second Broker (loftily)—That is my business, sir. Say, can you direct me to a five cent lunch counter?—New York Weekly.

When Disraeli Forgot.

Disraeli was speaking in support of Lord Lytton's motion condemning the evacuation of Kandahar. "My lords,' he said, "the key of India is not Merv or Herat or"—here came a long pause and rather painful anxiety in the audience and then the quiet resumption of the thread. "It is not the place of which I cannot recall the name—the key of India is London."—"One Look Back," by the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

She Knew.

"Lola, dear," said her mother, "do you know the meaning of your Bible text, 'Love one another?'"

"Why, of course I do, mamma," she replied. "It means that I must love you and you must love me; I'm one and you're another."—Chicago News.

Doing Their Best.

"Didn't I understand you to say they keep a servant girl?"

"Certainly not. I said they try to. As soon as one goes they get another."—Philadelphia Press.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is tact? Paw—Tact is thinking that a man is a liar when you are afraid to tell him so.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Limit of Pessimism.

Clergyman (indignantly)—"You say you haven't anything to be thankful for? Why, look at your neighbor Hayes; he has just lost his wife by influenza." Burke—"But that don't do me any good; I ain't Hayes."

CHURCH SERVICES

Under this heading the pastors of ALL the churches are cordially invited to make such announcements of services, etc., as they may wish. We only stipulate that such notices to be inserted shall reach us at the least on Thursday morning of each week—the day before publication.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. H. C. Alvord, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Baraca Young Men's Class, 12.00. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15. Evening service at 7.00. Thursday evening, 7.30.

TRINITY CHURCH (Weymouth) Rev William Hyde, rector. Service with sermon at 10.30 a m and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 12.00 m.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (South Weymouth). Rev. Albert V. House, Pastor. Morning service at10.30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E meeting at 6 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (North Weymouth.) Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday school at 1.15 p m.; preaching at 2.30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Braintree.) Rev Nelson Allen Price, pastor. Morning service, 10.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Junior League, 4.30 p.m. Epworth League, 6.30 p. m. Evening preaching service 7.15. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7 30. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH (Wey) Lord's Day services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Bible School 12 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, evening, 7.45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 5.45 P. M. on Sunday.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Weymouth and Braintree.) Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.00. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7.30. All are invited to attend these services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. George A. Grant, pastor. Morning worship and preaching at 10.30. Sunday School at noon. Epworth League meeting at 6.30 p m. Evening service at 7.30. Tuesday evenings, 7.45 p. m. prayer meetings. Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month following morning service.

OLD NORTH CHURCH (Weymouth Heights.) Rev. Edward Yaeger, pastor. Morning service at 1030. Evening service at 7.00. Sunday-school at 11.45 a. m. Thursday evening at 7.30. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (North Weymouth). Rev. Charles Clark, pastor. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday school, 11.45 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6.15 p. m. Evening service at 7.00. A cordial welcome is extended to all of these services. Preaching at both morning and evening service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (East Weymouth.) Rev. Walter H. Commons, pastor. Morning worship at 10.30. Sunday school at 11.45. Evening service at 7.00 Tuesday evening service at 7.30.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (Weymouth.) Rev. Rufus H. Dix, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10 30. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. C. U. at 5.30 p. m

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH (South Weymouth.) Minister; William Wallace Rose. Morning service at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 m.

PORTER M E. CHURCH (Lovell's Corner) Rev. J. W. Reynolds pastor. Preaching service at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 11.45. a. m. Epworth League at 6.00. Social and Praise service at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (South Weymouth) Rev. D. J. Crimmins, rector Sundays- Masses 8.00 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Rosary and Benediction at 3.30 p. m. Week days: Mass at 7.30 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (Weymouth) Rev. J. B. Holland, rector; Sunday — Masses at 7.30, 10.00 a. m Sunday School at 11.00 a. m. Vespers at 4 p m. Week days—Mass 7 a. m.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (East Weymouth) Rev. James W. Allison, rector. Rev. Maurice Lynch, assistant. Masses Sunday at 8 and 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Vespers at 7.45 p. m Masses week days at 7 and 7.30.

ST. JEROME'S CHURCH (North Weymouth). Pastor, Rev. James W. Allison, Assistant, Rev. Maurice Lynch. Mass, Sunday at 9. Sunday School at 3.

ZION'S HILL CHAPEL (East Weymouth) Social service at 2 and 6.30 p m. Rev. E. W. Smith, Preacher.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Braintree). Preaching at 10.30A.M Kindergarden class in charge of Miss Elizabeth B. Pray at 10.30. Second session of this class at 11 45. Regular Sunday school at 11.45 All are welcome.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST (of Quincy, Alpha Hall cor. Hancock st and Cottage Ave.) Morning service and Sunday School at 10.45, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., an experience and testimony meeting. Reading room open every week day from 3 to 5. All are welcome. Subject, Sunday morning July 27, "Truth."

Chas. H. Chubbuck, Jr.
34 CHARLES STREET
EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.
Telephone, Weymouth 149-W
Insurance
of every
Description
Boston Office:
69 KILBY STREET
Telephone — Main 4095

Remember the Hot Days Last Summer
Buy Your Electric Iron NOW!
Weymouth Light and Power Company
JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH GEORGE W. PERRY, Gen. Mgr.

Co-operation.

Madge—"Who helped you make such a fool out of that poor young man?" Marjorie—"He did."—Judge.

WEYMOUTH AND EAST BRAINTREE

—Chester Rogers has purchased a touring car.

—Miss Hannah Thayer of Boston has been visiting her brother, Albert Thayer.

—Mrs. Charlotte Hender has been spending a week with Mrs. Granville E. Thompson at Quincy.

—Lloyd Morse, foreman at Hollis' stable has been off duty for a few days with an attack of tonsilitis.

—Joseph F. Samuels has taken a position with the General Electric company at Lynn and will move to that city.

—Allen P. Babin, a former resident of Torrey's lane has gone to Panama where he has taken a government position.

—George Dalton and Stanley Lawrence are visiting principal F. B. Taylor of the Jonas Perkins school at his summer residence at Hanover, N. H.

—Services have been discontinued at the First Universalist church until the first Sunday in September.

—Mrs. Rose Hunt of Whitman has been spending a week with her son, John P. Hunt.

—Charles Wilson and Miss Jennie Richmond have gone to Gorham, N. H. on a visit to Mr. Wilson's brother.

—Joseph McLaughlin, clerk at Kempl's pharmacy, is to attend the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy in the fall.

—During the shower Monday afternoon lightning struck the residence of Mrs. George P. Lyon on Summer street and damaged the walls in one room.

—Miss Mary Curran, who is training to become a nurse at the Grace hospital, Boston, is having a two weeks' vacation.

—Dr. Walter H. Butcher leaves next week for Rangley Lakes where he will spend his vacation.

—Miss Mary Sullivan of South Boston has been spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Daly of 16 Common street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cole of Washington, D. C., former residents of Elm Knoll road, East Braintree, are visiting, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Walsh.

—The Wright Brothers took a party of friends on a trip to Marblehead in their motor boat, the Jay Eye See, Sunday.

—Comrades George F. Hussey, Bradford Denton and Horace L. Smith attended the summer outing of the Norfolk County G. A. R. association at Bass Point, Nahant, Tuesday.

—George L. Dwyer is having his annual vaction. He was at Togus, Maine, the first of the week.

—Phillip F. Haviland has gone on a business trip this week through New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania for G. H. Bicknell & Co.

—Mrs. Cornelius Smith is confined to her home on Sterling street by illness.

—Miss Mary Loud is at the White Mountains.

—Miss Susie King is spending her vacation at Scituate beach.

—There is to be a concert in Washington square, Saturday evening by the Emerson Shoe band of Rockland.

—Mrs. Charles B. Torrey, Harold and Irving Torrey have been sojourning at Plymouth.

—Miss Kathleen Dwyer is visiting relatives in Lynn.

—Mrs. Arthur Osborne fell down stairs at her home, Broodside road, Monday afternoon and received a severe shaking up. Fortunately no bones were broken.

—John A. Neal is to occupy the house on Commercial street formerly occupied by C. H. Smith.

—Mrs. Ebenezer Hunt of Orlando, Fla., a former resident, is here on a visit.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Dwyer and family will spend the next two weeks at Squantum.

—Mrs. Joanna Richards of Holbrook is visiting her sister, Mrs. Eunice Jordan.

—Miss Grace M. Bicknell of Front street has been entertaining Miss May J. Volk of Long Beach, California.

—Misses Hattie and Emma Chickering have gone to Auburn, Me., on a visit.

—The members of the First Baptist Sunday school went on an outing to Island grove, Abington.

—Mr. and Mrs. Parker Hayward of Quincy avenue went to Laconia, N. H., Saturday, for a short stay and Sunday, Mr. Hayward sustained a shock of paraylsis. He is reported as improving slowly.

—An auto operated by H. H. Gage of Braintree collided with an electric light pole near the residence of Frank Clapp on Commercial street, Tuesday afternoon. There was a number of boys in the auto and one of them was severly cut by the flying glass from the broken wind shield. The auto was also damaged

—Leslie Remick, who has been ill with typhoid fever, is now able to be out again and tomorrow will go to Kittery, Maine, for a visit.

—George Whitehouse, a local merchant, had his pocket picked of a sum of money and checks in Boston one day this week.

—A new curbing and granolitic sidewalk is being built in front and on the brook side of Bates' opera house.

—Mr. and Mrs. William H. Wall and the Misses Tracey of Broad street have taken a cottage at Nantasket.

—Mr. and Mrs. William E. Field and son have gone to Maine for a few weeks' stay.

—Mrs. Catherine Bentley died Wednesday at her home, 71 Hobart street, East Braintree, aged 87. She leaves five daughters, Mrs. John Sullivan, Mrs. Agustus McRea, Mrs. Andrew Maguire and Mrs. Elizabeth McCue of East Braintree and Mrs. May Clark of Randolph.

As the Legal Mind Saw It.

In a case heard at the Belfast (Ireland) summons court a a few days ago, in which the complainant was named Fortune, Sir Andrew Newton-Brady remarked to the defendant: "If you stop annoying Mrs. Fortune, misfortune will not follow your footsteps."

Ash Heap for Grandma.

A certain little fellow loves his grandmother dearly. The other day, hearing her talk, perhaps a bit mournfully, of growing old, the child was much troubled. "Grandma," he asked, his baby arms about the beloved neck, "when you do get old will mamma throw you out on the ash heap, like she does all our old things?"

Fate of Eight Bridesmaids.

"Three times a bridesmaid never a bride," runs the old matrimonial warning; but seemingly there is danger in being a bridesmaid once, judging from the remarkable confession made by a prominent society woman recently. At her wedding there were eight bridesmaids, all of whom have since married, but not one of whom is now living with her husband.



$2.25 Buys These $3.50 Rockers AT KINCAIDE'S AUGUST FURNITURE SALE

→NOW IN FULL SWING←

BONA-FIDE SAVINGS OF 20 TO 40 PER CENT ON HIGH GRADE HOME FURNISHINGS FOR EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE, BECKON YOU HURRY HERE. COME. ∴ ∴ ∴

HENRY L. KINCAIDE & CO., QUINCY.

Open Friday, Saturday and Monday Evenings. Closed Wednesday at 1 P. M.

COMPLETE HOME FURNISHERS for over 20 YEARS

EAST WEYMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH CENTER.

—Don't forget the baseball game at the C. M. A. tomorrow afternoon at 3.30. Braintree A. A. vs C. M. A. Admission 15 cents. —Advertisement.

—Miss Gertrude Moran was the guest last week of friends in Newport, R. I.

—For all kinds of stone work try F. and M. Zeoli of Broad street place. All work guaranteed.—Advertisement.

—The day telephone operators at the central office enjoyed an auto trip to Plymouth last Thursday night in Charles Hollis' auto.

—Henry Pratt has returned to his duties as letter carrier, after a fifteen days' vacation.

—A number from this place attended the "Maranville Day" celebration in Boston last Saturday afternoon.

—Miss Ruth Graves of Middle street is the proud possessor of a new Iver Johnson bicycle.

—The annual picnic of the M. E. church Sunday school of this place will be held next week, Saturday, August 2, at Ridge Hill grove in Norwell.

—Joseph Nolan, the letter carrier, is having his annual vacation of fifteen days.

—Orin French, night clerk at the East Weymouth car barn, has been confined to his home with illness. George Maynard has been substituting for Mr. French during his absence.

—Basil Warren, a recent graduate of Burdett's Commercial College, has been substituting as stenographer at the Old Colony Gas Co. this week.

—Mrs. Webster French of Quincy is the guest of Mrs. Savage of Charles street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Nelson were the guests over Sunday of Mrs. Everett Bates of Charles street.

—Burton Durgin has returned to his duties in the office of the Edwin Clapp Shoe factory after a week's vacation.

—Leo Fraher, the crack high school ball player, has signed with the New Glasgow team to play third base for the month of August. Letters from Mr. Fraher state that he is having a most enjoyable trip. He states that the Deweys are, in all probability, on their way home by this time, have won nearly all the games on the trip.

"A word to the wise is sufficient." Get your groceries and provisions for next Wednesday on Tuesday, as the grocery and provision stores in town will be closed on next Wednesday, July 30, as the dealers hold their annual outing on that day. The grocers and their friends will journey to Newport this year and a fine list of enjoyable features has been arranged for.

—T. E. Burrell spent Saturday and Sunday in Worcester.

—Bernard Conroy of Center street is enjoying his annual vacation from his duties in the South Station post office in Boston.

—Walter Ryerson, while going to his work yesterday morning, met with a serious burning accident. A combination of matches and tablets in his vest pocket exploded and he was quite seriously burned.

—The employees and a few personal friends of John P. Salisbury, joined in celebrating the 21st anniversary of his business career on Monday.

—Miss Elizabeth Canterbury is enjoying a vacation from her kindergarden work at Pittsfield, which she is spending at her home.

—Mrs. Janet Harlow and Miss Clara Reamy leave today for the their vacation trip which they will spend with Mrs. Eugene Averill at North Woodstock.

—Owen Sumner Chandler, credit man of the Edwin Clapp & Son Co., arrived home on Monday from his extended trip through the Canal Zone and Central South America with the Chamber of Commerce delegation. Mr. Chandler stood the long arduous travel well and gathered much valuable imformation in regard to the social and business life of our southern neighbors.

—The Inasmuch Circle of Kings' Daughters were the guests yesterday of Mrs. C. T. Humphrey at her home on Middle street.

—The alarm from box 24 last Wednesday afternoon was for a small blaze in the garage of H. K. Cushing on Commercial street. The fire was easily extinquished before the arrival of the fire apparatus. The ward 3 auto truck made its usual fast time from Weymouth Landing.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

TIME TO ACT.

The time to act is right before
The danger is at hand;
Before you lose control of all
The strength at your command.

The time to act is when you feel
That you are in the right;
And when your actions will impart
To others a delight.

The time to act is really NOW,
There's danger in delay;
And if you'll try our Banquet Bread,
We know what you will say.

Wrapped in wax paper just to keep
Its texture moist and soft;
If you will try it once today
We know you'll try it oft.

WHITCOMB'S

FARM WANTED

In Weymouth, Hingham or Braintree

OF 5 ACRES OR MORE, NEAR R. R. DEPOT. STATE LOCATION, PRICE, ACREAGE, ETC.

T. E. BENNETT,

43 WHITNEY ROAD,
Quincy.
19-23



HIGHLAND LINEN

is a writing paper especially adapted to vacation time. It comes in neat boxes that you can be proud to carry around with you at your summer resort. It is a paper that doesn't crumple easily and it is just heavy enough to let you write upon it outdoors without having it flutter in a breeze.

In texture and shape Highland Linen meets every requirement of the most exacting person. Yet with all its good taste, this is not a paper restricted to those who can afford to spend a great deal on their stationery. You will be surprised when you ask us to tell you the price—most agreeably surprised. Let us tell you today.

HUNT'S
On The Corner
EAST WEYMOUTH

NOTICE OF HEARING.

Upon the petition of James E. Furke to keep and sell gasolene on his premises, near Independence sq. South Weymouth, a hearing will be held by the Board of Selectmen at its office on MONDAY, Aug. 11th, 1913, at two o'clock P. M., for the consideration of said petition.

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Weymouth. BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.
19-20

Wants, For Sale, To Let, Etc.

Four lines or less under this head, 25 cents each insertion; each extra line 10c. Count 8 words to a line

No ads. accepted in this department unless accompanied by the cash.

ASHES FOR SALE—Delivered in carload lots by the Bay State St. Ry. Co. Apply to Thomas Gammon, Supt., 954 Hancock street, Quincy, Telephone, Quincy 6. 9 tf

AUTO To Let for parties, weddings, christenings, for long or short trips, 5-pass Buick. Tel. Wey. 235-W. Pine Point Auto and Motor Co., Bridge street, North Weymouth. 29 tf

CLOTHING—Men's and young men's. Handsome patterns, Two hundred suits, $4 to $12. Bargains not to be found elsewhere. Geo. A. Hunt, 78 Front St., Weymouth, 11tf

CAN place a few mortgages, with private parties, and on reasonable terms if property is right. Address Box 553, E. Weymouth. 17tf

FOR SALE—Choice Celery plants in 1 dozen or 100 lots. H. L. Ryan, East Braintree, Tel. 265-5 Braintree. 17-19

LOST—On Friday, July 18, at 9.45 A. M., on Commercial st., opposite Mill st., East Braintree, a Black Silk Umbrella, with black carved handle. Would finder please communicate with Gazette office and receive liberal reward. 19 1t

TO LET—House, Barn and Stable. Apply to H. H. HALE, Pleasant street, East Weymouth. 19-20

TO LET—An up-to-date tenement with modern improvements, on Broad street, in East Weymouth. Apply to W. H. Pratt, Broad street, East Weymouth. 11tf

WANTED—By a lady, position as housekeeper for one or more gentlemen. Call or write for interview, until Aug. 1. Miss Rivers, 173 Allen street, East Braintree, Mass. 19 1t

WANTED. People to know that it costs only 25 cents to make known their wants in this column.

Real Estate

Do you want to BUILD or BUY?

I have property for sale in Weymouth and vicinity, of all kinds.

Call and see me and make known your wants
Reasonable terms.

CAREY'S
REAL ESTATE AGENCY
733 Broad Street
East Weymouth.
Telephone

Daniel H. Clancy
Formerly with H. M. Ford Estate
Funeral Director and Undertaker

Residence, - 28 Vine St.,
Telephone 336W. 31-48

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of JONATHAN RECORD, late of Weymouth in the County of Norfolk, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called to make payment to

J. D. LONG, Executor.
(Address.) Hingham, Mass. July 17, 1913. 18-2

NOTICE OF HEARING

Upon the petition of Robert C. Steele, to keep and sell gasolene on his premises, 73 Church street, North Weymouth, a hearing will be held by the Board of Selectmen at its office on MONDAY, Aug. 11th, 1913, at two o'clock P. M., for the consideration of said petition.

By order of the Board ofSelectmen of Weymouth.
19-20 BRADFORD HAWES, Secretary.

What Would It Have Meant to You to Have Been Injured in Last Tuesday's Fire?

ARE YOU in a position now where you can afford to be "laid up," as the result of an accident? What would it mean to *your family* if you should be killed to-day? Have you money now to pay doctor's bills for a long sickness? Are you doing your duty to your wife and children? Ask yourself these questions honestly.

When you read of some terrible accident where hundreds of people are killed or injured, or know of some friend who is sick, a wave of pity sweeps over you—and that's all. You think that nothing like that could possibly happen to you. You are strong, and well, and careful. But you are wrong.

In the United States over 12,000,000 people are accidentally killed or injured each year. These figures are from the last census report. This means that over 1000 people are laid up some time during the year in the town of Weymouth alone. Your turn is coming sooner or later. How can you *hope* to escape forever when statistics prove that *every* person is sick or injured once in every eight years? Stop and think what this means.

Your house burns up in the night and you are killed, but your family is saved. Are they going to live as comfortably after you are gone as you are now living? An automobile hits you and injures your back so that you can never work again—you become dependent on those whom it is now your pleasure to support and care for. Is that a pleasant thought? You stick a nail in your foot, get blood poison and lose your leg—and have to mortgage your home to pay doctor's bills and hospital expenses. Does that idea please you? You get tired out and run down and—— but what is the use? *You* know that you can't avoid accidents and sickness; and you know what it means when trouble comes. But there is one thing you can do, and you owe it to yourself and your family to do it—carry an accident and health insurance policy which will pay you your regular wages when you are sick or hurt?

The Special Disability Policy of the Maryland Casualty Company was designed especially for men earning from $15.00 to $25.00 a week. It pays from $5.00 to $25.00 per week for either sickness or disability from accident, and costs from $8.00 per year up. It is the policy which you need, and which no other company will give you. Most of them stick on a bunch of frills and then charge you for them.

The premiums of the Maryland Casualty Company amount to over $6,000,000 yearly, but no order is too small for us to give careful attention. All claims are settled promptly right here in Boston, and you never have to wait for your money when you insure with us. We want you to get the name of our company—the Maryland Casualty—firmly in your mind, and think of us as your friend—then fill out the following coupon and mail it to us to-day. You owe it to yourself to know what our policy can do for you.

We are offering *you* the friendship of a large and powerful company. We stand by you when you need help most. We help you and protect your family.

Send the coupon or a copy of it to-day and stop worrying. Do it NOW, not to-night or to-morrow—but now.

ACCIDENT AND HEALTH DEPARTMENT, MARYLAND CASUALTY COMPANY.
75 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me, without any obligation to myself, full information regarding your Special Disability Policy.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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Occupation..... *Age*.....